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WEST BUCKLAND

1857.

YEAR BOOK.

George Prideaux

Henry A. Thorwin.

WEST BUCKLAND

Year Book,

AND KALENDAR,

FOR

1857.

W. TUCKER, SOUTH MOLTON.

MDCCCLVII.

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THE PROFITS OF THIS BOOK WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WEST BUCKLAND FARMING AND COTTAGE GARDEN SOCIETIES.

The Pre-amble, or preparatory Canter.

GREAT Lords and Ladies, condescend to look
With favouring glance upon a rustic book;
For London authors keep the scornful frown,
We're country-folk,—and you are out of town
And you who constant in the country dwell,
Pardon the failings that you know so well;
The love of Home, the pride of Neighbourhood,
The too great value of a lesser good.
If man 's a little world, as has been written,
To us West Buckland is a little Britain;
We screen its faults, exaggerate its fame,
If zeal is partial, love must bear the blame.
We mean no harm, you may depend upon it,
Though pert as flowers in a housemaid's bonnet.
There 's not a page of dogma, high or low;
We only write about the things we *know*.—
No party cause shall be for us the richer,
We 've not a word for Denison or Ditcher.—
We are not Tories, Radicals, or Whigs,
We make no Court,—except to please the pigs.
But in our pages those who will may see
Much of what "doth the little busy Bee."
All kinds of Poultry,—Cochin and Minorcas;
The art of Curing and Pro-curing Porkers.
Marvels of Cattle, told by North Devon farmers;
Mysteries of Cream taught by South Devon charmers.

Farming and Gardening, Almanack and Shows,
Morals in Verse, and Poetry in Prose.
Riddles at home, and Cricket out of doors,
The rival merits of the neighbouring moors.
For candid minds, a way to harmonise
Science and practice, facts and Theories.
Young farmers (agriculturists of course)
Learning the merits of a new Steam Horse,
May change their spelling,—metal write for mettle,—
And offer prizes for a trotting kettle.
While older farmers will exclaim, on reading
In this our book, "A Chapter on Good Breeding,"
"Have we, ourselves, a breed upon the spot
"Good as the Leicesters? we believe it,—Nott!"
Fishing helps out a Table of Contents,—
Fishing for trout, ma'am, not for compliments.
"A Ride through Cornwall," and a trip to Lundy,
Complete our book,—with Supplement for Sunday.
Now, kind Subscribers, say, have you been cheated,
Or is our promise faithfully completed?
True, we announced a hundred pages *royal*,
(As sons of Devon, our first thoughts were loyal.)
Yet worth remains when zeal has sobered down,
And humbler pages still attend *the crown*.
But if you think you've got your book too dear,
Be quits, and take *us* in, another year.

January.

THIS MONTH WAS THUS NAMED BY THE ROMANS FROM THEIR GOD JANUS, TO WHOM THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR WAS SACRED.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	Th	*Circumcision.* Union with Ireland, 1801.
2	F	
3	S	Sun rises 8h. 8m.
4	S	*2nd Sunday after Christmas.*
5	M	Sun sets 4h. 4m.
6	Tu	*Epiphany.* Twelfth-day.
7	W	
8	Th	Henry VIII. died 1547.
9	F	
10	S	
11	S	*1st Sunday after Epiphany.*
12	M	
13	Tu	
14	W	Tavistock Fair.
15	Th	
16	F	Sun rises 8h. 1m.
17	S	
18	S	*2nd Sunday after Epiphany.*
19	M	
20	Tu	American Independence acknowledged, 1783.
21	W	
22	Th	
23	F	Sun sets 4h. 31m.
24	S	
25	S	*3rd Sunday after Epiphany.* Conv. of St. Paul.
26	M	
27	Tu	
28	W	Peter the Great of Russia died 1725.
29	Th	
30	F	King Charles I. Martyr beheaded 1649.
31	S	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

First Quarter 3rd, 0h. 13m. p.m.
Full Moon 10th, 9h. 7m. a.m.
Last Quarter 18th, 4h. 50m. a.m.
New Moon 25th, 11h. 26m. p.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. I.

How shall the farmer mend his ways,
And fill his pockets too?
Why, stir, man, in these stirring days,
And do as others do.

Perhaps your farm may be too large,
Perhaps it is too small;
Let each fault bear its proper charge,
And don't confound them all.

If farming fail, don't lay the blame
On him who owns the acres;
You took the land—and all the shame
Of failure, is the taker's.

Production is a joint affair:
The owner finds the soil;
Money and skill, the farmer's share;
The labourer brings the toil.

Money and skill, the farmers share,
(This maxim do not scoff it,)
If scarce, cause all the farmer's care,
If plenty, all his profit.

The landlord's rent, the labourer's wages,
Don't vex yourself about them.
One line's as good as twenty pages,
You can't get on without them.

Labour and land, if scarce, will rise,
If plenty, they will fall;
Their cost depends on the supplies,
And not on you at all.

Then never grumble at your farm,
Except before you take it:
Talk of a bargain's good or harm
Once only—when you make it.

But stop this nonsense—let's abroad
And see what us be doing;
We'll keep the grumbling for "My Lord,"
Tell *him*—that rent is ruin.

February.

FEBRUARY WAS NAMED FROM FEBRUALIA, A FEAST HELD BY THE ROMANS DURING THIS MONTH, THE NAME OF WHICH IS DERIVED FROM FEBRUO, TO CLEANSE.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	S	*4th Sunday after Epiphany.* Part. and Phea.
2	M	Purification of Virgin Mary. [shooting ends.
3	Tu	
4	W	Sun rises 7h. 36m.
5	Th	
6	F	King Charles II. died 1685.
7	S	Sun sets 4h. 58m.
8	S	*Septuagesima Sunday.* Half-quarter day.
9	M	
10	Tu	Queen Victoria married 1840.
11	W	
12	Th	Printing discovered 1436.
13	F	
14	S	St. Valentine. Bideford Fair. South Molton
15	S	*Sexagesima Sunday.* [Great Market.
16	M	
17	Tu	Battle of Eupatoria, 1855.
18	W	Exeter Fair.
19	Th	
20	F	
21	S	
22	S	*Quinquagesima Sunday.*
23	M	
24	Tu	*St. Matthias. Shrove Tuesday.*
25	W	*Ash Wednesday.*
26	Th	
27	F	Caffre War closed 1853.
28	S	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

First Quarter, 1st, 8h. 20m. p.m.
Full Moon, 8th, 11h. 53m. p.m.
Last Quarter, 17th, 2h. 19m. a.m.
New Moon, 24th, 11h. 58m. a.m.

Use of Machinery no Injury to the Labourer.

How is it that labourers do not like to see machinery brought into use? They appear to think that it is stealing from them their labour and means of livelihood. All these improvements tend not to turn them out of work, but to give them easier work, to give them superintendence of machinery instead of doing everything by their own strength. People might make objections of this kind against the plough taking the place of the spade, and against all the hard work that is done by horses instead of by men's own strength. All these inventions tend not to make the labourers' services unnecessary, but to make that labour less hard to them, and less irksome.

That the labourer should be improved in condition is most important for the prosperity of the farmer. It may be regarded as quite certain that where wages are very low, there very little work will be done, and what is done is done badly. A half-starved man can not do hard work any more than a half-starved horse, and it has been proved in some instances to be cheaper to employ men who demand five shillings a day than those who would be satisfied with one shilling. And if a well-filled belly and lusty limbs are necessary for hard work, so also is a well-trained active mind necessary for clever and careful work. An improving farmer should be the best educator of the labourer, because he should best know the value of a strong arm, a clever hand, and an honest heart, in those whom he employs.

MARCH NAMED IN HONOUR OF MARS THE GOD OF WAR.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	S	*1st Sunday in Lent.* St. David.
2	M	John Wesley died 1791. Bristol Fair.
3	Tu	
4	W	Sun rises 6h. 42m.
5	Th	
6	F	Sun sets 5h. 46m.
7	S	Bible Society established 1804.
8	S	*2nd Sunday in Lent.*
9	M	
10	Tu	
11	W	
12	Th	Chelsea Hospital founded 1682.
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	*3rd Sunday in Lent.*
16	M	Prince Imperial Son of L. Napoleon born 1856.
17	Tu	St. Patrick.
18	W	
19	Th	[Market. Spring commences.
20	F	Sir Isaac Newton died 1727. Barnstaple Great
21	S	Torrington Fair.
22	S	*4th Sunday in Lent.*
23	M	
24	Tu	
25	W	Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Lady Day.
26	Th	Duke of Cambridge born 1819.
27	F	
28	S	War declared with Russia, 1854. South Molton
29	S	*5th Sunday in Lent.* [Great Market.
30	M	Treaty of Peace signed at Paris, 1856.
31	Tu	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

First Quarter, 3rd, 4h. 30m. a.m.
Full Moon, 10th, 4h. 17m. p.m.
Last Quarter, 18th, 3h. 9m. p.m.
New Moon, 25th, 10h. 28m. p.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. II.

When Father Adam, Mother Eve,
  Each listened to their charmers,
She learned the grief that children give,
  And he the woes of farmers.

Mothers may never hope to know
  Their joys without the pain,
And farmers must expect to grow
  Foul weeds amongst the grain.

Did children only sorrow yield,
  Oh! who would be a mother?
And who would own that farmer's field,
  Whose crops the weeds do smother?

Yet every curse to blessing leads,
  And so do their's to women;
While farmers *who keep down the weeds*
  Would change their life with no men.

Then if you'll listen to advice
  Though from a sorry poet;
First clean your land at any price,
  Then drill your seed—and hoe it.

Pull down a few of those great fences,
  Good culture well can spare them;
Or if their benefit immense is,
  Then don't forget to pare them.

For fences that keep out the blast
  Harbour the noxious seeds;
Like Law, which, while it binds us fast,
  Brings lawyer's bills—the weeds!

'Twixt wheat and weeds the difference true
  Would farmers that you knew,
While you may feed upon the wheat,
  The weeds will feed on you.

April.

APRIL, FROM THE LATIN WORD "APERIO" TO OPEN, AS THIS IS THE MONTH WHEN THE BUDS OF TREES AND FLOWERS UNFOLD.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	W	All Fools' Day.
2	Th	Sun rises 5h. 36m.
3	F	
4	S	Sun sets 6h. 37m.
5	S	*Palm Sunday.*
6	M	
7	Tu	
8	W	Buonaparte abdicated, 1814.
9	Th	
10	F	*Good Friday.*
11	S	Easter Eve.
12	S	*Easter Sunday.*
13	M	Easter Monday.
14	Tu	Easter Tuesday. Ilfracombe Fair.
15	W	
16	Th	
17	F	Barnstaple Great Market.
18	S	South Molton Great Market.
19	S	1*st Sunday after Easter. Low Sunday.*
20	M	
21	Tu	
22	W	
23	Th	William Shakspeare born 1564.
24	F	
25	S	*St. Mark.* Crediton Great Market.
26	S	2*nd Sunday after Easter.*
27	M	
28	Tu	
29	W	
30	Th	Peace proclaimed, 1856.

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

First Quarter, 1st, 1h. 34m. p.m.
Full Moon, 9th, 9h. 28m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 17th, 12h. 0m. noon.
New Moon, 24th, 7h. 14m. a.m.

Drills and Horse Hoes.

Every one knows how useful a hoe is in a garden, in stirring the earth and destroying weeds. In the fields, turnip and corn-fields, a horse can do the same work in a short time with a very simple implement, and the more it is used the better. But then the crops must be drilled. And it would be well worth while if this were the only advantage of drilling. But drilling also saves a great deal of seed. And in corn this makes a very considerable saving of expense. Drilling also deposits the seed just at the depth required, instead of leaving it on the surface only half covered. Make friends with neighbour This, and neighbour That, and have a drill between you. A poor farmer's best friend often lives next door.

May.

MAY WAS NAMED FROM MAIA, A ROMAN GODDESS.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	F	*St. Philip and St. James.* Opening of Great
2	S	[Exhibition, 1851.
3	S	*3rd Sunday after Easter.*
4	M	Torrington Fair.
5	Tu	Buonaparte died 1821.
6	W	
7	Th	Sun rises 4h. 24m.
8	F	Half-quarter day.
9	S	
10	S	*4th Sunday after Easter.*
11	M	
12	Tu	Totnes Fair. Crediton Fair.
13	W	North Molton and Tavistock Fairs.
14	Th	
15	F	Sun sets 7h. 42m.
16	S	
17	S	*Rogation Sunday.*
18	M	Trial by Jury instituted 970.
19	Tu	[Fair.
20	W	Christopher Columbus died 1506. Exeter
21	Th	Ascension Day.
22	F	
23	S	
24	S	*Sunday after Ascension.* Queen Victoria born
25	M	[1819.
26	Tu	Augustin first Archbishop of Canterbury, 610.
27	W	
28	Th	
29	F	King Charles II. born 1630. Restored 1660.
30	S	
31	S	*Whit Sunday.*

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

First Quarter, 1st, 17m. past midnight.
Full Moon, 9th, 2h. 11m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 16th, 11h. 10m. p.m.
New Moon, 23rd, 2h. 48m. p.m.
First Quarter, 30th, 1h. 12m. p.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. III.

Stand up, my farmer, don't be proud,
It's not for church or schism,
No need to answer very loud,
But say your catechism.

"What is a plant?"—"A thing that breathes,
"And eats, and drinks, and, may be,
"Measles, and hoops, and croups, and teeths,
"Just like a mortal baby."

"Suppose that in a hundred parts
"The food of plants you share?"
"Of those, but ten the soil imparts,
"While, ninety come from air."

"Of food of plants—no matter whence,
"How many kinds in all?"
"Why only four of consequence,
"Their names I can't recall."

"Farmer, is yours too dull a head,
"Or is the world too wise?"
"Master, I'm only as I'm bred,
"And hard words mystifies.

"They stun me, like my wife's new gown,
"Or Mary-Jane's piano;
"That 'super—prostrate' knocks me down,
"Those 'nitrates' and 'guano.'"

No, farmer dear, you're not a dunce,
I doubt you're much too clever—
Only four words! just learn them once,
You'll not forget them ever.

Once learn them—and they'll stick again
Like fish-hooks with a barb on;
The *Oxygen*, and *Nitrogen*,
The *Hydrogen*, and *Carbon*.

JUNE, FROM JUNO, QUEEN OF THE GODDESSES AMONG THE ROMANS.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	M	Whit Monday.
2	Tu	Whit Tuesday. Bampton Fair.
3	W	
4	Th	Sun rises 3h. 49m.
5	F	Sun sets 8h. 8m.
6	S	
7	S	*Trinity Sunday.*
8	M	
9	Tu	
10	W	Crystal Palace at Sydenham opened, 1854.
11	Th	*St. Barnabas.*
12	F	
13	S	
14	S	1*st Sunday after Trinity.* Battle of Naseby,
15	M	Magna Charta signed 1215. [1645.
16	Tu	Tiverton Fair.
17	W	St. Alban's Martyr. South Molton Fair.
18	Th	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19	F	
20	S	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	S	2*nd Sunday after Trinity.* Longest day.
22	M	[Summer commences.
23	Tu	
24	W	*St. John Baptist.* Midsummer Day.
25	Th	
26	F	
27	S	
28	S	3*rd Sunday after Trinity.* Queen Victoria
29	M	*St. Peter.* [crowned, 1838.
30	Tu	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 7th, 5h. 23m. p.m.
Last Quarter, 15th, 7h. 9m. a.m.
New Moon, 21st, 10h. 3m. p.m.
First Quarter, 29th, 4h. 20m. a.m.

House Improvement.

With all improvements that are made, the improvement of houses—their cleanliness and neatness—ought to keep pace. And there are few who cannot do a great deal to make their homes more comfortable, more clean, tidy, and healthy. For the sake of children this is of the greatest importance. They cannot be as healthy as they would be otherwise, where there are bad smells, and where general cleanliness is not attended to. It makes all the difference with children whether they are in the habit of breathing good or bad air. It is just as important as eating wholesome or unwholesome food.

Advantages of Uniting Capital.

The advantage which large farmers have over small ones consists in their having more capital to lay out, and thereby getting a much larger return. But if three or four small farmers would unite their small capital, for some purposes, such as buying valuable implements and costly manures, and improved animals, they might get the same advantages. They would then be attended to by the dealers as carefully as men of large capital. Dealers would not send them bad manures or bad implements. Experiments also and improvements might be introduced where several farmers worked together, which it would be too great a risk for one to attempt by himself.

JULY, NAMED AFTER JULIUS CÆSAR.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	W	Sun rises 3h. 49m.
2	Th	
3	F	Sun sets 8h. 16m. Dog days begin.
4	S	
5	℣	*4th Sunday after Trinity.*
6	M	Torrington Fair.
7	Tu	
8	W	Tavistock Fair.
9	Th	
10	F	
11	S	Battle of the Boyne, 1690.
12	℣	*5th Sunday after Trinity.* Gibraltar taken by
13	M	[Sir G. Rooke, 1704.
14	Tu	
15	W	*St. Swithin.* Exeter Fair.
16	Th	
17	F	Dr. Watts born 1674.
18	S	
19	℣	*6th Sunday after Trinity.*
20	M	
21	Tu	
22	W	Battle of Salamanca, 1812.
23	Th	First English Newspaper, 1588.
24	F	Barnstaple Great Market.
25	S	*St. James.* South Molton Great Market.
26	℣	*7th Sunday after Trinity.*
27	M	Battle of Talavera, 1811.
28	Tu	
29	W	
30	Th	
31	F	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 7th, 6h. 44m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 14th, 0h. 56m. p.m.
New Moon, 21st, 6h. 12m. a.m.
First Quarter, 28th, 9h. 14m. p.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. IV.

If you're waking, get up early, get up early, farmer dear,
Be early in the day, and be early in the year;
Be up and out at day-break, when the crops are all in beauty,
When the cattle have their breakfast, and the workmen learn their duty.

The task is done that's well begun, the start is half the race;
The dinner will be sweetest, when the work has said the grace.
Who lies in bed, will curse his bread, or eat it sad and surly,
But thanks will bless the daily meal of the man who rises early.

And be early in the year—be beforehand with the season;
Late farming finds *excuses*, but the forward has the *reason;*
While Farmer Early can afford for the best days to wait,
The proper time will always come too soon for Farmer Late.

So Farmer Late has common globes, and Farmer Early Swedes,
This land is growing food for stock, while *that* is growing weeds,
This crop of hay was saved in June—in August *that* was spoiling;
For forward farms find cheerful work, the backward thankless toiling.

AUGUST, SO CALLED IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	S	Lammas Day. Battle of the Nile, 1798.
2	S	*8th Sunday after Trinity.*
3	M	
4	Tu	Sun rises 4h. 29m.
5	W	
6	Th	Sun sets 7h. 38m.
7	F	
8	S	George Canning, statesman, died 1827.
9	S	*9th Sunday after Trinity.*
10	M	
11	Tu	Half-quarter day. Dog days end.
12	W	
13	Th	
14	F	
15	S	Surrender of Bomarsund, 1854. Battle of
16	S	*10th Sunday after Trinity.* [Tchernaya, 1855.
17	M	
18	Tu	
19	W	Tavistock Fair.
20	Th	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	*11th Sunday after Trinity.*
24	M	*St. Bartholomew.*
25	Tu	Crediton Fair.
26	W	Prince Albert born 1819.
27	Th	
28	F	
29	S	Ilfracombe Fair.
30	S	*12th Sunday after Trinity.*
31	M	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 5th, 6h. 28m. p.m.
Last Quarter, 12th, 5h. 41m. p.m.
New Moon, 19th, 4h. 26m. p.m.
First Quarter, 27th, 3h. 5m. p m.

Decimal Weights and Measures.

No farmer needs to be told how inconvenient the present system of weights and measures is. Two different markets have two different measures. The first thing to be wished is to have an uniform system all through the country. But it is also very important that the system should be the simplest, that is, one by which all calculations may be made most quickly and easily. And the decimal system is the simplest, because we already use it in our system of enumeration—the first thing that children learn at school—the system of units, tens, hundreds, &c. Thus in 1800 each figure has ten times the value of the figure next to the right. Now supposing that we called 10 pecks a bushel, and 10 bushels a bag, 1800 pecks would make exactly 180 bushels, or 18 bags. No time need be wasted in calculation. With the decimal system we should have the numbers we want always ready. And the same thing applies to money. If with our pounds, shillings, and pence, 10 pence made the shilling, and 10 shillings made the pound, we should all be saved a world of trouble.

September.

SEPTEMBER ANCIENTLY THE SEVENTH MONTH, SEPTEM SIGNIFYING SEVEN.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	Tu	Partridge shooting begins.
2	W	Fire of London, 1666. South Molton Fair.
3	Th	Oliver Cromwell died 1658.
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	13*th Sunday after Trinity.*
7	M	
8	Tu	Sebastopol taken, 1855.
9	W	Tavistock Fair.
10	Th	
11	F	Sun rises 5h. 29m.
12	S	
13	S	14*th Sunday after Trinity.*
14	M	Duke of Wellington died 1852.
15	Tu	Sun sets 6h. 14m.
16	W	West Down Fair.
17	Th	[land, 1854.
18	F	First Agricultural Show held at West Buck-
19	S	[1854.
20	S	15*th Sunday after Trinity.* Battle of the Alma,
21	M	*St. Matthew.* Walter Scott died 1832.
22	Tu	Autumn commences. Crediton Fair.
23	W	Battle of Assaye, 1803. Barnstaple Fair.
24	Th	
25	F	
26	S	
27	S	16*th Sunday after Trinity.*
28	M	
29	Tu	*St. Michael and all Angels.* Nelson born
30	W	[1758. Tiverton Fair.

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 4th, 5h. 7m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 10th, 10h. 50m. p.m.
New Moon, 18th, 5h. 33m. a.m.
First Quarter, 26th, 8h. 59m. a.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. V.

Farmer, you all are easy souls,
  Your pride takes much to shock it;
You'll pardon if I point to holes
  About your breeches' pocket.

For some the Missus is in fault,
  I hope you'll make her mend them.
But those who venture to assault
  A wife—good Lord befriend them!

So when you want to have a talk
  About the household failings,
Perhaps you'd better take a walk
  Beyond the garden palings.

But when around the fire we take
  A glass of something cozy;
The Missus' ears are wide awake,
  For all she looks so dozy.

Some holes, through which the cash slips by,
  The pocket of the breeches,
Are your own fault, and you must try
  To put in a few stitches.

And as I name each hole we stop,
  Attend to them with care;
'Twill save your going to the shop,
  To buy another pair.

This hole is "Waste"—'tis sad to sing
  How many pounds go through it.
Here's "Ignorance"—to do a thing,
  And not know *how* to do it.

Here's "Prejudice," and I'll be bound
  'Twas there when father wore them;
All have it who go round and round,
  And *never look before them.*

October.

OCTOBER, THE EIGHTH MONTH IN THE ROMAN CALENDAR, FROM OCTO, EIGHT.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	Th	Third Agricultural Show (at West Buckland,)
2	F	[1856. Pheasant shooting begins.
3	S	Second Agricultural Show (at Castle Hill,) 1855.
4	S	17*th Sunday after Trinity.* [S. Molton Gt. Mkt.
5	M	
6	Tu	
7	W	Sun rises 6h. 12m.
8	Th	Sun sets 5h. 22m.
9	F	
10	S	Torrington Fair.
11	S	18*th Sunday after Trinity.*
12	M	Discovery of America, 1492.
13	Tu	
14	W	Battle of Hastings, 1066. Tavistock Fair.
15	Th	
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	19*th Sunday after Trinity. St. Luke.*
19	M	
20	Tu	
21	W	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
22	Th	
23	F	
24	S	
25	S	20*th Sunday after Trinity.* Battle of Balaclava,
26	M	[1854.
27	Tu	
28	W	*St. Simon and St. Jude.* N. Molton and Totnes
29	Th	Bampton Fair. [Fair.
30	F	
31	S	

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 3rd, 3h. 8m. p.m.
Last Quarter, 10th, 5h. 53m. a.m.
New Moon, 17th, 9h. 38m. p.m.
First Quarter, 26th, 2h. 5m. a.m.

Spring Food.

On these cold hills farmers are often at a loss how to keep their animals alive in the spring before the grass and clover grow. The turnips are finished, and there are very often no other crops to look to. But it would not be difficult to secure crops of cabbages, vetches, or probably rape, to come in just at this scarce time, especially for the lambs. This would take away the necessity they are under now, of feeding off the meadows, which ought to be laid up for hay. Feeding off the first spring grass injures the crop, and also drives the farmer much too late with his hay harvest, and generally into unfavourable weather. Grow more Swede turnips and mangold wurtzel; these will keep good when the common turnip is worthless; and have some rape plants and the curled winter brocolis ready to transplant into your stubbles as you plough them down, immediately after harvest. The ploughing is sure to be right, even if the planting fails; but it will not fail if you use a little of that poor farmer's friend—Guano.

November.

NOVEMBER, FORMERLY THE NINTH MONTH—NOVEM, NINE.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	S	21*st Sunday after Trinity. All Saints' Day.*
2	M	Plymouth Fair.
3	Tu	
4	W	
5	Th	Battle of Inkermann, 1854. William III. landed
6	F	[in Torbay, 1688. Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
7	S	
8	S	22*nd Sunday after Trinity.*
9	M	Prince of Wales born 1841.
10	Tu	
11	W	France, a Republic, 1848. Half-quarter day.
12	Th	[Tavistock Fair.
13	F	
14	S	
15	S	23*rd Sunday after Trinity.*
16	M	
17	Tu	
18	W	Duke of Wellington buried 1852.
19	Th	
20	F	General Peace signed 1815.
21	S	
22	S	24*th Sunday after Trinity.*
23	M	
24	Tu	
25	W	Sun rises 7h. 36m.
26	Th	Sun sets 3h. 57m.
27	F	
28	S	
29	S	1*st Sunday in Advent.*
30	M	*St. Andrew.*

CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Full Moon, 2nd, 0h. 57m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 8th, 4h. 14m. p.m.
New Moon, 16th, 3h. 54m. p.m.
First Quarter, 24th, 5h. 33m. p.m.

Moral Songs for Farmers.

No. VI.

One lesson more—and I have done,
Good farmer, as your preacher,
While you are chuckling at the fun,
You'll not forget the teacher.

You'll laugh, and learn, and go ahead;
A merry heart's a brave one;
And pay a crown for what you've read,
For learning how to save one.

And if you think we come it strong,
And grumble at our dear book,
I'll say you are not worth a song,
And how much less a Year Book.

But give your neighbours just a taste;
Bits here and there to try it—
And tell them if they don't make haste
They'll be too late to buy it.

December.

AMONG THE ROMANS THIS WAS THE TENTH MONTH, FROM "DECEM," TEN.

Day of Month.	Week.	Chronological Events, &c.
1	Tu	
2	W	French Empire declared 1852. Tavistock
3	Th	[Fair.
4	F	
5	S	
6	S	*2nd Sunday in Advent.*
7	M	
8	Tu	
9	W	John Milton born 1608. Exeter Fair.
10	Th	
11	F	Barnstaple Great Market.
12	S	Cromwell made Protector, 1653.
13	S	*3rd Sunday in Advent.* Samuel Johnson died
14	M	[1784.
15	Tu	Sun rises 8h. 2m.
16	W	Sun sets 3h. 49m.
17	Th	
18	F	
19	S	
20	S	*4th Sunday in Advent.*
21	M	*St. Thomas.* Shortest day. Winter commences.
22	Tu	
23	W	
24	Th	
25	F	*Christmas Day.*
26	S	*St. Stephen.*
27	S	*1st Sunday after Christmas. St. John Ap. & Ev.*
28	M	*Innocents' Day.*
29	Tu	
30	W	
31	Th	John Wickliffe died 1384.

CHANGES OF THE MOON

Full Moon, 1st, 10h. 56m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 8th, 6h. 37m. a.m.
New Moon, 16th, 11h. 1m. a.m.
First Quarter, 24th, 6h. 36m. a.m.
Full Moon, 30th, 9h. 33m. p.m.

Bread and Meat.

Farmers are often too much inclined to look only to the grain crops for their profits. And they do not make nearly as much as they might by their cattle and sheep. If these are properly fed and taken care of, they ought, at the steady prices which meat now fetches, to pay well; but to do this they must be really treated so as to thrive and grow quickly fat. Then they will be sure to bring in money. But if left pretty much to take care of themselves, much food may be consumed by the beast without much meat for the butcher. Again, poor farmers sell their animals half fat, partly because they want the money, partly because they have not provided a supply of food to finish them. To avoid this *dead loss*, they should calculate beforehand, and not undertake more than they can complete. It is sad to see dealers thriving out of the poor farmer's necessities. Don't sell your meat before it is ripe. And here, as in other cases, a great deal depends on the regular feeding. And in giving their cattle bedding, farmers would find a much more profitable use for their straw than spreading it out on the roads to be soaked and washed by the rain. And instead of a little poor stuff scraped from the roads, would find their yards filled with plenty of the best manure.

J. Brettell, lithog.

WEST BUCKLAND,

From a Photograph by Britton Barnstaple

WEST BUCKLAND.

THERE is something in the very atmosphere of the hills on which the parish of West Buckland lies, raised as it is high above the long Leary Valley and its damp clays, which has justly won the reputation of being especially healthy and invigorating. The Church and Village, on this high ground, exposed to all the heavy western gales and the piercing east winds that sweep over Exmoor, are situated just at the point where two narrow valleys descend, each with the same beautiful sweep, into the larger valley beneath; forming the natural lines of communication, one with Barnstaple, the other with South Molton. But in utter disregard of these natural outlets, the main road has hitherto lain directly over the high ground between them, giving to the Buckland hill a fame by no means enviable, and to the parish itself the character of being an out-of-the-way inaccessible place, more fit to rank with the wild neighbouring moor-lands, than with the productive valleys close underneath it.

And such has been its character, it seems, among its own natives. Its elderly men will tell you that they remember when the first pair of wheels were introduced into the parish, and made a mighty stir in the place. Sleighs did the farm-work, such as it was, and pack-horses satisfied the wants of the secluded inhabitants. Even within the last two or three years the flymen of Barnstaple have wondered at finding themselves climbing so unknown and uncivilized a region. If Devonshire generally could refute the charge of being half a century behind-hand, West Buckland, at least, must have found it difficult to do so. And, indeed, in many things, one can love and admire its more primitive ways. The broad distinction and distance of classes is here easily and naturally relaxed. We do not pass the same faces over and over again without some friendly recognition, and the most common-place greeting has a charm of which all must be sensible, especially the friendly "good night" in the dark evenings to the passer-by, whoever he may be. The cordial hospitality of the farmer, the humorous gossip of the cottager, shew a good-will not blunted by constant contact with large masses of human beings, uncaring and uncared for by each other.

But West Buckland is beginning to find, or perhaps it may be said, has already found, that it is not quite so much out of the world, and that there is no reason why it should be so. A good level road connecting it with Barnstaple and the railway brings

within its reach all the produce, manufactures, implements, and manures, by means of which other agricultural districts have risen so much in wealth and prosperity. Much has been done in the last few years, and has been done by union. Without union the new road, which is of such importance to the parish, could not have been completed. The farmers, however, did unite in supporting the plan proposed to them, and undertook, the landlords having freely given the ground, to give a rate of sixpence in the pound for three years, or total rate of eighteen pence, thus providing about two-thirds of the estimated cost; while some, to whose farms the road promised to be more especially a benefit, gave extra subscriptions. With similar readiness the farmers had before supported the proposal to build a second schoolroom, in order to have a master as well as mistress, and an upper and improved school. What has been thus effected may serve as a stimulus to all to do more. And there is no doubt the farmers' eyes are open, and their ears are listening. There is one great question now at issue. Are these lands capable of being brought to the high state of cultivation which other parts of the country have reached? There seems to be no good ground for anticipating the failure of the attempt to introduce and carry out with success that improved method which has already obtained a world-wide reputation as the Norfolk four-course system. That it has not been fairly tried here is admitted, and by those who find fault with the particular parts of the system proposed, its chances as a whole have not been well considered. Thus, for example, it has been maintained most confidently that nothing can supply the place of lime in securing grain crops. And yet the system, adopted with so much success in other parts, of strengthening and enriching the soil by sheep closely folded has not been tried, though so likely to be effectual not only in manuring the land, but also in counteracting an evil particularly complained of, and in part produced by the lime itself, viz., the looseness and want of consistency in the soil. It has also been taken for granted that sheep will not bear the exposure of being folded during the winter months on the bare soil. But it is known that they can bear it in colder places than this, and therefore why not here? It has been already shewn that winter food can be produced for them—that it is possible to get large crops of Swede turnips. So far the system has succeeded, and it remains to be seen whether it will not also succeed in introducing strong and heavy crops of corn, instead of the weak and thin ones, which at present yield so small a return for the labour and cost of production. The next harvest will go some way towards deciding this question, and the result will be watched with the greatest interest.

And can any farmer harbour the unworthy feeling which deprecates success, because it will shew the landlord the real capabilities, and therefore value of his land? Such a feeling is unreasonable as well as dishonourable, because, if the introduction of a new system will make land more productive, how can the higher rents, which they fear, injure them? Both landlord and tenant will be benefited, and it should be regarded by the tenant that nothing is so certain to be for his interest, as a mutual confidence between him and his landlord.

If then this great change in the system hitherto maintained in this part of the country can be effected, all, it is to be hoped, will feel the benefit of it; why not landlord as much as farmer? and why not labourer as much as farmer? There can be no doubt that all are interested in it. As the district grows wealthier, the comforts of all should be greater. Instead of the many ill-built and uncomfortable cottages, which deform the village, the landlords will be ready in an improving district to improve the houses; and will not shrink from doing their part, when they see progress and improvement really at work. The labourers will learn to value neatness and cleanliness, and, what is of infinite importance, teach their children to value them. All that will may be bettered, and all may be happier, and may feel an honest pride in the prosperity of their own homes. Let our motto be "Union is Strength." It is already deserved. It has been already seen how much may be done by union; and have we no faith in the prospect of seeing greater things still?

What deeds united hearts might do,
What help impart, what joy bestow;
What love our lives might daily show,
To God above, and man below.

And now, not boastfully but thankfully, we proceed to chronicle some of the successful steps in improvement taken by "Our Parish" in the last few years. And first we will extract from *The North Devon Journal*, of September 18th, 1854, an account of the first Farmers' Meeting, premising only that it had been preceded by a Cottage-Garden Show in the spring of the same year.

FIRST AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WEST BUCKLAND,
September 18th, 1854.

In calling attention to the fête of Monday at West Buckland, we do so, not because of its magnitude, but for its novelty, its practicability, its value as an example worthy of being followed by every clergyman in every parish of the kingdom. It will be understood that this holiday was confined to the parish of West Buckland, containing about three hundred people and about seventeen hundred acres of land. It lies remote from any public thoroughfare, and a more sequestered and purely rural district is scarcely to be found.

By the programme written previous to the day of meeting it was proposed to give prizes ranging from five shillings to two shillings and sixpence. First to

" farmers," prizes of five shillings each for the best specimens of live stock, of horses and fowls, the best walking and trotting horses, the best sheep dog, the best pound of butter, and the best samples of roots. To " farmers and labourers," three shillings each prize for the best ploughing and other acts of husbandry. And the best produce of the farm yard, which will be specified in the prize list. The third set of prizes of two shillings and sixpence each, were for the productions of the " cottage-garden;" to which were added " rewards" of the same amount to " servants" who had " stayed longest in their places," others for " knitting and " plain work." Almost every farmer in the parish sent something or other, by way of manifesting his interest in the proceedings; so generally and cheerfully was the idea taken up.

There were about sixty prizes given. Head quarters were in a field adjoining the rectory, where a booth was erected for the general convenience. A banner in front of the booth bore the memorable words of Lord Nelson's last signal, " England " expects every man to do his duty." In the middle of the field was a flag-staff. It may naturally be supposed that the bells did not keep their tongues silent on the occasion. The proceedings began a little before ten o'clock by the commencement of the ploughing match in a field belonging to Mr. Thorne, called Square Close. Three ploughs entered the field and contended for the ploughing prize, which was won by Mr. Thorne's ploughman, John Gill, who used one of Venn's ploughs.

Then followed reaping, gathering, and binding, in which William Rice, workman to Mr. Miller, won the prize. The other competitors were William Ketter, who works for Mr. Brereton, and John Beer, shoemaker, who handled his reap hook with a dexterity which would fully plead his excuse against the advice of Apelles, *ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

In *ditching**, each man was required to execute one perch, to be built up three feet high with stone. The job was completed in two hours and a half. The prizeman was William Ketter. The prize for *mowing* was contended for in a piece of after-grass belonging to the rector; the prize being for him who should mow the most and the best in a quarter of an hour. Four commenced and one gave up. William Ketter was again the best man. A prize was given to the best *thrasher* with a flail; the test of workmanship being the manner in which the " niches" of reed were made. The two competitors—Clarke and Rice—did their work so well that the judges had to give a prize to both. Another prize was given to the best *driver of a loaded cart.* Given a horse and cart loaded with corn; the prize was for the man who could drive it clear through a gateway but two or three inches wider than the cart, or shew the most judgment in turning a " crooked corner." In a country abounding with " sideling" fields, and roads " steep as the roof of a house," and gateways in all sorts of awkward positions, no inconsiderable care and tact is necessary to preserve the centre of gravitation, and keep man, beast, and burden, from going over. In the course of the day there was also a species of *horse-race*, a prize being offered to the best *trotter* and the best *walker*, over two half-mile beats, in a field called " Wills Close." Mr. Miller's " old pony" won the prize for trotting, taking the wind out of the sails of a somewhat swell gent who had " never been " beaten in his life." Mr. Avery's horse won in walking. But no one of all the prizes contended for excited an interest equal to that produced by the *trial of sheep dogs.* There were four entered, but only two were tried. Their masters entered the field with them, with a flock of sheep, and put them through all those " moves" which exhibit the intelligence, tact, courage, and perfect knowledge of language displayed by those invaluable animals. Even from those who had been familiar with their performances on the road and in the field all their life, the prize trial of Monday produced renewed admiration.

While these various competitions distributed through the day served to keep up a wholesome excitement, there was going on the quieter exercise of criticising stock, and inspecting the produce of the garden, the poultry-yard, and the dairy. The Judges of stock and farm labour were Mr. Burdon of Swymbridge, and

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* We must explain to our *extra*-Devonian readers that by a *ditch* is to be understood *a dry stone wall*, built without mortar, or a bank faced with stone, the art of erecting which is of great importance in a district where large tracts of moorland are being cultivated.

Mr. Tamlyn of Castle Hill, who did their work with such care and discrimination as to carry the judgments of all with them.

They pronounced a very flattering opinion of the general quality of the stock exhibited, solely, be it remembered, from this small parish, asserting that they had seen very inferior cattle in exhibitions of far greater pretension. Mr. Thorne was the greatest exhibitor of cattle, among which a very beautiful cow was particularly noted. All the cattle were of the North Devon breed.

Mr. Bale, nurseryman, of Westacott, and Mr. Saul, gardener at Castle Hill, gave their valuable services as Judges of the garden produce.

Another farm exercise also took place on the ground. The *milking of three cows* for the prize offered to the one yielding the greatest quantity of milk. The cow yielding *nine quarts* gained the prize.

The weather continued favourable until towards the evening, when it came on to rain, but not until the business of the day had been gone through with the exception of the dinner. It had been intended to dine on the field, but the change of weather compelled an adjournment to the village schoolroom. The whole parish appeared mustered on the occasion, and one great object of the day was thereby realised, that of bringing together, in pursuit of a common end, the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed, the farmer and the labourer.

The dinner took place at the village schoolroom, fortunately lately enlarged to promote the advantage of additional and higher classes in the tuition of the parishioners. Between fifty and sixty assembled to partake of a substantial repast. Appropriate toasts were given and received with excellent feeling, Earl Fortescue's preceding the rest, as Lord Lieutenant of the county, was drank with the highest respect and enthusiasm. The dinner commenced about seven o'clock, and the company dispersed between nine and ten, perfectly and happily contented with their day's rational enjoyment, and with a reflection of how much more satisfaction they had received for the morrow than they could have experienced in the drunken noisy revel which it had *displaced*.

SECOND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, HELD IN CASTLE HILL PARK, *October 3rd*, 1855.

The Agrarian fête, held at West Buckland in the autumn of 1854, was so successful, and promised such important improvements, as to prompt the adjoining parishes of East Buckland, Filleigh, and Charles to join with West Buckland, and to form a united "Farmers' Society." This idea was carried out, and on the 3rd of October, 1855, the first show of this new society, of which Earl Fortescue consented to be the president, with the Rev. J. L. Brereton as its secretary, was held at Castle Hill. This second exhibition took place, to great advantage, in the extensive premises and buildings of the Model Farm.

At this second show, there were more prizes offered, and more competition through every class. The ploughing was pronounced by the Judges to be decidedly improved, which was considered by the members as the first fruits of this society's practical result. But to record its progress, it may be useful for our readers again to recur to the printed Report of the show held at Castle Hill, as given in the North Devon Journal of the period,—"These four associated parishes (East and West Buckland, Filleigh, and Charles), cover an area of 7716 acres, and contain a population of about twelve hundred souls. All the farmers resident in these parishes have become subscribers to the society; one of its rules being that it shall consist of the owners and occupiers of land in the said parishes, subscribing not less than two shillings and sixpence annually.

"On the morning of the show day, the cattle for exhibition were placed in the stalls appropriated for the purpose, extending through the middle part of the building, which would furnish accommodation for nearly four score head. About forty head were exhibited; a very fine lot being extra stock, the property of Earl Fortescue. There were no bulls, which, according to the printed list, should have competed for the first and second prizes. The quality of the cattle was spoken of at the dinner in very flattering terms. The sheep and lambs were exhibited at the side of the building; and the pigs opposite to them. Among the extra stock of sheep, there were some fine animals, particularly those belonging to Lord Fortescue, and those of Mr. Thorne, of West Buckland.

" Of horses, there was a numerous and very respectable show, considering the district. Among ' the most useful horses,' Mr. J. Chaworth Musters's ' Dolly ' lost the prize, as being considered ' too much of a hunter.' Mr. Brereton won a prize for a two-year old filly, got by ' Metal,' out of his notable mare ' Kitty.' As a total, there were one hundred and ninety-nine animals exhibited, and the number of prizes proposed was eighty-two. The funds are derived from sixty-five subscribers.—The exhibitors were thirty-three.

" Manufacturers and dealers in agricultural implements were solicited by advertisement, a few weeks previous to the meeting, to send implements for exhibition, by way of improving the show, and making it as attractive and instructive as possible. Conspicuous among these exhibitors was Mr. James Comins, of South Molton, who sent a variety of implements, and to whom was awarded the prize of £2. The Filleigh band enlivened the day's proceedings by some very creditable performances.

" In the course of the afternoon the steam engine was set to work, when the operations of the machinery for thrashing, winnowing, and screening corn, as well as for chaff and turnip cutting, and preparing food for the pigs, created a lively interest.

" The dinner, an important part of the day's proceedings, was given at Castle Hill. About one hundred sate down,—Lord Ebrington taking the chair. The toasts being—The Queen; Prince Albert and the Royal Family; The Army and Navy; The Emperor of the French; The Lord-Lieutenant of the County; The Clergy; The Judges of the Society (Messrs. Burdon and Langdon). Thus ended the first show of the united Parishes."

The Second Meeting of *The United Parishes' Farming Society* was held in the parish of West Buckland on Wednesday the 1st of October, 1856. The exhibition of cattle and horses took place in the two fields on the glebe; the ploughing match in a field belonging to Mr. George Thorne; and the implements were shewn in a field belonging to Mr. Avery. Amongst the cattle there were some very fine animals, and the show of horses was good. The ploughing was of a superior description: there were thirteen ploughs entered, and the competition was most spirited. There were also prizes for butter, cream, and poultry. In the implement department Mr. W. Brooks, of Chumleigh, gained the prize for a corn drill; Mr. J. Comins, of South Molton, exhibited a clod crusher, a drag, and harrow, a subsoil plough, and an instrument for catching and destroying turnip-fly.

The Judges for the whole exhibition were Mr. George Burdon and Mr. James Harris, who gave their services with the greatest justice and fairness to all parties, and with the greatest cheerfulness and liberality.

The dinner was held in a barn adjoining the rectory, which had been decorated for the purpose, under Miss Pole Carew's directions.

Earl Fortescue took the chair; and he and Lord Courtenay, and Mr. Acland, and Mr. Newman, who were guests on the occasion, made several good speeches after dinner, and gave toasts which were severally acknowledged by Mr. Brereton, Mr. Thorne, and others of the company. They commended the progress made in the district since the year 1854, and mainly attributed it to the foundation of this Society in that year, and exhorted the farmers not to be discouraged by partial failures, but to " go on and prosper," which they all seem anxious to do.

This agricultural exhibition was followed, on the 23rd of October, 1856, by a very pleasant exhibition of gratitude to the Rev. J. L. Brereton, for his services, by the farmers of the four associated parishes, who united to present him with a very handsome silver inkstand, through their President, Earl Fortescue. They invited Mr. Brereton, as their guest, to a dinner in the same barn, similarly decorated as it had been for the Agricultural Show, with some variety suited to the occasion. A hundred sat down to a very hospitable feast, and separated at ten o'clock, after many a hearty cheer, and some very good speaking,—all the happier for their pleasant meeting.

The speech of Lord Fortescue dwelt, with much good feeling, on this testimonial being the third presented to the rector by his own parish, alluding to a

gold pencil case received by him two years since from his parish school, and a silver cream ewer given him by the parish clothing club.

WEST BUCKLAND COTTAGE GARDEN SHOW.

It ought not to be irrelavent to the subject of farming shows to record a meeting at West Buckland, to encourage the village population in the cultivation of their gardens. It took place on the 10th of July, 1856; and comparing it with those of former years, gave evident proofs of the advantage of this village holiday.

Tables were spread on the Rectory lawn to receive various productions, consisting of fruits, flowers, and garden vegetables in great abundance, looking fresh and fair, and tempting. Baskets of strawberries, cherries, raspberries, varied by potatoes, onions, brocoli, peas, broad beans, kidney beans; even chickens and bacon were admitted; rhubarb of different sorts; pots of Devonshire cream, and rolls of butter; loaves of bread,—all found their place. The day was very fine and not too sunny. Several visitors joined the party on the lawn, and many farmers and their wives drank tea at the Rectory. At the conclusion of the show, the West Buckland, Filleigh, and East Buckland parish choirs tried their several powers in singing "God save the Queen." West Buckland accompanied by their usual instruments: the Filleigh band led by their master and teacher, Mr. Austin, on the seraphine. After chorus for the Queen, &c. &c. Mr. Pigott made a very pleasant address to the exhibitors, on the advantage of such meetings and opportunities for the encouragement of their labours, to which Mr. Brereton responded; and the villagers took their baskets away,—many of them empty from having disposed of their contents,—lighter handed and lighter hearted from the pleasure they had mutually given and received.

Prize List of the Cottage Garden Show, held at West Buckland, July 10th, 1856.

FOR THE BEST	FIRST PRIZE, 5s.	SECOND PRIZE, 2s. 6d.
Potatoes	James Courtney	S. Brayley.
Cabbages	J. Beer, Jun.	Philpotts.
Peas	Philpotts	Holloway.
Beans	Arnold	Philpotts.
Kidney Beans	Rice	Arnold.
Carrots	James Courtney	J. Beer, Jun.
Onions	Arnold	Burgess.
Rhubarb	J. Beer, Sen.	Ketter.
Pot Herbs	Philpotts	
Strawberries	D. Lock	
Gooseberries	Rice	Odam.
Cherries	Agnes Ward	Philpotts.
Honey	Cridge	
Pig	Buckingham	G. Courtney.
Bacon	Holloway	J. Lock.
Chickens	S. Brayley	Dart.
Roses	J. Beer, Jun.	
Bunch of Flowers	J. Beer, Jun.	
Fruit Tree	Chapple	Philpotts.
Loaf White Bread	C. Fairchild	Hannah Kingdon.
Loaf Brown Bread	M. Fairchild	Clatworthy.
	FIRST PRIZE, £1.	SECOND PRIZE, 10s.
For best Garden	Daniel Lock	J. Beer, Jun.
	FIRST PRIZE, 10s.	SECOND PRIZE, 7s. 6d.
For best Performance of "God Save the Queen"	Filleigh Choir	West Buckland Choir.

LUNDY.

Embosomed in the centre of the Bristol Channel, sixteen miles from the nearest fishing village, lies the rock-encircled Isle of Lundy. One of the very remotest corners of England, it is but little known or heard of, yet to the traveller on all the opposite coasts it is a most conspicuous object: its massive and rocky outline, dim and blue in the far distance, is seen to rise from the waves, whether we look from the most northern headlands of Cornwall, the hills around Ilfracombe, or from any point in the superb amphitheatre that surrounds the old town of Barnstaple; nor is it one of the least beautiful or striking objects in that wondrous panorama that unfolds itself to view from the north-westernmost summit of Exmoor. But beautiful and conspicuous as it is, few have ever reached it. Loungers at Ilfracombe crowd the pier and parade, and idle away their time on the green sward of the Capstone; or on the pebbly beach, lazily surveying the fair scene around them, or weakening their minds with the feeblest of sea-side novels, in the manner so strikingly described and reprobated by the talented author of "Glaucus," thinking they have seen sufficient if they have taken a donkey ride to Watermouth, or a drive in a close omnibus to pass the day at Linton. Lundy is far beyond their aspirations—as well go to Australia in the steerage as an emigrant, as take so desperate a voyage! Visitors attracted to the beauties of Clovelly, see it in the dim outline, and wonder at its remoteness; it is a thing which it is not incumbent on tourists to *do*, and so they need not trouble themselves to go, in order to *say they have been*. The sea-side inhabitants of course never go; nobody ever does to a place which is just before their eyes, on the same principle that so few Londoners have ever seen St. Paul's. There is, however, a place a little way inland from the North Devon coast, from whence a party, actuated by a more enterprising spirit, determined to start to explore its hitherto unknown recesses.

Imagine a calm and lovely summer evening, the sky perfectly clear, save where in the west the setting sun is fast descending, clad in gorgeous robes of unearthly magnificence. All is hushed and still, undisturbed but by the drowsy hum of the insect tribe, or the harsh but not unpleasing cry of the corncrake. The fields, the trees, the hedges, and woods, are clothed in their rich luxuriance. Peaceful and still, here and there from some lowly roof, the tiny upright column of smoke rises slowly and gracefully into the air, whilst the old grey church tower stands out in bold relief against the golden western sky. To the north, sleeps in placid beauty the range of Exmoor hills, their soft, wavy outline beautifully harmonising with the calm repose of the evening;

while westward, piled one behind the other, the hills above Barnstaple glow like cones of gold, and beyond may be faintly discerned the glittering effulgence of Bideford Bay, and even Lundy itself. Many a valley and wooded glen the eye wanders over—a broad expanse of beauty—till arrested by the clear purple outline of Dartmoor, whose long massive range rises directly from the plain, peak beyond peak, till in the extremest verge of sight may be dimly seen the twin summits of Heytor, which look southwards over a yet lovelier scene.

All is prepared for the start. Riders and beasts are ready. Cloaks and eatables are packed in profusion, while guns and rifles, and an ample supply of ammunition betoken the sporting character of the expedition. Well, they are off! Let us go with them, we cannot do better. On we go through pleasant lanes and rich smiling valleys, by winding brooks and through many a rural homestead or picturesque village, or through roads embowered in their shady hedges, and whose high banks are bejewelled with many a wild flower; and every now and then as we rise higher some broad landscape opens before us shewing vale and mountain, sea and plain; then again we descend into a deep and winding valley whose steep sides are almost overhung with woods, the whole rendered none the less lovely by the deepening twilight. Truly a beauteous tract is North Devon.

Thus we journey on till we reach the quaint old town of Bideford, and as we cross the long bridge which spans the Torridge, let me point out a place which ought to be most famous in English history; it is Appledore. Who ever heard of Appledore? It is here, however, that stood the famous Castle of Kinweth which, when all England bowed beneath the iron Danish storm, and when the king, even the great Alfred himself (his indomitable spirit yielding for a time), had fled an outcast to the inaccessible marshes of the Parret, still held bravely on; and here took place that desperate sortie which changed the history of England, when the fierce Hubba, redoubtable son of a still more terrible father, even of the great Regnar Lodbrog, himself the scourge of England, perished in the midst of his renown; and here was taken the famous standard, the Reafan, worked by the five maiden daughters of Lodbrog in one night, with many a weird and unhallowed enchantment, to be borne by their brothers over the whole of Northern Europe as the charm which should expiate in seas of blood their father's cruel death. Slaughter Lane attests the despairing energy of the besieged, and the ruin of the Danish power; while Hubbastone, now called Whibblestone, marks the spot where died one of the fiercest of those Northern wolves. But we have no time to moralise, and even the most enthusiastic admirer of the Saxons and of Alfred

would probably be now more occupied with Lundy than with Kinweth, and with the prospective destruction of seabirds, rather than with the retrospective slaughter of the Danes.

On, still on! twenty miles gone through, and we have reached Clovelly at last, the loveliest gem in the sea-girt diadem of North Devon. Not the giant-hills of Linton, nor the savage grandeur of Heddon's mouth, nor the beauty of Watermouth, can compare with it; only the winding vale of the Dart, up whose stream sailed the earliest colonists of these Islands, the followers of the Trojan Brutus; and there, safe from the vengeance of the "king of men," drew up their black sea-going ships on the beach, and founded their infant settlement, their new Pergamos, on the steep conical hill on which now stand the grey ivy-mantled walls of Totnes Castle, and struck by the beauty of the scenery called it "The pleasant place." But little can now be seen of the beauties of Clovelly for it is midnight, and much trouble we have in getting the horses down the steep stairs which form the main street of the village, the carriage having been left meanwhile in a field as being the safest available locality. The horses are stowed away in places which the Aborigines have agreed to call stables, and after a rough supper and a few hours' rest in the most primitive of inns we start for Lundy in a fishing boat hired for the purpose. The breeze is fresh, and soon the bare rocks and overhanging woods, the deep valleys and rounded hills gradually mingle, and fade into one blue outline. Happy and joyous are the party, alas! how soon to change. Still we move on, but not fast; the wind is against us, and being what sailors call a "little fresh," and landsmen "dreadfully rough," the effects are soon visible. Countenances, but lately so full of life and mirth, become gradually more subdued and grave; the cheerful flow of conversation subsides gradually, and soon ceases altogether. Sadder and sadder grows the expression and paler the hue of each. Behold the vanity of earthly hopes and joys. Little do they now care for "the sea, the free and noble ocean," the mysterious glories of Lundy, or the softer beauties of Clovelly. Each one's thought is bent on the desperate resolve of holding out as long as he can; but as they watch the outline of the coast, which after the first mile or so seems to recede so slowly—the dark mass of Lundy still as far off as ever—their hopes seem utterly futile. Wave after wave upheaves the little boat, producing agonies untold; at last one gives way, then another, then—but let us drop the veil.

Hour after hour passes away, still the same misery; and this is a "life on the ocean wave" in reality, so diametrically opposite to that of the song—a philosophical reflection which, by the way, applies to most things. Six hours have passed, and at last we

have arrived at the beach surrounded by beetling cliffs, which is the port of the island. We land, delighted to escape our salt prison, and, without Custom-house, gend'armes, or passport, enter the capital, consisting of the house of Mr. Heaven the proprietor, a light-house, a farm, and a labourer's cottage, which contain the whole population of the island. I suppose there can be few places more secluded than this. Once a week a vessel leaves Clovelly with a small cargo of flour, and with it goes a clergyman to administer to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants: but often it is impossible to land for weeks together, so strong is the sea, and so inhospitable is the iron-bound coast. But the want of human inhabitants is amply supplied by the innumerable sea-birds which swarm on every rock. Here may be seen the large and handsome form of the common sea-gull, the strange awkward puffin, the Solan goose, the guillemot, the diver, the cormorant with his bold robber air, and countless others. Hawks of all kinds, and rabbits in most astonishing numbers. Our party is soon separated, and many a scramble takes place in search of birds or eggs. Sea-sickness of the past, and the dread certainty of the future, are alike forgotten: for some of the party are enthusiastic collectors; and then the delights of climbing the cliffs, and snatching them from their very holes! Bang! There goes the first gun! and what an amazing number of birds rise wheeling and screaming, and literally darkening the air! There they go again! The sport has begun in earnest. Let us, meanwhile, ascend the cliffs and survey the prospect before us.

Higher we climb, and higher yet, till we reach the point from which the most extensive view can be obtained. Beneath us we have the continual reports of guns and voices calling to one another, while the echoes reverberate from cliff to cliff. On every side wheel the affrighted sea-birds themselves, whose wild clang mingles with the distant dashing of the waves, and the thunder of fragments of rocks dislodged by the adventurous tread of some bold sportsman; tiny puffs of smoke curl up here and there, while ever and anon a human figure is seen, now climbing the rocks or standing on the pinnacle of some lofty crag, and now again it vanishes among the clefts. Such might have been a skirmish in the valley of the Upper Baidar with the Russian sharp-shooters and the French Chasseurs; and, indeed, if truth must be told, our friends' firing is attended with much the same per centage of effective shots as the common soldiers' Minié—that terrible weapon, popularly supposed to be infallible at 1000 yards. But the view, how lovely! Beneath us are the rugged cliffs; beneath these, hundreds of feet below, lies stretched before us the immense expanse of ocean; its waves from this distance dwindled to ripples, while its unnumbered

smiles flash and dance in the bright sunlight. Look northward, where the land can just be discerned rising from the waves; near there is Milford Haven, where Richmond landed, amidst his native allies, to free England from the hated tyranny of the "Hog;" and destined soon, with its matchless harbour—at least, if those skilled in such matters speak truth—to become the great emporium of England, outstripping the established renown of Bristol and of Liverpool. Eastwards stretches the long line of coast, and the mountains of South Wales, comprising no small portion of the mineral wealth of the country. Cloudlike and dim they rise, one behind the other, till the furthermost can scarcely be distinguished. They are the Beacons of Brecon, ranking with the very loftiest summits in England. Beneath those hills may, with a telescope, be seen a flattish gap.—It is Swansea; further stretch the lines till they become lost in the extreme distance, where lie Llandaff and Cardiff, the scene of the long sad imprisonment of Duke Robert of Normandy; Caerphilly, one of the three great Mediæval fortresses of Britain (Dover and Windsor being the two others), and whose walls are said to be a mile and a quarter in circuit; Caërleon, the famous Roman station; Chepstow, and Tintern, Raglan, and many more upon which I cannot at present dwell. Look nearer home now; beneath you is Lundy, a mere rock in the sea, said to be of the same origin as Dartmoor, having been a smaller outlet of the great subterranean fire, which raised that bold isolated group. At the verge of sight is descried the massive sea front of Exmoor, the last home of the red deer in England. Over these moors rode the daring Lord Grey after the fatal day of Sedgemoor, on which the genius of Colonel Churchill, greatest of the men of Devonshire, aye, holding a foremost place among the great men of the world, had annihilated the hopes of the ill-fated Monmouth. There too lies the giant Hangman, springing one thousand feet from the water's edge; and close by is the wondrous and lonely gorge of Heddon's Mouth, (near which, by the way, are some of the most secluded villages in England; places where pack-horses have been but a few years in disuse). Nearer is Combmartin, with its ancient silver mines; then Ilfracombe, from which the same Lord Grey and his associates attempted in vain to escape to France: still nearer, where the cliffs first turn southwards, is the ill-omened Bay of Morte —name full of direful import to many an unhappy sailor. There one of the murderers of Thomas à Beckett was compelled to drag out the remainder of his life in weary exile; his tomb is still to be seen in the little church. Even now it is a dreary spot, what must it have been then, when the wild moor came down to the very shore? In the flat ground at the head

of Bideford Bay is Barnstaple, where was born the Chancellor Fortescue, one of the earliest and greatest of our jurists. Formerly it was strongly fortified, and afforded protection to the Prince of Wales, after the fatal battle of Naseby had for a time ruined the royalist cause. Bravely did the men of the West uphold the right, and Cornwall boasts two noted events of that period,—the glorious capture of Fairfax's infantry, and the scarcely less glorious surrender of Pendennis Castle, which has the proud distinction of being the last fortress on the English mainland that yielded to the rebels. Beneath those distant Exmoor Hills, at High Bray, were passed the early days of the ill-fated Amy Robsart, and there the false Earl planned the ruin of his innocent and lovely bride. There may be still seen the remains of the old hall of the Robsarts, now indeed converted into a barn; and curious old pieces of furniture, carved with the arms of the family, are still occasionally to be met with. Coming south are Appledore and Bideford, from whence issued, as well as from Dartmouth, that swarm of adventurers who followed Raleigh and Drake in their romantic and bold career on the Spanish main. A little further inland, though unseen from this point of view, is Torrington, the surprise of which gave the last and fatal blow to the royalist cause in the West. Further still the coast becomes bolder, and our eyes pass Clovelly, behind whose hills rise the fair Torridge and yet fairer Tamar, till the view terminates in the bold cliff of Hartland Point, just beyond which rise the tremendous bluffs of "sea-girt "Tintagel," the birthplace, and often the chosen abode of the great King Arthur, and the scene of many of his romantic adventures; and, not far beyond, is the mouth of the river Camel, on whose banks fell the same brave king, with all his Paladins around him, save only Sir Bedivere, fighting against his traitor nephew. Perchance, above those cliffs, you may just discern Brown Willy, the highest of the Cornish hills, between which and the coast, to the south-west of us, are many of the famous Cornwall mines. More easterly, and more distant, may just be seen the shadowy outline of Yes Tor, the culminating point of Dartmoor. Behind it lies a vast and dreary wilderness, unequalled, probably, in England, but where, amidst impassable morasses and bare moorland, untenanted save by the fox and bittern, lie unexplored the abundant records of an earlier people. Nor is Lundy itself destitute of the reminiscences of bygone times. In its inaccessible steeps the gentle and ill-fated Edward II. for a time found refuge here flying from the fury of the "She Wolf of France," after the fall of his great Welsh fortress of Caerphilly, the ancestral stronghold of the Despencers; and the island is well known for the sad tale of the destruction

of the inhabitants and their property in the last century by the treacherous wiles of a French privateer.

Such is the wondrous circle unfolded to us—such its historic interest. But, however beautiful, we must now tear ourselves away, for I see the boat preparing, and we have a long journey before us. Well, what have they shot? I declare, with all that firing, only a few puffins and gulls, who indulged in too great a sense of false security, and in too great a contempt of their adversaries—both very bad principles in strategy, as was proved, if not to our satisfaction, at least clearly enough in the late war. However, our friends have thoroughly enjoyed themselves, which is the great thing; and the birds, when stuffed, will serve, if not to point a moral, at least to adorn the tale of LUNDY!

BEES.

"The Bee is small among the fowles, yet doth its fruite passe in sweetnesse."
ECCLUS. xi. 3, *Translation* 1603.

IT is my object in the following pages to give such plain directions for bee keeping, as may serve as a guide for those entirely unversed in the art, and may perchance afford useful hints even to the more experienced. Bees have been too long and too generally neglected, both by the high and low; for they not only afford an agreeable recreation, but are a cheerful addition to a garden, besides paying a very much greater per centage on the capital invested than any other species of rural produce.

I am not one of those who entertain the extravagant expectations set forth in some works on the subject, and I well know that bee keeping has its disadvantages and losses, and that, in many counties, it may be more or less impracticable, owing to the climate and produce; but in a county so rich and warm as Devonshire, every cottager, at least in all but the bleakest and most exposed situations, would be able to maintain from four to eight hives, according to circumstances, which, if properly managed, would give a very material addition to their narrow means, besides causing in those who really took an interest in them, a beneficial effect on their moral and industrial character. For of all the studies of the works of Nature, of which so much is now written, I am quite sure that none are so advantageous as the care and interest in bees, by which a man, if he gave it a fair

trial, would scarcely fail to be improved. Nor is there much fear of the supply of honey exceeding the demand, or of the bees becoming too numerous for their food, since, several years ago, the annual import of honey and wax was £.32,000, which may since have increased; and, if bees come into more general repute, it is not improbable that honey would, in some cases, supplant sugar, besides being used more extensively as it now is; nor do I see much reason why we should not export as much, or more, than we now import. And, on the second head, if any one considers the cottagers in an ordinary rural parish, and the great extent of acreage to each in proportion, he cannot doubt that the bees would find ample means of subsistence, more especially as turnips and beans, two of their favourite plants, are now so largely cultivated.

One main reason of their neglect is that great numbers of people set to work to keep bees, knowing nothing whatever about them, and, when they fail, put down the whole thing as utterly useless; but since all other kinds of farming, and indeed every human art, require a certain amount of skill and knowledge, there can be no reason why bee keeping should be the exception to this rule. And first, let me assure you all that bees rarely sting unless provoked. If you pinch them or breathe on them, they will do so; or if you attempt to take the honey, or if they get entangled in anybody's dress or hair, but never otherwise, unless *very very rarely*, when, from some unknown cause, they become exasperated; and, of all times, that of swarming is the one in which they are least likely to sting. Many persons are exceedingly afraid of bees, yet dogs, horses, and cows have also natural means of offence, which they abuse with great effect, sometimes even unprovoked; yet these reasons are seldom, if ever, alleged as a reason for not keeping them, and I can assure my readers, that bees have quite as much instinct as the above-mentioned animals, and learn, however strange it may seem, to know and be fond of those who are kind to them, in an incredibly short time. This may easily be proved by standing near the hives for some time together, and by gently assisting such as require it; and remember also, never to strike at them when they come near, for it cannot ward them off; besides they intend no harm, and it naturally enough makes them angry to be so treated.

Here let me mention some of the best known and most important bee plants, and then proceed to describe the bee year in order. The most favourable are cabbage, poppy, osiers, lime tree, thyme, turnip, heather, borage, clover, mignonette, wallflower, rosemary, all fruit trees, sweet briar, hollyhock, chesnut, tares, primrose, violet, onion, sunflower, alder, beans, crocus, willows, plane, parsley, celery, cucumbers, myrtle, lily, sloe, mustard, buckwheat, vetches.

The queen bee lays her eggs at different times, according to the season. A swarm has been known in March and also in August, but the usual time is in May and June. The queen goes round the cells and lays her eggs accordingly as they are to be drones, workers, or queens, in different kinds of cells. The egg is hatched into a grub in about four days and the workers then feed it with a clear colourless fluid. After a few days they are covered up, and in twenty-four days from laying they escape, full-grown bees. A drone takes twenty-two days and a queen eighteen. Hüber proved that if a stock has lost its queen in the hatching time, and there are eggs or grubs not more than three days old at the time of the queen's death, they can take one and by giving it stronger food, bring it out a queen.

A queen bee will lay two hundred eggs in a few hours, and in the year she will generally have laid twenty or thirty thousand. When, owing to the continued increase of young bees, the hives are too full, and when one of the young princesses is ready, a swarm ensues. Before swarming the young princess may be heard calling to her future subjects, and then the deep note of the queen may be distinguished, forbidding her to come out yet, for the queen is very bitter against her royal progeny, and would kill them all if she could (for that is the only use she makes of her sting,) were she not prevented by the workers; for though the queen has immense power, yet the government is decidedly a constitutional monarchy. At length permission is accorded, and the colony starts.

When the swarm comes out it consists of both old and young bees, and indeed some say that the old queen leads it, the young one taking the vacant throne. Care should be taken to be near at swarming time, and the indications of a far greater number of bees, and of their sometimes hanging out in a cluster, are very easily observable. They should, as soon as settled, be shaken into a hive rubbed with honey, with one good shake, so as to be sure the queen is in, and then set down, having the rim resting on a stone, to allow the numbers of bees who are about to go in. The future position should be in a dry place, and sheltered from wind and rain, facing south, with perhaps an inclination to the east, if they could be protected from that quarter during the easterly winds. The place should be of any even temperature, and not too hot, as heat greatly inconveniences the bees; indeed, a new swarm, when in its hive, before it is set in its ultimate position, should have a cloth round it, to shield it from the rays of the sun, if they are powerful, as the heat sometimes causes them to rise and go off; but after they become settled, there is much less chance; but even then a very hot sun greatly inconveniences the bees, and sometimes even melts the combs, and so destroys the hive. If a new swarm do go off, follow them in the exact

direction of the wind, as they can fly in no other way. The old straw hives answer every purpose, and are both cheapest and simplest, but the cross sticks usually seen in them are of no sort of use. The hives should be near a small stream of water; a small pan or two would do if they had stones in them for the bees to rest on. I have heard it suggested that the hives should be suspended, and if they were kept from wind it would be a good thing, as they might hang from a dial plate, and so the progress of the hive be accurately weighed, and much useful information be gained.

Young swarms should be fed for the first few days, whatever be the state of the honey flowers. This is done by lifting the hive and putting the food inside. At other seasons of the year, when the hives are full of comb, it is done by taking out the bung at the top, and laying the honey there, and then covering it with a basin. A full-sized bee weighs rather less than a grain and a half, and a pound has been calculated to contain about four thousand five hundred. Each bee will carry about half a grain of honey; and a strong swarm will make 2lbs. of honey in a day. They seldom fly more than half a mile, though, if it be a very fine day, and there be any great attraction, they will fly as far as two miles, being generally absent from five to fifteen minutes. They feed in the fields, and will not touch honey in summer unless they are badly off for food. If the year be at all bad, they should be kept fed, and I have known the feeding go on till July in a very bad year.

The drones are about three times the weight of the common bees; they are fed by the workers, and only come out for about a couple of hours in the middle of the day, to take exercise, remaining at home the rest of their time to take care of the young bees. Wherever you see many drones you may be pretty sure that there are, or will be, plenty of young bees. A bee lives about a year, and the births and deaths go on for the greater part of the year, though the great mass of young bees are brought to maturity in the spring, after which the drones being of little or no use are killed off by the workers.

The queen very rarely goes out, but she does, occasionally, for air, and she is attended by a bodyguard of bees, large and strong, being picked men. They attend her with the greatest care, and serve also to communicate her wishes to the workers; they are, in fact, her household troops. It is also said, with I know not how much truth, that they may be seen commanding the other workers in the battles which sometimes occur. Care should be taken not to disturb the hives as it annoys the bees, and there is also a great chance of breaking the combs and smothering the bees beneath them. The bung at top should

however be occasionally taken off, to see whether any honey is made, for, if there is, it is sure to be near the top; if there is, and the honey season is in plenty, small crowns of the same shape as hives, only about five inches across and the same in height, should be put on the top of such hives as are strong, and have not had too many swarms. By the way, a new swarm ought never, if possible, to be allowed to swarm again; nor ought an old hive to have more than two swarms. Swarming takes place from the heat of the hive, and, if it be kept cool, they cannot bring the grubs to perfection, and, of course, the more grubs the less honey; for nearly half the bees are sometimes obliged to be in attendance on the nursery. When the crowns are thought to be full, take them off; they should hold about ten or twelve pounds, which will be of the very best; if it be a common straw crown it should be taken off simply, and without stupifying the bees, in the evening, when they are quiet. But a glass bell, covered with a straw crown, would be better, and when the crown is taken off, the bees will leave the glass, for they cannot bear to work in the light. It would be a good plan to carry bees about to places where the pasture in season is most abundant, only care must be taken not to break any of the combs in the journey. The bee keepers in Yorkshire, who live near the moors, all send their bees up in the middle of August, when the heather, with which the moors abound, comes into flower, and they remain till the first week in October; some go ten or twelve miles with them. The quantity of honey bees will gather from a heather moor is extraordinary; a very short time on the moors, if it be good, will compensate for a bad season.

In October, before the weather breaks up, preparations should be made for the winter; the stocks being examined, obtain some of the common brown fungus that grows in the fields, called frogs' cheese, or puff balls; these should be squeezed and dried; or if these cannot be obtained, rags dipped in nitre will do; take a piece of fungus, rather larger than a hen's egg, and having lighted it, put it inside the hives; it ought to have a cup or something placed half over it to prevent the bees falling on it and being burnt; then stop up the mouth, and, in about five minutes, the bees will all be stupified; then turn them out on a cloth, and take the honey, being very careful to see that the queen, who is longer, of a lighter colour, and having short wings slightly crossed over her body, be not left sticking to the comb. Hives should never be left untaken longer than four years, as the comb gets so foul. If you take only as much honey as the hive can spare (and eighteen or twenty pounds is ample allowance for the winter; indeed a hive has been known to do well on eight pounds) you have merely to put back the bees; but if you

intend taking all the honey, then you must kill the queen, and fungus another hive at the same time, into which you will put the bees of the hive whose honey you have taken; when they all wake they will fraternise.

Towards the end of November the hives should be closed up, and hung like a meat-safe in a very dry dark place; cold does not signify, it is damp and wind that hurts them. Do not let them out again till the beginning of March, (but, of course, the putting in and letting out depends on the weather and flowers,) as, if the door be open, the winter's sun tempts them out in great numbers, and they never return. Hives should be well whitewashed to preserve the straw, and the bottom should be made slightly sloping, to let the moisture run out; of course, if the door be closed, there must be a little aperture left for this. It would also be very useful to have a small bell glass, or wine glass with the stem broken, to put over the bung-hole, which should have a tin plate round it with a raised rim, and a little drain off the hive, as then all the moisture rises to the glass, and thence runs off by the drain. This is for winter.

In the spring a stopper, with holes like a pepper-castor, might be put on instead, having something over it to prevent rain getting in, and it would be a good means of ventilation, which could always be changed if needed; it might also be put on the crown if necessary. If any one should wish to keep bees on a more scientific plan, the best hive I believe is Nutt's, though the old-fashioned straw hives answer every purpose, and if a second or outside case were procured, so much larger than the hive itself as to leave a little space between the two, but having the interstice blocked up, to prevent the bees building in it, the hives would be complete.

In taking honey, that of weak swarms should always be taken in preference, and the bees united to another stock, as a weak swarm is less likely to live through the winter, even with plenty of food, than a strong one with little food. It is not a very good plan to put two weak stocks together in autumn, unless the stock to which the other is put have a good store of honey; but in swarming time two weak stocks should by all means be united, by fungus if necessary, and if they are then kept shut up for a day or two, with a little food, one of the queens is sure to be killed. Bees should always have enough honey to last them out the winter; a little feeding in October and November is not amiss in light hives; but spring is the time when they most require it. Refuse honey, with a little water, is best, but the following is very good:—one peck of malt boiled with water to a very strong infusion, with a pound of sugar to every pint, poured on a piece of old comb, and placed inside the hive and covered

up round the bung, not outside, unless the weather be really very fine.

Any torpid or even seemingly dead bees found about should be replaced in the hive, which is the best place for restoring them, or they may be put in an inverted tumbler before the fire.

Finally, as regards burning the bees with brimstone, many will say that the bees, being by that time reduced to about eight thousand, are not worth keeping; but, as I said before, eighteen or twenty pounds is the utmost required for their food, and this is setting aside all thoughts of the wrong done in wantonly destroying so many industrious little animals. Now, if a man have four hives, and takes two by fungus, he puts the bees into the other hives, and thus has thirty thousand instead of sixteen thousand, which will tell in the spring, in gathering honey, and rearing and feeding young ones, though the number of hives be the same; and though thirty-two thousand, in four hives, eat fifteen pounds a hive, in winter, yet the same number, in two hives, eat very much less; for the more bees, the warmer they are, and the less hungry. Therefore sixteen thousand bees, in *one hive*, would not eat much more than eight thousand.

But I fear I have far transgressed my proper limits, and yet I feel how very little I have said, how much remains, and, above all, how unable I am to do justice to the subject. I can only beg the kind indulgence of my readers, and conclude by once more cautioning them against bee murder in the words of old George Herbert:—

"*A dead bee maketh no honey.*"

PUBLIC SPORTS AND PLAY-GROUNDS.

To provide reasonable occupation and amusement for the labouring classes in leisure hours is a difficulty which many have felt, and have tried to supply in many ways by libraries, clubs, lectures, and institutes. But however any of them may be thought to have answered, or to be likely to answer, as a more educated class of men grow up, the evil still exists that the public-houses so generally offer the only or the chief attraction to men released from labour. And though one might have supposed that men who had been employed all day in bodily labour would find more recreation in some mental occupation; yet, from their want of education, any such mental occupation—reading, and even listening and reflection are generally too great

an effort to them to be attractive as a pastime. And if this be true of those whose labour is of itself an exercise of limbs and strength in the open air, how much more must it be so in the case of those whose employments keep them in constant confinement, and who feel keenly the want of some invigorating and inspiriting exercise.

To such therefore might not games—the old English games of skill, be brought more within reach? Cricket, football, and quoits are sure to offer attractions, wherever they become known, and the means are given to all of joining in them. No one who has had the opportunity of enjoying such games in his youth can be insensible to their value, not only in recruiting the spirits wearied with hard work, but in keeping young people from spending their time, first, in idleness, and then, as a consequence of idleness, in mischief and wickedness. And the thought does not seem commonly to occur to our minds that the feelings and tastes of the labouring class may be very similar to our own. We talk of our play-hours, but when we come to speaking of working men, we seem to think that they can never have anything to do with play; in short, that games and amusements are the privilege of the rich, and not of the poor. So while the rich have their cricket clubs scattered about the country, some of them of long standing, numbers of men may be found who have never had an opportunity of seeing the game played, much less of enjoying it themselves. And archery, which was once especially the exercise of the lower classes, after falling into general disuse, has reappeared—not as in former days, when prizes were awarded by the hands of ladies to the successful yeomen and peasants—but with the ladies and gentlemen themselves standing forward as the competitors, and receiving the prizes at one another's hands. Again, there was a time when village would challenge village, and would meet on some holiday to contest their skill and strength in a football match. But this too, for some reason or other, has died away. Is it that the working men of this day have not spirit to enter into games which call forth all their strength and activity? Or is it not rather the want of opportunities and facilities for it, which has caused their discontinuance? And yet, if we remember how great has been the revigorating effect on our spirits, may we not suppose that they would do still more to cheer the spirits of hard-working men, whom such recreations might rouse from a listless, spiritless slavery to their work, and infuse a vigour and cheerfulness, which they, if any, especially want?

If then each town and village of sufficient size, had such a public green attached as would afford facilities for such amusements, perhaps it might do more than anything has yet done to

put an end to the folly and brutality of drinking. It is eminently an evil of which idleness is the root. Men learn to drink because they have nothing else to do. The taste itself ought not to be thought so natural or so insuperable. The habit, no doubt, once acquired, is very difficult to be overcome, but there is no reason why so many should acquire the habit; nor would it be the case, if in leisure times other objects of attraction were provided; and for the long evenings of summer particularly public play-grounds might answer this purpose. A very small subscription would generally supply enough to pay the rent of several acres, which would readily be given at moderate terms by the landlords for the use of all those who would be members of the club. And if the attempt were made to organise and give a start to such clubs, there is reasonable ground for believing that it would be successful, and in some measure at least answer its purpose in diminishing the inclination of so many to find their amusement and drown their cares in the public houses.

And might not such a scheme, if carried out, be expected to have another effect no less important, namely, to draw together the rich and poor, and break through that un-christian separation between the classes which prevents the higher from entering into the feelings of the lower, and from sympathising with them? Not all the benevolent societies and institutions, nor even private acts of benevolence, can make up for the want of more friendly sympathy; and this nothing but a greater familiarity and knowledge of each other can give. And full of danger as this separation is to the country, it must become more so as the lower classes rise in knowledge and intelligence. They will feel that their knowledge raises them to a position of greater independence and importance, and will think more and judge more of the conduct of those who are in a higher station, and will not honour them, unless they can see in them more thorough fellow-feeling and openness of heart. And this association between richer and poorer, which these kinds of public games may increase, ought to tell with great effect in improving the poorer and less educated, if the richer are indeed gentlemen, not only in rank and wealth, but also in manners.

And so far from there being any opposition between these and reading clubs of different kinds, they might be brought into such connection with the libraries and mechanics' institutes, as mutually to assist and support one another. Those who would have enjoyed during the summer months and long evenings the amusements of the play-ground, would be most likely to wish to spend their winter evenings in seeking both pleasure and profit from the reading clubs and libraries.

And last, but not least of the advantages that might follow,

would be the feeling among the class intended to be benefited by it, that the rich, in the midst of the many pleasures they enjoy themselves, do also think of giving pleasure to their neighbours; not merely to their rich neighbours, who are so well able to provide pleasure for themselves, but to those also to whom the gift is a real gift, and whose gratitude would not fail well to recompense the giver.

THE CRICKET FIELD.

Cricket is in rural amusements what billiards are to the denizen of a city—at once a game of bodily skill and mental calculation. It requires for its successful cultivation the union of great physical activity and courage with considerable powers of mind and self-control, especially in some of the more difficult departments, such as bowling, wicket-keeping, &c.

In some rude form, the game of cricket is undoubtedly as old as the thirteenth century, but probably in a very different form from the present, and it most likely went by the name of Club Ball, which we find mentioned at that time.

The first mention of "*cricket*" is in the end of the seventeenth century, at which time it is spoken of as a gambling game. But till within the last eighty years it has been rarely played. It is chiefly in the present century that it has become the popular game with all classes, and that it has taken the position which it now enjoys as the leading and national game played out of doors. It has constituted the pastime of many an English soldier. Our barracks are now provided with cricket grounds. Every regiment has its club; and our soldiers and sailors astonish the natives of every clime with this specimen of a British game. There are several peculiarities in which cricket stands unrivalled at present, and which I trust may long be preserved to it. These are—first, its uniting all classes; secondly, the general absence of gambling in it; thirdly, its healthful tendency; and, fourthly and lastly, its freedom from all intemperance. It is now the favourite game of the country village and country town, as well as of the great Metropolis itself. The season lasts from the spring till late in autumn, depending a good deal on the weather, as it is a game which requires that the playing-ground should be dry and firm.

The game of cricket is well suited to the English character. None but an orderly and sensible race of people would so

amuse themselves; for the player must be sober and temperate, requiring a clear head and quick eye, and a firm steady hand. Patience, fortitude, and self-denial, obedience, good humour, and unruffled temper, are indispensable. Judgment and decision, with the greatest quickness, and free use of the limbs, are also required.

It was in the southern and south-eastern counties of England that the game of cricket first became general, and spread not a little, owing to the Metropolitan clubs, through the southern half of England; and during the last twenty years, through most of the northern counties.

Cricket can hardly be called a Devonshire game. Till of late years, it has been very little known; but there are several clubs now, both in North and South Devon, and we may hope that it will soon spread throughout all the villages of the county. The principal cricket clubs in Devonshire are the Teign Bridge and Instowe, and the Torquay clubs.

Of clubs of smaller note and pretensions, two just established at West Buckland and South Molton, tried their strength in two matches, played in the Park at Castle Hill; the first, at the fête of the Mechanics' Institute, in which the Village Eleven beat the Champions of the Town; the second was played late in the season, and on a very unpropitious day. The West Buckland Eleven were beaten by ten wickets.

It may be interesting to add some of the simple rules of cricket.

Three stumps, 27 inches out of the ground, just close enough to prevent the ball passing through, with bails resting on the top, make a wicket. The wickets are placed 22 yards apart. A line should be drawn on each side of the wickets three feet long, called the bowling crease, and another line at the distance of four feet in front of the wicket, parallel to the first, and called the popping crease.

The bowler must have one foot behind the bowling crease when he bowls.

If a ball is bowled out of the hitter's reach it is called a wide ball, and counted as one run.

In running, the bat (or foot) must touch the ground inside the popping cease, before a second run can be attempted.

The striker may be bowled out; caught out (by one of the field catching the ball, after it has been hit, and before it has touched the ground); run out; and stumped out (if outside his ground, though not attempting to run); he is also out if he knock down his wicket in trying to hit the ball; or if his leg stops a ball which was bowled straight to the wicket; or if he take the ball in his hands, unless asked to do so.

In the double-wicket game, there ought to be eleven players on each side.

The "single-wicket" game is used when there are only a few players, and then the striker, to make a run, must get to the bowling place and back again. When there are no sides, the "tip and run" is an amusing game; the striker then is obliged to run whenever he touches the ball with his bat.

As cricket is the summer game, so foot-ball is the winter game, and a game that will make the coldest man warm on the coldest day. In this the ball is all that is required to be provided, and lines being marked at each end of the field of equal length, and sides chosen, each side tries to kick the ball beyond the line opposite to it, and the side which gets the greater number of games in this way, is the winner. The ball may be stopped, but must not be taken up in the hands.

AGRICULTURAL THEORIES,

By the Author of Prize Essays on "Farming of Devon," "Management of Grass Land," &c.

"Verily there is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it;
"Verily there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it."——Tupper.

The history of every branch of scientific knowledge is marked by an identity of character. Its early investigators have always wandered into error; for the ray of truth which first enlightened the mind, instead of being prized as an individual principle, has generally been too hastily made the foundation-stone of a theory. In this manner the original truth has almost invariably become intermixed with a mass of confused and incorrect ideas; and, subsequently, when the theory has been rejected, because proved to be fallacious, we find the truth and the error treated with equal contempt. Thus has many a truth been hidden for centuries after its original discovery. It need not therefore be a matter of surprise that the science of Agriculture—the youngest and feeblest of all the family—should have the same difficulties to encounter. There is reason to hope that the critical time is now past, and that those who are engaged in promoting its

fuller developement will learn wisdom from the past to guide them for the future.

It is for this reason that recent scientific investigators have avoided, in a great measure, the formation of Theories. Their primary object has been to lay down, by careful observation, certain fixed principles, and from them we learn the laws which govern all creation. As these truths become established and recognised the sphere of inquiry widens, and thus the discovery of one truth prepares the way for its successors. Thus have our sciences progressed by sure and certain steps to their present high position, by a careful study of the laws of Nature, and not by the production of favourite theories which are always, more or less, tinted by error. Those who have promoted our sciences have been the patient and diligent searchers after truth—persons who have accumulated facts, and, from the evidence of facts, have deduced the laws which had been in operation. When a number of these laws are discovered it is quite possible we may be able to form an opinion of their combined action, but this can never be done with any degree of safety until we are fully acquainted with all the primary laws which are in operation, and even then caution should characterise our proceedings.

I may give an example which will explain this more fully. It was the custom in some districts, and especially in some parts of Devon, to use farmyard manure and lime as manures for certain crops, the one being generally worked into the ground before the other was applied. The correctness of this was challenged by many scientific men, for they very truly said, if you add lime to your manure, the action of lime will throw off the strength of your manure, and it will be lost in the air. This we know to be the action of lime, and is easily shewn by the addition of a little quick lime to some guano, which immediately smells much stronger, and is more pungent than before. Hence it was argued that, if lime injures the manure it cannot be a good plan to use both of them at the same time. The experience of practical men was in favour of the custom. In short, Theory said it was incorrect, whilst Practice, on the contrary, gave evidence in its support. It has however been discovered, upon further investigation, that although it is perfectly true that lime does set free the ammonia of manure, yet Nature, with that perfection which characterises all her operations, has specially provided the means for securing the ammonia thus set free, provided the action takes place in or under the soil. So far indeed from being productive of injury, it is really an admirable plan for promoting the fertility of the soil.

Examine the question of bare fallows upon our poor and heavy soils. Here is an old practice which has, during the last

few years, been strongly condemned as unnecessary and far from economical. It was argued that, provided the soil could be brought into a sufficiently fine state for receiving the seed, this was all that could be gained by these tillage operations. In other words, that the farmers' idea of "rest" was purely visionary. The investigations recently made by Professor Way have revealed to us processes which are daily taking place in the soil, of which we had not the least idea previously. From this source we know that the soil drinks in fertility from the air to an almost incredible degree, and that such processes as the fallowing of the land must not be too hastily condemned. The use of lime has been discontinued in some parts quite in opposition to local experience: but recent research has clearly shewn that the censures expressed were premature and incorrect. Other instances might be named of the same class, but these will suffice to shew that there is truth in the maxim,—

> "*Little* knowledge is a dangerous thing,
> Drink *deep*, or taste not of the spring."

It is by no means uncommon for us to hear of Science being placed in opposition to Practice. Science *cannot* contradict practice. Theory may do so, and if it be incorrect it *must* of necessity do so. What is Science? It is knowledge. A knowledge of the laws of Nature can never be opposed to the effects produced by those laws. The farmer carries out the tillage of the land, and all his operations come under the influence of the laws of Nature, and it is these laws which determine the result. Hence, a knowledge of these laws can never oppose the experience of the practical man; or, in other words, science cannot contradict practice. If, however, from want of full information, we form an imperfect or incorrect theory, the experience of practice must prove it to be wrong.

The agriculturist, in his daily operations is, as it were, asking questions of Nature, and she replies to them by the measure of success or failure which attends his proceedings. If he be an observant man, he gains, after a series of years, a certain amount of experience containing much truth intermixed with more or less error. Hence we see at once the folly of those sweeping censures which have been passed by some imprudent theorists upon the practice of entire districts. I have always found that long established local customs are entitled to respect, and that an entire disregard of them must produce failure. It is true that, in many instances, there is much that is worthless intermixed with the true principle which is concealed within, and he who would improve the farming of any district, whilst he may winnow away the chaff from local customs, must be sure that, in doing so, he does not lose the corn which is amongst it. As,

however, the value of all experience must depend upon the observer's judgment in connecting effects with their causes, so it is evident that he whose mind is prepared for its task,—by a knowledge of the laws of Nature, combined with that systematic arrangement of his ideas which a good education alone can impart, will make the most correct conclusions, and his experience will give you truth in a purer form than another destitute of these advantages.

There are few, if any, of the great causes of modern times which have not been damaged to a greater extent, by the indiscretion of their advocates, than by the opposition of their opponents. Amongst these the cause of Agricultural Improvement forms no exception. In what numberless instances have the failures of theoretical men been brought forward as an argument against the advantages of science to the farmer. This is the most powerful obstacle which has been encountered, because it carries so much weight with it, and especially to practical men. Why, it may be asked, advise me to adopt improved practices, as they are termed, when I rarely, if ever, see them carried out, even by their boldest advocate, with any prospect of profit? It is unanswerable so long as you fail to shew that it may be adopted *profitably*. It must, however, be admitted that in many instances these results do not arise so much from the practice itself being incorrect, as from the incompetency of those carrying them out, they being destitute of that practical knowledge without which even approved operations could not succeed. This I believe to have been the greatest difficulty, which has ever retarded the progress of agricultural science. But the time has now come, when that progressive movement which has taken place amongst other classes of society, has reached the agricultural body. "Onward," is the motto of the day; and if we would maintain our present relative position, we must not content our minds by pointing out the failures of others: but rather, whilst we profit by their experience, we must watch those who are foremost in the ranks of agricultural improvement, and in so doing we shall not fail to see numberless instances of improvements in practice being *productive of great profit*.

In ancient times seamen were afraid to lose sight of the shore, and hence their voyages were long and circuitous, but when the mariner's compass came to their aid, they soon began to make their voyages in a more direct line. This sometimes brought them upon "sand-banks and hidden rocks," which caused loss and delay; but as these became known, they were recorded on charts as a warning for others. Science is the farmer's magnetic needle, it will lead him to attain the results he has in view by

a more direct and economical course of operations. The early adventurers will without doubt sometimes find "sands and "rocks" in their career, but let them be marked so that others may derive advantage therefrom. Thus, even our failures will become valuable to ourselves and others, if we gather from them the lessons they are calculated to yield.

The duties of the agriculturist bring him in contact with the operations of Nature, and their agencies are not only beyond his control, but he is subservient to them. It is beyond his power to alter their mode of action according to his will, but it is quite possible for him by a knowledge of their nature, to modify his own operations, so as to enlist their aid instead of combating with their opposition. If therefore it can be shewn that the arts of life have been advanced by the aid of science, even where the influence of nature is less influential, can we then persuade our minds to believe that the culture of the land will form an exception, and that there are no advantages to be realised here? Let us for a moment glance at the aid which science has rendered to the arts. The practice of an art does not necessarily include a knowledge of the principles by which it is governed, and many instances may be shewn of great perfection being attained without this knowledge. The manufacture of porcelain and the dyeing of silk were practised amongst the Chinese in periods far distant on the page of history, and brought by them to a very high state of perfection; but it is only in comparatively recent times that, by the aid of chemistry, we have been able to know the principles involved in those arts. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the possession of this knowledge has enabled us to render each process more perfect, and excel anything that had previously been done.

The advantages of a knowledge of chemistry and mechanics are now known and appreciated in all the manufactures of the land, and under their aid results have been gained which would appear incredible, did not our every day observation render us familiar with them. The fact of one man being able to raise 50 tons is startling to the mind, yet by the aid of an hydraulic engine and a quart of water he is able so to apply his strength as to accomplish this feat. Take as another instance that marvel of science, the steam-engine. By this agency we are enabled to produce a power in England far greater than the combined strength of every human being in the world. It is surprising that in this land, comparatively but a small spot on the globe, such a power can be produced, and yet one so completely under our control. When again we see how this power may be multiplied by the aid of machinery,—as we observe in some of our factories, where one man can do as much with this assistance as

three hundred men could do without this aid,—we are struck with wonder at those sciences which enable man to increase his powers to such an extraordinary degree, and which have given to mind such control over matter.

We see, as in some of the instances named, that an art may reach a high state of perfection without any knowledge of principles, but it will be slowly, laboriously, and with a vast expenditure of time and money. The application of scientific principles to any art, by indicating the causes of failure and success, and by pointing to new and shorter methods of arriving at the same results, will rapidly raise it to a position which only ages could give it without such assistance. Indeed it is a well-known fact, that the arts have made more progress during the last century than they ever did before, and this doubtless arises from the sciences being better known and more usefully applied. Agriculture itself yields strong evidence upon this subject. The practice of agriculture, which the Romans introduced into this country eighteen hundred years since, was very similar to that adopted in this district a century ago, and in some respects it was superior. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that notwithstanding the cold indifference with which the agricultural community have looked upon the labours of scientific men, yet much has already been effected under their aid, for more progress has been made in the art of agriculture within the last fifty years than during the preceding eighteen hundred years.

It is, however, singular that there has been generally great reluctance on the part of those engaged in the arts of life to accept the assistance which science is ever ready to give; and it seldom happens that advantage is taken of its aid until they are compelled to do so, either by the competition of trade, or the inadequacy of the supply to meet the demand. At the present moment the agriculturists are, as a body, preparing themselves for improvements which cannot fail ere long to be generally adopted. There was an inclination not long since to act independently of all aid from science, but that day is gone. Many are the improvements which have been brought to a very high degree of perfection during the last ten years, and operations are now very economically performed by machinery, which were at that time looked upon as mere visionary speculations. It is true that this movement has in a great measure been forced upon agriculturists, but one common feeling seems now to animate all, and as a cordial co-operation exists between men of science and the agricultural community generally, we may look forward for good results.

It is no new principle that "knowledge is power." It is as

much so to the agriculturist as any other person. That man who has a reason for all he does must of necessity be in a better position than another who adopts a certain course of practice as a mere matter of routine. If a person tutors his mind not to do anything without seeking a reason for the same, he will carry out the same habit of thought in watching the plans adopted by others; and thus he will extract sweets from many a flower, and store his mind with many of the truths of Nature which will be valuable to himself and others in after-times. It is for the foregoing reasons that whilst I would maintain that instruction in agricultural theories is dangerous and fallacious, yet at the same time I would advocate that the education of the rising generation of agriculturists should be such as will train the mind to habits of thought and reflection, and if to this is added a knowledge of the sciences they will then be put in a position to judge for themselves upon all they see around them, and gather from the book of Nature that instruction which will be of the greatest practical benefit. Nor will this be the only beneficial result; it will make them not only more successful agriculturists but better denizens of the world, for as they ascend the hill of knowledge they will attain higher and purer views of the works of Nature, and seeing every arrangement so complete for promoting the happiness and well-being of man, they will become more humble in their own estimation, and good-will to those around them will characterise all their actions.

A CHAPTER ON GOOD BREEDING.

ADDRESSED TO DEVON SHEEP FARMERS.

THERE are two values for sheep as for many other things—a fancy price, and a market price. The fancy price is that which men give from an idea of extraordinary excellence; the market price, that which they give for actual use. In the same way in society among men, a gentleman commands a fancy price, an ordinary man a market price. The gentleman has the credit of good breeding, and gets all the best situations "from the "Minister down to the clerk of the Crown." As education advances, the market price of the ordinary man will rise; but the extra price of the gentleman will probably keep higher in proportion, if he makes use of all his advantages, because it depends on a settled principle of human nature—the love of distinction, and the acknowledgment of excellence. This advan-

tageous position of the gentleman depends on two things, a purity of descent, and an extraordinary care bestowed upon education. The stock and the management thus constitute "good breeding." Of course, we all know that in the course of years, and to the great advantage of society, considerable admixture of ranks takes place; and particularly in our land the aristocracy of mere birth has been largely blended with an aristocracy of wealth, talent, and courage. Still the distinction maintained by a gentle class in our society is founded upon an original purity of breed, and the word gentleman is derived from "gens," a family, not from the gentleness which is the characteristic of education rather than birth.

Arguing from the more worthy subject to the less, we wish to point out to our friends, the Devon farmers, that there is the same aristocracy dependent upon birth and education among that important object of an English farmer's care, the Sheep. There are choice breeds and choice flocks which command a far higher price than those sold in the ordinary market, because they come from a carefully selected stock, and are managed (educated) in a superior manner. Now, if a farmer can raise his own flock to a reputation among the best, it may cost him many years of trouble, and care, and expense; but he will certainly obtain an ample reward when once he has reached excellence, especially if he knows how to maintain it. We do not here undertake to give a lesson in the mysteries of good breeding, by which a choice flock is to be obtained first, and, what is more difficult, maintained afterwards: but we wish to carry our reader's thoughts on to the advantage which may be derived, not to one individual farmer, such as a Bakewell or a Turner, but to a whole district, if once such a superiority of stock and system can be established as to make the breed of that district famous out of its own limits. It will occur to them at once that not only the individual breeders but the whole counties of Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, and Sussex, must have derived immense advantages from the reputation which the Leicester, Cotswold, and Southdown breeds have now obtained, not only in England, but over the world. In each of these counties there was an *original stock*, and there has been careful improvement. How about Devonshire? We make the suggestion, subject to correction from higher authorities, but is there not in the Devonshire Nott sheep, with its two varieties, the Bampton and South Ham (Mr. Youatt makes a third, the Exmoor), an original and superior stock? And is there not in the Devonshire farmer the skill, the spirit, and the perseverance, to make that stock into a famous breed?

Let them shew at Smithfield, or else at some of the chief exhibitions *out of the county*, "Nott sheep." The first pen that

can equal the Leicester, the Cotswold, and the Southdown, will be worth thousands of pounds to Devonshire, and the man who shews them would deserve a county testimonial. It may be that the suggestion is made too late, that the admixture of Leicester blood with a view to the market price has altered too much the characteristics of the original Nott breeds. But we do not think that this is the case. The native breed has been much improved in many respects, but some injury has been done; particularly has a delicacy of constitution, unsuited to the uplands of North Devon, been introduced into the Nott flocks by too free a use of Leicester rams bred in the southern part of the county; and the farmers have been driven to a mischievous expedient (as far as purity of breed is concerned) in order to restore the lost hardihood, namely, to cross with the horned sheep, between which and the Nott there is no affinity, and mongrels are the consequence. We believe a better remedy is a judicious introduction of a hardier improved breed, the Cotswold, which come from a cold high country, and appear in shape and wool to have a considerable affinity to the Notts. This experiment is now being tried in West Buckland, but the main object in view is not to make a flock but to establish an improved breed. The Cotswolds themselves that are now commanding such high prices are not the original unimproved stock, but the progeny of careful mixture with the Leicester as improved by Bakewell. Much injury or at least little good, and therefore disappointment, has been caused even in our own neighbourhood by the introduction of the unimproved Cotswold, for birth without education, stock without care, is of no value. We would use the Cotswold to correct the harm done by the too delicate Leicesters; but we strongly urge the advantage of establishing in Devonshire neither a Leicester nor a Cotswold, but a "Nott Breed."

We append a few extracts which go to justify the supposition that we possess in Devonshire a good old-established, middle wool (almost a long wool) breed.

THE SOUTH HAM NOTTS.

These sheep inhabit the southern part of Devonshire from Axminster, or the Vale of Honiton, almost to the borders of Dartmoor. Their early history cannot be distinctly traced, but they bear so close a resemblance to the Romney Marsh sheep, that the conclusion is almost inevitable that they have the same origin. They differed, however, from the Kentish sheep in having brown faces and legs. The South Ham sheep had the same crooked back, flat side, and coarse bone. They carried a long-woolled fleece of somewhat loose fibre, and from nine to ten pounds in weight. At thirty months old, they averaged twenty-two pounds per quarter of well-flavoured mutton. They were crossed by the Leicesters as soon as these sheep had penetrated so far westward; and although here, as elsewhere, the native breed was somewhat diminished in size, and the fleece lessened in weight, a better form

was given to the animal, and a greater disposition to fatten, and at an earlier period. The brown stain was likewise removed, and the white countenance of the long woolled sheep restored or imparted.

THE BAMPTON SHEEP.

These inhabit the lower and good pasture land of the North of Devonshire, and extend to the Vale of Taunton, and far into Somersetshire. They derive their name from a village on the borders of the two counties, where they are supposed to have been first bred. An early agricultural writer gives the following account of them:—"They are the best breed in Devonshire, and have existed in the neigh- " bourhood of Bampton from time immemorial. A fat ewe of that breed rises to " twenty pounds a quarter on an average, and wethers to thirty or thirty-five " pounds a quarter, at two years old. They are white faced; the best breed living, " more like the Leicestershire than any other, but larger boned, and longer in the " body, yet not so long as the Wiltshire, by which they have been crossed, nor so " broad backed as the Leicesters. Eighteen pounds of wool have been shorn " from a ram of this breed that was supposed to be forty pounds the quarter. " The carcase is coarser than that of the Dorsets, and the wool about twopence per " pound cheaper. This breed, I should conceive, may be greatly improved by " crossing with the New Leicesters."

It has been crossed with the New Leicester, and with evident advantage, although the usual mistakes were loudly and pertinaciously made, that the carcase was unprofitably diminished, and the wool lessened in weight and length and toughness, and the lambs more tender and difficult to rear. These prejudices have gradually subsided, and the Bamptons now contain far more of the Leicester than of the old Nott blood, and bear the closest possible resemblance to the Leicesters. They are ready for the butcher at twenty months old, weighing twenty or twenty-two pounds the quarter, and yielding, on an average, eight pounds of wool.

With whatever truth it may be said that some of the Devonshire long woolled sheep, and the Bamptons among the number, were originally derived from the Western Downs, and from ancestors that were short, or at least, middle woolled, they are now properly long woolled sheep, and of a very valuable description.

THE EXMOOR NOTTS

Have been described as a kind of middle woolled sheep; but those that have been deeply crossed with the Leicester rams have not only increased in weight and kindly disposition, but in length of fleece. Many of them may at present be said to be a small sort of long-woolled sheep,—the fleece frequently weighing four pounds and a half of washed wool, and the sheep, on the kind of ground which it occupies, being mostly kept for the profit yielded by the fleece.——*From the " Sheep," by* W. Youatt.

The old Devonshire dim-faced Nott sheep was formerly held in high estimation, as the native produce of this district; it is a crooked-backed, flat sided, coarsely-boned, and woolled animal, but has been much improved by a cross with the New Leicester; its principal defects are thus cured, and a greater disposition has been added to fatten at an earlier period; at the same time the fleece, as well as the weight of the carcass, has been diminished, the former from ten to eight pounds of unwashed wool per fleece, and the latter from twenty-two to nineteen pounds per quarter.——*From* Vancouver, " *Survey of Devonshire.*"

In the breed of sheep, there was formerly, and now is, a greater diversity in different parts of the district. The original is much altered by the introduction of the more fashionable breed from other parts of the kingdom; and the New Leicester, Southdown, and Dorset, with the variety of crosses which they have produced, are now everywhere to be met with. The indigenous flocks still, however, remain in considerable numbers. Exmoor gives name to a small hardy race reared in its neighbourhood; and Dartmoor summers an immense number of valuable

sheep, which are bred in the enclosed country around it; and this breed also takes its name from the tract on which they depasture.

* * * * * * *

The sheep in the Southern and Eastern parts of the county used to be generally of the kind known by the name of the Old Devon Notts, large and coarse woolled, but profitable and hardy.

It may very probably be found that improving the animals of the district in which they exist will tend to greater advantages than the introduction of foreigners, whose habits are not so well suited to the soil and circumstances in which they are placed. If this should be done with the same attention here as in other places, the Devon flocks will still probably long retain their estimation for the many valuable properties which undoubtedly belong to them.——*From* RISDON.

In the vale of Taunton and some of the richer parts of the county, Leicester and Devonshire Bamptons, often called Notts or Natts, are kept.

With respect to these Devonshire Bampton sheep, we may observe that a breed called Notts or Natts formerly prevailed in various districts, in many points resembling the Western Down sheep. They were polled and middle woolled, but within late years their characters, from repeated crossing with the Leicesters, have undergone great alteration, and their wool has become long and fine, and the fleece greatly increased in weight; in fact, the Bampton now take their place among the long woolled breeds. They are good sheep, and come at an early age to maturity. ——*From* MARTIN *on* "SHEEP."

The following Table will shew the principal breeds now prevalent in Devonshire, and their outstanding qualities.

NAME.	CHARACTERS.	Age when killed.	Average Weight, per quarter.
		months.	lbs.
Exmoor	Horned; legs and face white; wool moderate	30	10, 12, 15
Dartmoor	Ditto, ditto	30	10, 12, 15
South Devon Nott	Brown face and legs	30	16
Bampton Nott	White face and legs	32	28
Cross Breeds.			
Old Leicester with Bampton	White	24	30
Old Leicester with Exmoor	White	36	24
New Leicester with Exmoor	White	24	18
New Leicester with South Devon	White	20	20
New Leicester with Bampton	White	20	24

FISHING IN DEVONSHIRE.

FISHERMEN in Devonshire are numerous; all sorts of people, one way or another, catch the little fish with which our streams abound. Boys learn to grope for them in the little rivulets which supply the water meadows, or, turning their courses,

empty a little pool, and pull out, at one haul (so to say), a nice little dish of trout. Others go to the real rivers, many of which are not preserved, and with worms, when the water is muddy after hard rain, kill their fine fish,—fine for Devonshire if they reach half a pound weight; some caring not so much for the sport as for making it a profitable business.

But of those who fish for sport, and are fascinated with an occupation, where skill is everything, and yet no need of violent exertions; some throw the casting net over the little pools where the fish lie in fancied scarcity; others stand watching for the first nibblings of a fish at the tortured worm; others, again, try their luck with all kinds of beetles and grasshoppers, natural and artificial; a few with some one of those indescribable deformities called minnows; and, above all, there is the skilful caster of the artificial fly, more than any other perhaps bigoted to his own particular branch of the art, and confident of its superiority to all others.

The fly-fisherman is the most thoroughly engrossed by his work. He must be always watching his flies as they float with the stream, or, if his eye cannot distinguish them, still he must follow them, with mind and hand always ready for the sharp but not rough pull (called the strike) as soon as ever a fish's bite at the fly is perceived. And the throw requires all his skill, not only that the fly may fall gently and invitingly on the water, but that the best places may be picked out, which are generally the most difficult to get at, at least in our Devonshire rivers: they are very different from many of the famous trout-fisheries in this respect; where to throw a long line as far as possible, with the least possible commotion of the water, is the one object to be attained. But here, in Devonshire, where generally trees overhang the most favourite retreats of the fish, and all sorts of obstacles abound in the water and out of the water, to catch the line and try the temper; and where the little pools, sure to have some fish in them, are so little, every throw must be different, and test anew the skill and perseverance of the fisherman. Under the bushes that line the opposite bank is the place, if you could but place your flies there; half a dozen attempts are made—the line catches in the overhanging branches, or is carried quite wide of the mark by a sudden gust, or falls in the right place at last, but all in a heap, and with such a splash as effectually to scare all the fish within reach.

And where both banks are so thickly lined that, after all ingenious attempts, you cannot succeed in getting a line, half the length of your rod, clear of the trees, what is to be done? You must wade or give up the inviting spot; wade if you care most for filling your basket, but if you have more regard for

your own health, refrain. You will follow the advice of many who have suffered seriously for their imprudence in neglecting to keep warm feet and a cool head.

The flies and casting lines, or collars (as they are often called) should be of a very fine quality, owing to the clearness, and often shallowness, of the water. The flies used in all the Devonshire streams are much the same, and any one that has a few red palmers and blue uprights, may, generally speaking, catch quite as many fish as the man who has all sorts of fanciful flies; but nevertheless it is always best to be provided with a few other kinds, for instance, the black gnat, silver twist, and in the summer months the white moth. The large fish will generally take minnows, both natural and artificial, but the natural are considered decidedly the superior. The grasshopper, beetle, and also young wasps (or, as they are called in Devonshire, apple-drains) are used with considerable success during the hot weather.

As to the general size of the fish, they certainly are not the fine fellows which you would get in many trout rivers; but they shew far more life, never keep up one sullen pull at the line, but are sure to dart off suddenly one way and the other; and very often will manage to shake themselves off the hook by their vigorous jerks, if gentle handling and yielding to their violent fits of passion be despised because they are so small. For their size, however, their numbers compensate. A single hand sometimes catches from two to three hundred fish; fish that, for the table, yield to none.

Among the many beautiful streams of Devonshire, it is difficult to pick out any more beautiful than the rest. The Dart and Tamar, among the larger ones, are deservedly famed; but many of the smaller ones are in reality not inferior. To mention the Waters-meet, at Lynmouth, and the valley of the Bray, would be only to mention those with which, in our neighbourhood, we happen to be best acquainted; but nothing can exceed the beauties of some parts of the Torridge, and any one who knows Ivy Bridge would not allow the Erme to be omitted. But they are all beautiful, and any one who wishes to see the beauties of Devonshire, should visit as many as possible of those lovely valleys. And, lest the fishermen of other counties should think there were no fish in Devonshire, of a size to shew sport, noble salmon may be caught in the Torridge and Taw, and salmon-peel in the Teign and Tamar. At Slapton Lea, a fresh water lake, situated between Dartmouth and Start Point, and separated from the sea by a mere strip of sand, there is excellent pike fishing; here also large numbers of perch and roach are taken.

But to speak of Devonshire fishing without saying anything of scenery would be the greatest omission. Who cares nothing for scenery? Who would be so well pleased to stand half the day on the flat banks of a flat river in a flat country, as in the midst of the beautiful variety of scene, which opens afresh through every meadow he may pass, along the banks of our dashing, eddying, restless streams? The river itself, the banks, the wooded hills, or opening valleys, presenting a fresh view to his eyes every step he takes; and trees and orchards, slopes and precipices, deep green meadows and furze brakes, hedges and winding lanes, throwing themselves into all kinds of shapes and positions,—like the bits of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope. The river seems to be ever fighting its downward way, sometimes hugging the foot of a towering hill that despises its puny efforts to eat through the opposing mass; sometimes rushing through a narrow gorge, where it appears as if it had really cut its own way through; or as if some Hercules had emptied perforce the many lakes which should have added fresh grace to the beauties of the scenery; or again opening into a larger valley; and now gliding forward for a time with easier and more peaceful course; anon forgetting altogether its former restless haste in the perfect stillness of some deep black pool, shaded by steep rocky banks and overshadowing oaks. But it is only a momentary stillness. A few yards on, and again it tumbles and rushes, with all its former vivacity, but with ever varying manœuvres, in spite of all obstructions, still working its way, splashing and foaming and roaring, and breaks the solitary stillness of the valley, or mingles its murmurs with the songs of birds, bleating of sheep or lowing of oxen, which occasionally indicate that the scene is not so solitary as the fisherman in his musing might fancy.

NORTH DEVON STOCK.

By A NORTH DEVON FARMER.

The Horses of North Devon.

Mankind have generally agreed to place the Horse at the head of their domesticated animals, and indeed the beauty, speed, strength, and docility of this noble creature, justly entitle him to this pre-eminence.

There are only two kinds of horses, found among the breeders

of North Devon, worthy of any remark, or the attention of those who reside at a distance from them. I think the Exmoor pony is, without doubt, the purest and most beautiful of his kind. Sir Thomas Acland, F. Knight, Esq., and Mr. Quartley of Molland, are amongst those who have been most careful to breed from those of the best form; and the high prices which they fetch at three years old, repay them well for their extra care and expense at the commencement. These ponies have performed wonders on the road and across the wild hills of Devon, when not over weighted; they have often proved more than a match for the thorough-bred horse in pursuit of the red deer, which abound in the woods which skirt the moor. The distances they have carried their cruel masters in a single day quite stamps them among the fleetest and most durable of native English horses; and yet, strictly speaking, they are not the native horse of the moor which they seem to be, for those who choose to go back to their origin will find that they have eastern blood in them, and it is a curious fact that Arabian horses and mares have been running wild among them; and their diminished size is the effect of hunger and cold, during the long winters, which these hardy little animals have to encounter. A great portion of the forest is covered with snow for two months together, in severe winters, and they never get the smallest portion of any food from the hand of man. The Arabians found on the forest were part of a present intended for one of the kings of England, and the ship, in a gale, was driven on shore at, or near Lynmouth, and these horses broke loose and swam on shore; which will account for the beautiful shape we often see in these pretty little creatures.

A very heavy farmer told me that he had once ridden an Exmoor pony, twelve hands high, from Challacombe to Exeter, and back, in a summer's day, that is, from sunrise to sunset, and he informed me that the poor little animal carried him the last two or three miles at a brisk canter. Another cruel fellow, weighing not less than fifteen stone, rode a beautiful little pony of this breed from Bristol to Barnstaple in one day, and boasted that he had only spent a single shilling on himself and his beast all the way (a distance of about ninety-five miles!)

Few of our best bred horses, of whatever size, can outdo the little Exmoor pony under saddle over the worst paths, for we do not get anything like a road in the wildest parts of North Devon. I have ridden the Arabian over the burning sands of Africa, and the hot and fiery Barb; but next to them, for durability and speed, I would place the little Exmoor pony, with his shaggy mane and long tail, for it never yet failed me over the hills and along the vallies of North Devon.

The horse which may most properly be considered as strictly

peculiar to Devonshire, next to the Exmoor pony, is the pack horse. These animals had many valuable qualities, for seventy years ago, a cart or a butt was a rare sight in the North of Devon, consequently all farm produce had to be conveyed to the market on the back of this kind of horse. The pack horse possessed a great deal of character and speed, with short legs and backs; the best of them were bred about North Molton, and a few of them are still to be found in that locality. Some sixty years ago, every farmer sent six or eight of these horses ten or twelve miles for lime, as the narrowness of the roads did not then admit of wheels passing in many parishes.

These horses were sufficiently fast for stag hunting, and some beautiful specimens were to be seen at Castle Hill, the property of the late Lord Fortescue, when he kept the stag-hounds; and their bottom and speed are still remembered by those who hunted with these fine and gallant hounds. The height of the pack horse never exceeded fifteen hands, but was very commonly not fourteen hands two inches. The shape was that of a perfect cob, with very small head, and great width across the eyes.

The intelligence of the original pack horse was, at one time, much appreciated by a class of people who are known as "smugglers:" these kind of horses were used commonly by them, to transport kegs of spirits by night along the narrow lanes of the most unfrequented parts of this coast, and if met by a stranger, the horses not unfrequently jumped the fence, and made their line good across the fields to the usual place of rendezvous, simply at a signal given by their masters. Indeed, such was their pluck, that people of eighty years of age have informed me that it was very often a most difficult thing for any person to ride past a farmer's team of these horses when loaded with their sacks of lime. They have frequently been known, when a little excited, to start off at a brisk canter, and scarcely stop until they got to their stables seven miles off.

The horses commonly to be seen working on the farms of North Devon are wretchedly formed animals, having the appearance of used-up post-horses, and consequently are hardly equal to drawing half a ton weight; there are exceptions, but, generally speaking, they are not sufficiently strong to plough a proper depth.

A farmer, who lived and farmed in West Buckland sixty-five years ago, had a very good specimen of the pack horse in his possession, and, by way of testing its goodness, mounted this little beast, in Bristol, one fine morning in the month of May, and, being a married man, he placed his better half on a pad or pillion behind him;—the height of the horse was under fourteen hands, yet, notwithstanding the weight on the animal's back, he

arrived in West Buckland at about twelve o'clock at night. Both the riders expressed themselves very much tired with their long ride,—the animal was turned out to graze. In the morning, his master thought he would give him a little corn, so he sent out a lad and a servant girl to drive him into the yard, but the horse would not allow them to get near him, but galloped round the field like a colt, so he lost his feed of corn, and in lieu of it gained his liberty.

North Devon Cattle.

The cattle of North Devon are, and always have been, considered a very beautiful breed, and will, without doubt, fatten much quicker than any other breed of cattle known on the same quantity of food. The best of them are of a light red colour, broad across the hips, with great length from the hips to the rump, broad in the ribs, very straight over the back, heavy in the flank, light in the neck and thighs, with horns long and fine, and a calm eye. Some of the best bred are very fine, and flat in the bone of the legs, like a thorough bred horse, and having the tail very small. The calves resemble a fawn: the eyes are so full, the face long, very broad between the eyes, nostrils full, and the skin of a yellowish tinge near the nose and the under jaw.

The breed of the North Devon cattle has been much improved by Mr. Quartley, of Molland; Mr. Davy, of North Molton; and a few others; and Mr. S. T. Davy, of Rose Ash, published a work, in 1851, called "Davy's Herd Book," containing the names of the breeders, the ages and pedigrees of most of the best Devon cattle, with the prizes they have gained, &c.; and should any further information be required by any of our friends who may read this, we would most certainly recommend his looking it over. The Earl of Leicester, some years ago, purchased some very fine cows of this breed, from Mr. R. Merson, of North Molton, and they have produced the Earl some beautiful young stock. Prince Albert, through his agent, has also purchased very largely in this neighbourhood, particularly young oxen. The cows of North Devon are not considered to be very good milkers; but their fattening on land by no means good, or to be compared with that of Somersetshire, proves them to be well adapted to the wet and humid atmosphere in which they are found in the greatest perfection. A great number have been purchased, within the last six years, for America and France; but they do not retain that mottled appearance of dark brown spots on a lighter red, when depastured on a foreign soil for any length of time. I once saw a pure North Devon bull, which had been depastured three years on the plains of South

Africa; but the hot dry winds of the Great Desert proved very plainly to me that they would soon dry up the beautiful glossy appearance the animal always has on his sides whilst in the meadows of North Devon.

The French, within the last two years, have purchased a few of our Devons, but I believe they are not anxious to procure the best quality, often supposing the largest animal must be the best.

The cattle of Devon have received the greatest care in their breeding, as far back as 1800, from The Right Honourable Earl Fortescue, who had a very beautiful herd; as well as Sir Bourchier Wrey, the Rev. Mr. Quartley of Molland, and Mr. George Burdon of Horwood.

The weight of an ordinary North Devon cow, when fat, would be about thirty-four score, but many of them are made forty score or more. The average weight of the oxen, at five years old, would be about thirteen score per quarter, but the present mode of feeding would turn them out much heavier at that age, and I do not know of any breed of cattle so well adapted for the plough or the cart. The names of some of the best bulls bred by Mr. Quartley within the last six or seven years are, Baron, Baronet, Duke of Devonshire, Emperor, Forester, General, Napoleon, Prince of Wales, Sillifant, Watson, and Washington; Mr. John Quartley has bred Favorite, Earl of Exeter, Hundred Guinea, Symmetry, and the Sultan; most of these animals have won prizes, and their stock have been sent to all parts of the world.

The Sheep of Exmoor.

The mountain sheep known as the Exmoor are most deserving of our attention, because the breed is not to be found in any other part of England, and they have been long celebrated for the flavour of their mutton, and their suitability to the highest and coldest parts of the forest, which, seventy years ago, depastured many thousands of them in summer; but, lately, so much more land has been brought into tillage, in the warmest parts of Devon, that there is not sufficient grass to winter the same number of ewes and lambs as formerly, consequently there is not one-fourth of the number in existence at present. We may also partly account for the loss of so many sheep, from Mr. Knight's having purchased the forest of Exmoor, within the last forty years; he commenced laying out the acres of forest into farms, making fences at an enormous expense, in every part of it; having refused to keep the Exmoor sheep during the summer for the farmers at the former rates, he procured large flocks of Cheviot sheep and immense herds of black cattle in their place, and the Exmoor sheep of course began to diminish; for the

three year old wethers no longer gathered their scanty food on the moor through the short winter's day. The shepherd's occupation was gone, for these hardy sheep had been kept in those days principally for their wool, until they became broken mouthed.

Many a bitter day, an old herd told me, he had spent under the walls of the forest, digging these poor creatures from beneath the drifted snow. It is well known that a shepherd dug out some of these wethers, which had been twenty-one days covered in the snow, drifted *many feet above them*, and the starving animals had actually devoured the wool off one another's backs, yet lived, and some of them were fat mutton for the next Christmas market. I have only to add that they are the best of mothers, often fattening their lambs, which are worth a guinea each; and some of the ewes weigh eighteen pounds a quarter the Christmas after they have fattened their lambs. I am speaking of the best sorts; they commonly produce two lambs if kept well. The only sorts equal to them in fattening early lamb are the Dorset and the Dartmoor. The best bred of Exmoors may be found about Molland, North Molton, and the parishes near the moor. Mr. Snow, of Hore, is one of the largest owners of this breed at present. The ram has a beautiful pair of horns, like the Josephine merino sheep, only larger, and the ewes have a smaller and more delicate pair, which the merino ewes have not. The weight of the fleece from the Exmoor ewe is about seven pounds.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

"Good South, she is the queen of curds and cream."—*Winter's Tale.*

For three things Devonshire is remarkable: for the smallness of its natives, which has earned them the name of "Devonshire "Dumplings;" for its Cider; and for its Cream. On the first point, as the subject is not a large one, there is naturally not much to say; we will only quote the proverb, "little and good," for, in all ages the Devonians have ever been found good men and true; the foremost in fight, and the last to yield, when the Saxon conquerors drove hither the remnant of the Britons; the first to repel invasion, when the Spanish Armada was seen off Plymouth, and all Devon was up in arms to oppose their landing; and the last retreat of the Royalists, when the queen and infant daughter of Charles the First found, for a time, a refuge in the loyal city of Exeter.

On the relative excellence of their cider, we must leave the Devon and Hereford farmers to dispute together. " Who shall " decide when doctors disagree* ? "

It is with the cream that we have now to do. A wit once gave it as his opinion that—" the further he went West the more " persuaded he was that the wise men came from the East ; " but we are inclined to think that he had never eaten our scald cream, or he would have had more respect for a people, to whom belonged the secret of such a production. It is also said to be a trait, in the character of Devonians, that they always argue on both sides of a question. Be this as it may,—on the question of liking scald cream, they are agreed that there cannot be two opinions among those who have ever tasted it. Some may prefer it with bread, some with fruit, some enthusiasts with their coffee, and some even in that mysterious compound termed " thunder " and lightning." With what zest the latter is eaten by the rising generation, is well known to all who have attended a Devonshire schoolfeast, who have watched the rapidity with which the piled up platesful disappear, have listened to the repeated applications for more, and have observed the luckless little boy, who, anxious both to eat his cake and have it, is found to have crammed three large pieces, bread, cream, treacle, and all, into his jacket pocket.

We will now explain how that most delicate and delicious produce of the dairy, scald cream, is made.—On this point strange ideas prevail ; we have heard, indeed, of one London dairy woman who said she had sometimes made it, but she should not do so again, it was " so much trouble to stand by the pan all " the time the milk was scalding, and keep *continually skimming* " it ! ! "

We will therefore proceed to detail some of the methods more usually practised :—The new milk, while warm, is passed through a gauze strainer into circular tin pans ; a convenient size being fourteen inches across the top, eight across the bottom, and six inches in depth. Not more than six quarts of milk should be placed in each pan, the size of which may be varied according to circumstances ; but experienced dairy women prefer exposing a large surface to the air. In the summer, the milk may be allowed to stand for twelve hours before it is put to scald,—in the winter twenty-four hours ; but this of course depends upon the temperature, the rule being, not to allow the milk to get sour.

* We agree with our Contributor, that it is a subject more easily sharpened than sweetened, though we have been told that the latter quality of the liquor depends upon the time it is " on the rack." To the question, " Who shall be the de*cider* " when doctors disagree ? " let us append another,—" When the cider disagrees, " who shall be the doctor ? "

The cream having risen, it may be scalded by being placed either on the hot plate of a close kitchen range, on a charcoal fire, in hot water, or over steam. By adopting either of the two latter plans, the risk of giving a smoky taste to the cream is avoided. Messrs. Pearse, of Tavistock, have arranged an effective and economical apparatus for scalding it by steam, by which any number of pans may be done at once, and the waste steam is applied to preparing food for cattle. If it is scalded on a hot plate, a regular and moderate fire should be kept up, and the milk should not attain a higher degree of temperature than 110 degrees Fahr., and on no account should it be suffered to boil. The proper time for its removal from the fire is indicated by the formation of small bubbles, or blisters, upon the surface or "head" of the cream. It is then put in a cool place, and when quite cold is ready for use. The cream is then separated from the milk by means of a skimmer, a flat circular kind of spoon, perforated with holes which allow the milk to drain through. A still better method is to remove the milk by means of a syphon. Butter is almost always made by hand in this county. People sometimes object to this on the score of cleanliness; but the same objection applies equally to raw cream butter, which is almost always finished by the hand after it is taken from the churn.

The method of using hot water may be briefly thus explained: —We have an iron boiler, or trough, which may be made to hold two or more pans, which stand in the water upon iron bars; the trough is filled with cold water, and a fire is then lighted in a furnace beneath. The heat can in this manner be more gradually raised than when the hot plate is used.

Various experiments have, at different times, been tried, to discover the different quantities of butter yielded by using the cream raw, and by first scalding it. The result appears to be, that less butter is produced by the latter method, the loss being, according to some calculations, no less than seven and a-half pounds upon every hundred; but the scalded milk retaining more cream, is richer and more nourishing than the skim milk. It requires also a less amount of labour to convert the scald cream into butter than the raw, as the process of scalding has the effect of partially breaking the envelopes which enclose the globules of butter; for butter always exists in milk in the form of these minute globules, surrounded by a kind of fatty bubble or coating. These bubbles, from their lightness, rise to the surface and form cream, and it is this envelope 's being broken by the action of the churn or hand, which causes the particles of butter contained in them to coalesce, when, in technical language, the butter "comes." Butter, however, which

is made from scalded cream, is said not to keep so long as that made from raw cream.

Having thus described the method of preparing the cream, it only remains for us to trace its origin, and this unfortunately is no easy task, the manner of making it having been handed down from generation to generation, so that the history of its first introduction among our people is lost in obscurity.

Although it has obtained the name of Devonshire Cream, it is by no means peculiar to this part of the world. It is made in Naples, where it is served up at the breakfast table, on a vine leaf, and known by the name of "riccotta." In Athens, and in Constantinople, it is also found under the name of "yaourt," though in these places it is generally sour; and it is very frequently made in all Turkish houses. During the late war an officer, on an expedition into the interior of the Crimea, met, among its inhabitants, with the identical scald cream of our western counties; and in some parts of India also this method of preparing the milk is very commonly adopted. We are therefore inclined to claim for our cream an Eastern origin. It does not indeed appear improbable that the Celts, whom all ancient writers agree in representing as the first colonisers of Britain, may have brought it with them from the wilds of Scythia. They were a wandering race, living almost entirely upon the produce of their flocks and herds, and were of Scythian extraction, descended, it is said, from a chief of the name of Magog. A branch of these Celts, named the Cimbri, are said to have inhabited Devon and Cornwall, and they are supposed to be the same as the Kymri, who were some of the earliest inhabitants of the Crimea*, and they may therefore, in both cases, have handed down their peculiar customs to their descendants. Their numbers were occasionally augmented by the incursions of fresh parties of wandering people from the East. One legend asserts that, about the year 1108 B.C., a Trojan chief, named Brutus, with a band of followers, landed at Totnes. "He found the country," continues the chronicle, "inhabited by giants; and it was only "after a long contest, that he succeeded in subduing them, "having thrown their chief, Gog Magog, over the cliffs of the "Hoe at Plymouth†." The Phœnicians also, the great traders of the ancient world, early discovered the mineral riches of this country, and carried on much commerce with the inhabitants of the West, obtaining from thence large quantities of copper and

* It has been suggested by a student of the Training College, that the word "Cream," itself, admits of a "Crimean" descent, and, in illustration of his views, he refers to a medicine known as "Cream of Tartar," which must, if there is any truth in the Science of verbal analogy, be a production of "Crim Tartary."

† Some historians place the scene of the giants' overthrow at the cliffs of Dover.

tin. The traces of this intercourse with the Phœnicians may still be found in the names of Phœnician or Hebrew origin, which, in some cases, are yet retained. The name of Devon itself, is supposed to be derived from two words in that language, "Dan," meaning "hill," and "Moina," "mines," so that the word literally signifies "hills of mines." Others, however, derive the name from the British, "De-Avon," or "county of "rivers," "Avon" being the British name for a river, or any fleet water. The united provinces of Devon and Cornwall were anciently known as "Danmonium." The name of Britain itself is supposed to be derived from the Phœnician "Barat-Anac," or the "land of tin." The Celts, as we have said, were the original proprietors of the whole kingdom, and were made known to the Romans under the name of Britons. The Romans came, saw, and conquered, reigned for awhile, and then recalled, on urgent private affairs, left the islanders to their own devices, and the latter, harassed by the Picts and Scots, called in the Saxons to their assistance. These, true to their ancient maxim that, "the gods are on the side of the strongest," held possession to be nine-tenths of the law, and seized the kingdom they came to save. The unhappy Britons fled before them, and retired into the mountain fastnesses of Wales, and to the remote and inaccessible moors of Devon and Cornwall.

They applied for assistance to Arthur, Prince of the Scilly Isles,—the same King Arthur, whose adventures, with those of the Knights of his Round Table, are so famous. A great battle between the Britons and Saxons is said to have taken place near Bath, and the victorious Saxons appear to have pressed their enemies farther and farther westward until the last great battle, fought in Lyonnesse (said to be a large tract of land now covered by the sea near St. Michael's Mount) in which the Knights of the Round Table, having performed prodigies of valour, were at length all cut to pieces, and fell, man by man, around their king, while Arthur himself disappeared, carried away, as the old legends tell, into "Faery land," from whence he is to return, at some future time, at the beginning of a golden age, to govern Britain once more, The Britons, conquered but not subdued, retired to the moors and hills, and here, for a long time, they continued to hold out against their enemies, and we still find traces of them in the gigantic Druid circles, in the Logan stones, and rock basins of Dartmoor. Their language, a century ago, still lingered here and there in the remote districts of Cornwall, and many of our peculiar provincial words are supposed to be traceable to this source. If therefore the scald cream was originally brought by our Celtic ancestors from the East, the Devonians were the most likely to retain, and hand down to their

descendants, their peculiar manners and customs. It is not impossible that it may have been frequently found at the famous feasts at King Arthur's Round Table, though the veracious history which has handed down to us his recipe for plum-pudding, has neglected to mention this particular. Some of the Britons took refuge, across the Channel, in the French province to which they have given their name, whose inhabitants still continue to adopt this method of preparing their cream.

As another proof of its oriental origin, we may cite a rather amusing instance of a gentleman, who, having travelled much in Syria and Asia Minor, was asked by some English friends on his return, whether he had brought with him any new recipes for cookery? He mentioned a curious method of preparing cream, which he had observed among the natives of those regions, and the dairymaid was called up to profit by the hint. But she happened to be a Devonshire woman, and declared she had been used to make just such scald cream all her life. The traveller then related the manner of making another dish, common in Asia Minor, which the dairywoman immediately recognised as the squab pie of her native county. We have thus endeavoured briefly to describe the method of making, and the possible origin of, our Devonshire Cream. It has lately acquired a new use and a new fame, being now much recommended by physicians to their consumptive patients, instead of the far less palatable Cod's Liver Oil.

In short, Devonshire Cream is a very good thing in its way, and we beg to recommend those hitherto unacquainted with it to try its virtues some hot summer day, in a dish of raspberries, and we do not doubt that they will fully appreciate its excellence*.

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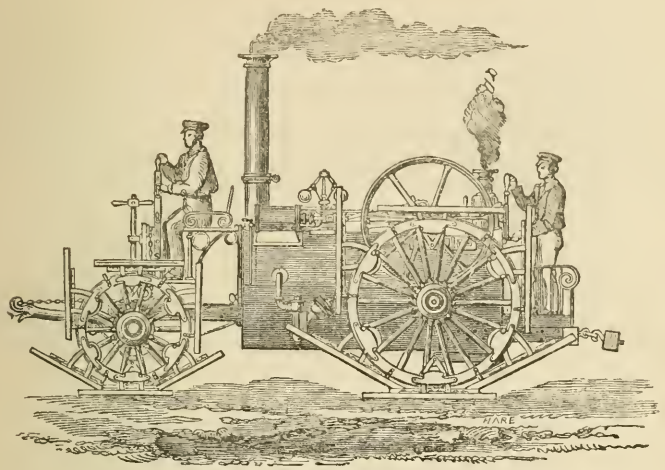
* We recommend the above Paper to the notice of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, as a specimen of an improved method of teaching "useful knowledge" through "common things,"—of combining Science and Practice, History and Gastronomy.



STEAM HORSE AND ENDLESS RAILWAY*.

An invention has lately been perfected by Mr. James Boydell, which assuredly ranks not lowest among the many mechanical marvels of our time, and, if we may follow the opinions of some of our most eminent agriculturists, deserves to be placed amongst the very highest, for the importance of the results it is calculated to introduce.

This invention is a portable endless railway, and by railway I mean not a machine requiring steam as well as a complicated and expensive apparatus, but one of simple construction, and capable of being brought and fitted without difficulty to any village cart or waggon, answering equally well for horse as for steam power.

Like many other great inventions, its chief merit consists in copying nature, and in fact it is neither more nor less, than an imitation in wood and iron of a man's foot. The rails, or shoes as they are called, are six in number, and on each shoe is a piece of rail exactly corresponding in length to the radius of the wheel; the shoe itself is rather more than one-fourth longer. Thus, if

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* Boydell's Patent Traction Engine; or, Steam Horse, manufactured (by licence from the patentee) by Charles Burrell, St. Nicholas' Works, Thetford, Norfolk.

the wheel were 4 ft. in diameter, the rail would be 2 ft. long, and the shoe altogether about 2 ft. 9 in. Of these extra 9 in., about 2, rather narrower than the centre piece, project at one end of the main part of the shoe and answer to a man's heel. The other 6 in. at the opposite extremity are still narrower, though longer, and are therefore exactly the same as the man's toes. In the centre of the shoe, rises an arch of iron, which may be called the ankle, as the wheel works on this, in the same way as a man when walking uses his ankle. And this is in outline the whole invention, the particulars of which are more fully described below.

Figure 1.—Wheel and endless railway.
„ 2.—Elevation of shoe.
„ 3.—Plan of shoe.

a (fig. 1, 2, 3), rail; *b*, sleeper; *c*, front or toe of shoe; *d*, back or heel; *e*, guides to move the shoe up and down; *f*, stops, which regulate the descent of the shoe as the wheel moves forward, and its ascent as it goes up behind.

h, Guide-plates for the guides or triangles to work in; they keep the shoes in position, and consist of front and back—one on each side of the triangle. The front one has a notch both before and behind 1 and 2, for the better taking up and laying down of the shoe. The back plate is circled to prevent the pins of the triangles getting into the wrong place.

k, Pins which drop into the notches and keep the triangles in their places as they go round.

Now here (1) we have a shoe actually laid down with the wheel going over it. (2) Shews the position of a shoe that has been just taken up. We here see that the weight of the shoe makes it drop towards the ground, but it is kept in its place by the pin *k*, in the head of the triangle falling into the notch (2) in the guide-plate, and so it is carried up as we see in No. 3. In (4) its weight makes it slip out of the notch, and the triangle now points straight down, and then in (5) the pin falls into the back notch (1), and so keeps the shoe just in the right place, through position (6) till it is laid down again.

I have marked the notches 1, 2, and the reader will see that the pin (*k*) always keeps in the notch that is uppermost. It keeps in No. 1 till it gets to the top; and then since No. 1 would of course no longer support it, it fits into No. 2. Although I have traced the progress of only one shoe, it will of course be remembered, that as there are six, there will always be one in each position, so that the plate shews the actual position of a wheel at any given moment. The rails are made of a thin but strong coating of iron, laid over an elevation in the wooden shoe, to correspond with the size of the rail, thereby rendering it quite as strong and much lighter than if the rail were made of solid

THE STEAM HORSE.

FIG. 1.

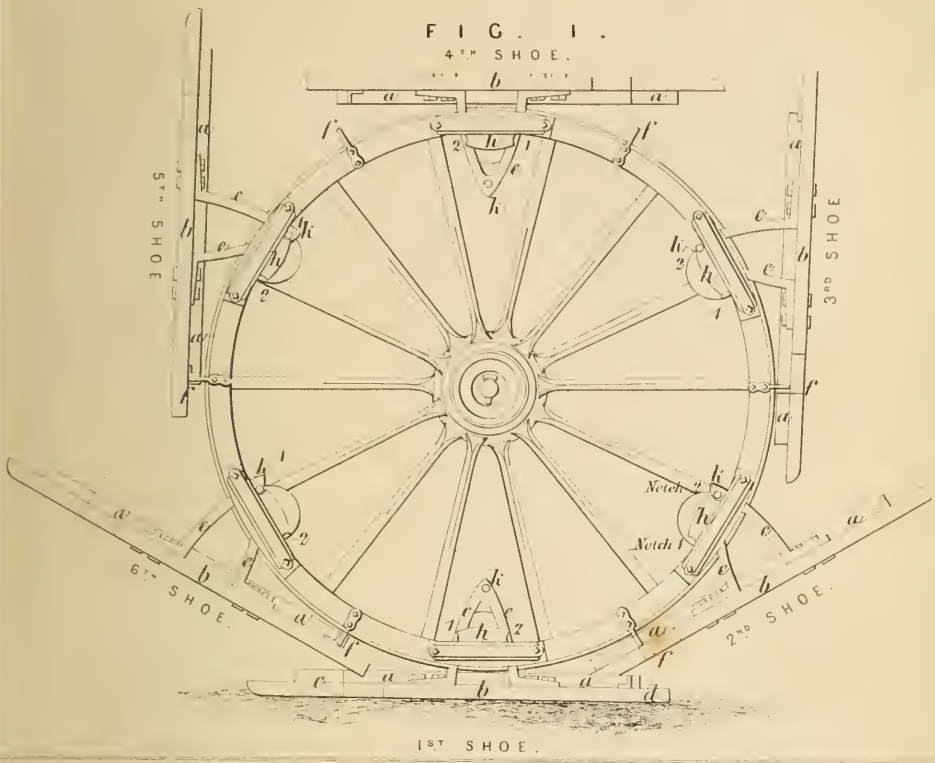


FIG. 2.

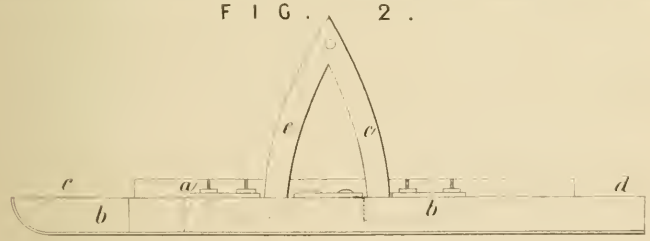
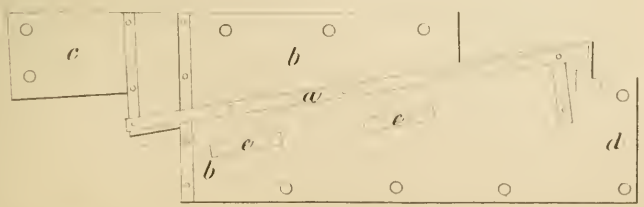


FIG. 3.



J. Brettell Litho. Rupert St., Haymarket, London.

iron. It should also be mentioned—and which is by no means one of its least advantages—that the shoes can be taken off and put on with the greatest facility, either for the purpose of repair, or when they do not happen to be wanted, in fact just as easily as that of a human being.

And now to state its advantages. In the first place, the friction of iron against iron is far less than against a common road, as may easily be seen by the great weight which a horse can draw with facility on a tram-way, and which two or three could scarcely, if at all, move on a common road, so that a horse in a cart fitted with these wheels, would be able to draw double the quantity he otherwise could. Then as to going both up and down steep hills, a thing very important to be considered in Devonshire, the experiments carried on at Woolwich, are, I think, conclusive. A heavy gun was placed in a waggon fitted with these wheels (the gun and carriage together weighing ten tons). Ten horses endeavoured to pull it up, and were forced to stop half way, for the hill was half a mile long, with an average inclination of 1 foot in 10. But the steam horse took it in tow, and went away with it quite easily, and not only took it up to the top, but also took it down again, for the shoes act like drags, as far as keeping the carts from running down too fast, while they do not occasion the same loss of power, as the wheels turn on the rails just as easily as before. It was also taken to the marshes, and there drew artillery across places where no horses could by any possibility have gone; for its broad shoes, 16 inches across, act like Canadian snow shoes, and prevent its sinking into the mud. In the course of the experiments there, it was made to go in and out of holes 2 feet deep, and over trunks of trees and large stones of the same height above the ground. It took them all quite easily, going in and out and over as if they were nothing, although any other cart would either have been instantaneously upset, or would have remained immovable. Indeed, Mr. Fowler, the celebrated agricultural implement maker at Bristol, said that from what he had seen, it would do capitally to follow the hounds in Leicestershire.

The reason of its being able to take these jumps is that it can put the toe of a shoe on the top of an obstacle, and resting the heel on the ground, go up it, as an inclined plane, and down the other side in the same way, the shoes being quite able to bear the weight—though I will not say that it could yet accomplish a real Devonshire hedge. One of its warmest supporters is a gentleman, whose name ought ever to carry considerable weight in any matter connected with agriculture. I refer to Mr. Mechi, who fully regards it as one of the most extraordinary inventions of the time, and one which he considers calculated to produce a

complete revolution in agriculture. To give an idea of its power, he said that he had seen it go at the rate of four or five miles an hour over a turnip field, where it had been raining all night, for the mud makes very little difference to it, the shoes easily carrying it over.

The ordinary engines weigh about eight or nine tons, and the wheels are about 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, and will go about four miles an hour (as I said before, as fast in a wet field as on a good turnpike road), or about one mile per hour for every foot diameter; so that, by increasing the diameter of the wheel, we can increase the speed of the machine, although this is generally considered the most convenient size. As regards its ploughing capabilities, it was tried at Hounslow on two farms, and there it drew four 9-inch ploughs, doing ten acres a day, at four shillings an acre, which would otherwise have cost twenty shillings. It also drew two subsoil 12-inch ploughs, and did five acres a day also at four shillings; and it could have drawn another, for it was not at its full power. I may as well mention that the power of an eight-ton engine is reckoned as eight horses, but, owing to the great diminution in the friction, is really a great deal more, at least double, as may be seen from the ploughing, for eight horses could certainly not have drawn these ploughs. And now, connected with this, I may mention a remarkable fact, and one which speaks strongly in its favour. Those interested in it invited the Russian Consul-General to be present at the Hounslow trials, which took place in the middle of September. He came, and was so pleased with it, that he instantly sent a report to the Russian Minister of Internal Communication; and in a month after he had first seen it, a machine was on its way to Russia; and since no government knows so well how to appreciate a good invention as the Russian, we may safely consider this as conclusive of its great merit. But it will not only plough but sow, harrow, reap, and perform all the operations of a farm, by travelling up and down the field (for it turns with perfect facility), and drawing the ploughs, harrows, &c. after it, and would even carry the corn to market. And since many may think this impossible, I may as well state that the machine which was ordered for Woolwich, and which I believe is the only one in existence, besides that sent to Russia*, was worked from Camden Town to its destination, in doing which it had to pass through streets, crowds, and turnings, to which no country market-lane or field can bear a comparison; yet it went without any accident, and, after that, I can vouch for its going through either South Molton or Barnstaple on the most crowded

* A third was worked in the procession on the Lord Mayor's day.

market days, without upsetting any farmer's wife, with her egg and butter-stall, or treading on any gouty old gentleman's toes. Now I well know that neither an endless railway nor an agricultural steam-engine are by any means new, but of all others (and there have been many tried which have failed) this one alone has been tried and come off triumphant.

But I am not advocating an expensive purchase of any machine, —for, in point of fact, the invention is no new steam-engine, which, for the most part, remains unaltered,—but simply this endless railway, which can be applied just as well to horse carts as to steam engines; and while it gives double the power to an animal on a good road, in hills, rough ground, and marshy places, it affords incalculable advantages, amounting, in fact, to being able to do with facility what was before absolutely impossible. Its application to steam is this, namely, that it renders useful in the highest degree, and that at a very small cost, all those portable engines which were before, generally speaking, unprofitable.

One advantage more which would accrue from it I cannot pass over. It has been sometimes suggested, and with great truth, that it would be an immense advantage to the small farmers in the north of Devon, if they could possess in common, some of these great machines which are now current throughout England, such as a steam thrashing-machine and others, whose advantages are indisputable, but from the use of which they have been hitherto debarred by the steepness of their hills and the general bad state of their communications. A few pair of Boydell's wheels would entirely obviate this, without the necessity of improving a single road; and two or three pair of these wheels would serve for several machines, for I do not suppose that more than one implement would be required on its circuit at a time.

It is right now, having stated its advantages, to declare the objections to it, at least as far as I am able.

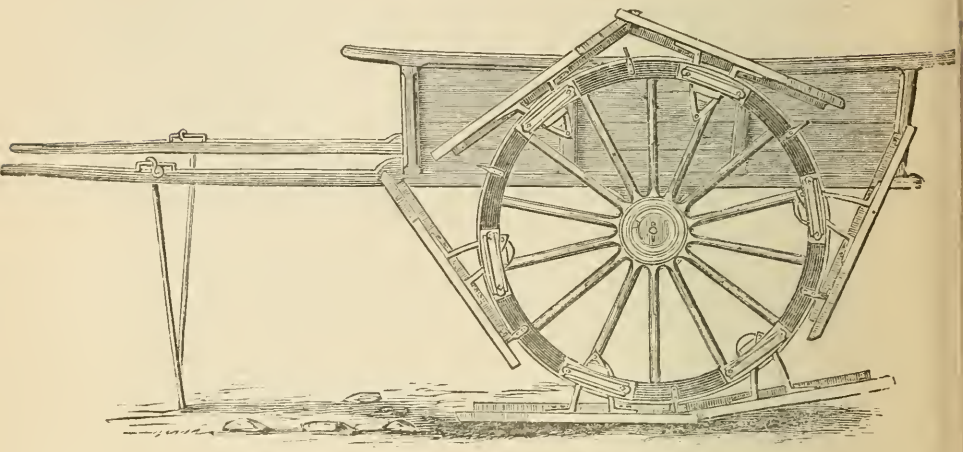
Mr. Ransome, a very eminent agricultural implement maker, affirms that it is a total waste of power, and he, as well as his friends say further, that it is a step in the wrong direction; both of which statements, however, Mr. Mechi positively denies*.

Another objection is, that if the mud get over the shoe (which by the way is not likely) it would retard it very much; and if it got in any quantity into the triangles, they would be unable to work. What other arguments there may be against it I know not, not having conversed with its opponents.

I have stated no visionary or enthusiastic scheme, but have endeavoured, to the best of my power, to set forth clearly and

* We are happy to learn, on good authority, that Mr. Ransome has withdrawn his objections.

fairly the arguments both for and against it, and to prove them by actual and indisputable facts. My object is not to induce every small farmer to buy a steam-engine, but simply to improve to the utmost his present horse power, for in this lies the whole secret and the true value of this invention.



A RIDE IN CORNWALL.

If it were my wish it would be quite beyond my power to describe the scenery, or the historical interest attached to many of the places we passed in this tour: but hoping that some, when they have read this paper, may be induced to follow our example, I am bold enough to lay before the readers of this work a short account of our ride, asking indulgence for its defects.

We started a party of four in the summer of 1855 for a riding tour in Cornwall, our principal object being to visit the most interesting places on the north coast. Having ridden through some part of the north of Devon we forded the Tamar (here a small stream), and found ourselves in Cornwall. We passed through Stratton, one of the most northern towns in the county, and arrived at Bude Haven, a small but growing watering place beautifully situated amongst the rocks.

The next morning we started betimes, having a long ride before us, saying to each other, in the words of Prince Henry, "Thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time." Our road lay all along the beautiful coast of Widemouth Bay, through that most picturesque little village, Crackington Cove; then through St. Gennys, over cliffs more than 700 feet above the sea, till we at last arrived at Boscastle, a small town possessing a most curious harbour, or rather chasm, winding amongst high cliffs, which so shut out the view of the sea from any one standing at the head of the harbour as to give the appearance of a dark mountain lake. There is a very pretty walk along the cliffs, in an easterly direction, at the head of numerous small bays; and the great quantities of sea birds that build here tend much to enliven the scene at this time of the year.

After a ride of about four miles we came to Trevenna, and leaving our horses there, walked down to the old castle of Tintagel, the birth-place and residence of King Arthur. This magnificent rock stands all but insulated, rising perpendicularly on all sides, and is indeed deserving of its celebrity. Suffice it to say, the sea view extends from Hartland to Pentire.

Delabole slate quarries were the first object in our next day's ride. Wonderful quarries they are! affording some of the most valuable slate in England. The slate is brought from the bottom, by aid of machinery worked by steam engines, to platforms at the top, where it is placed on trucks and drawn along tramways to the different workshops. After examining all the different processes to which the slate is subjected, we again continued our journey, passing through Wadebridge to Padstow, and (after a row on the river there) back to St. Columb, not having seen anything very remarkable since Delabole; but the scenery, though we had quitted for a time the noble coast, was still of a most pleasing character.

On the following day we visited the nunnery at Lanherne, and were allowed to enter the chapel; the convent is in a prettily wooded situation. We then rode along the sea coast to Newquay, and fording a river near Crantock, arrived at St. Cuthbert (pronounced Cubert), and having obtained a shoemaker for a guide, we set off over the sands of Perranzabuloe under a broiling sun in quest of the old church of St. Piran. This church is said to be very ancient indeed, and to have been built over the remains of St. Piran (who was sent over from Ireland by St. Patrick to convert the inhabitants); he died in the fifth century, and this church is supposed to have been in use about two hundred years, and then to have been submerged by the shifting sand. It thus lay hidden and lost for many years, until in 1835 it was again disclosed to view in excellent

preservation, but has since been much injured by the hands of the too-curious traveller.

Perran Round is also well worth a visit, being one of the most perfect remains of the sort in England. It appears to have been used by the British either as a theatre or as a court of justice.

Leaving the barren sands of Perranzabuloe, and having refreshed ourselves and our horses at Perran Porth, we mounted St. Agnes' (pronounced St. Anne's) Beacon. A country lay stretched before us, to all appearance as unproductive as those sands we had just passed over; and as to the surface this opinion is not far wrong, but underground lies concealed the great wealth of the county, for now you enter the mining district of Cornwall. Having passed through Portreath, where great quantities of ore are shipped for Wales, we entered Redruth, a town situated in the midst of mines, and suffering this inconvenience from them, namely, that the inhabitants have to fetch water for drinking purposes two miles; for although water runs down by the side of the principal street, yet coming from the mines it is unfit for drinking.

Next day we ascended Carn Brea, on the summit of which is a British castle and a monument to Lord De Dunstanville, from which, on a fine day, a very extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained, the sea both to north and south being I believe visible; but on the day we were there we could only distinguish it to the south. Our road was now through Camborne to Hayle, and thence to St. Ives, one of the principal places for the pilchard fishery. Having rested here awhile, we again started for St. Just, but stopped on our way to see Gurnard's Head, and well did it repay us, a magnificent granite promontory sloping away from the mainland, and then again abruptly rising in the deep sea. When we were there the sea, dashing violently against the rocks which bound it on every side, contributed much to the beauty of the view, which is one of an extraordinarily wild and grand character.

Presently we arrived at St. Just, and after a good night's rest, walked, on the morrow, to Botallack Mine, which runs out some way under the sea.* Being told that it took the miners themselves one hour to come up, and having a good ride before us, we were not tempted to explore this submarine mine. Once more on our horses it was not long before we reached the Land's End, as everybody knows, the westernmost point of England. This

* "The miner, particularly in stormy weather, distinctly hears the awful "grandeur of the rounded boulders rolling over his head, as they are driven "forwards and backwards by the force of the coming and receding waves."—Buller's "St. Just," p. 53.

gives it an interest without which it might perhaps slightly disappoint the traveller who has visited Tintagell and Gurnard's Head, for they, in the grandeur of their scenery, certainly surpass the Land's End. This promontory is composed of granite; its extreme point is not more than sixty feet above the level of the sea. About a mile and a half from the shore, on a cluster of rocks, a lighthouse is built, called the Longships Lighthouse; and again, thirty miles from shore rise the Scilly Isles, a group of about one hundred and forty islets and rocks. There is a tradition that they were once joined to the main land by a tract of country called the "Lionnesse," which was completely overwhelmed by a sudden inundation*. Leaving the Land's End, the next point of interest is the Tol Pedn Penwith, a curious hole in the cliff, growing smaller towards the bottom (not unlike a funnel), and opening to the sea. The cliffs between this and the Land's End are very high and grand. Next we came to the Logan Rock, a block of granite of about sixty tons weight, and of such a shape and so poised on the stones below it, that it is very easily rocked. In the year 1824 a lieutenant in command of a revenue cruiser, with a boat's crew, for his amusement, threw down this stone, but was, by command of the Admiralty, at the remonstrance of the whole county, obliged to replace it. It still rocks, but not now as before,—not "all the king's horses, nor all "the king's men," could restore the broken charm of the old Logan Rock.

Soon after leaving the Logan the change of scenery is very remarkable; we, who since St. Columb had been passing through the most barren looking country, with scarce a tree, now found ourselves travelling along an exceedingly pretty road lined with trees, and other roads joining it, lined in the same manner, thus forming the most beautiful avenues, leading to Penzance.

And now having arrived in a country more known and traversed by better roads, any further account of our tour would be useless; but should any one be tempted to follow our example, let him not forget, on his eastward journey, to visit St. Michael's Mount†, the Lizard, and Kynance Cove, with rocks of every hue and colour; Carclaze, with its china clay, and veins of tin running all through the clay (it is situated about two

* "The Saxon Chronicles mention two inundations, the literal translations of "which are, In this year, 1014, on St. Michaelmas Eve came that great sea flood, "spreading wide this earth, and running so up far so never one no did, and "drowned many towns and mankind an innumerable number."

And again: "This year also, 1099, on St. Martin mass day (11th Nov.) sprang "up so much the sea flood, and so mych harm did as no minded that it ever "afore did, and there was this ylke day a new moon."—Buller's "St. Just."

† It may also be mentioned the works for the manufacture of articles in serpentine, at Penzance, are well worth a visit.

miles from St. Austell); let him go and see Boconnoc, with its fine park and beautiful trees; and, near Liskeard, he should visit the Cheesewring; at St. Germans, if an antiquarian, the church will repay him for a visit, if not, the views about Port Eliot; and then he can either proceed to Plymouth by road or water; the latter, in fine weather, is well worth the experiment; he will pass Ince Castle and Trematon Castle on his left hand; on his right, Antony, the woods of which latter place overhang the river with most picturesque effect. Now on his left again he will see the enormous tube of the new railway-bridge at Saltash; all around him the old ships of war laid up in ordinary; before him, Devonport Dockyard and Mount Edgcumbe:—but here having tried to describe briefly a tour which it is possible to make from Bude to the Land's End, and from the Land's End to the Tamar, I must, from the banks of that lovely river, say—Farewell.

THE HORSE.

"WE ALL HAVE OUR HOBBIES."

Nay, Ladies, forgive, though the truth be confessed,
A horse is the treasure we English love best;
You may sigh if you will, though 'twere better to laugh,
For we 'd rather be hunting than wooing by half!

See, see, where he stands in his beauty and pride!
Man scarce seems the noblest when placed by his side;
What strength in his limbs as he spurns the dull ground!
How bold his full eye as he glances around!

Stand, stand till I 'm mounted! now off where you will,
Over fence, ditch, or gate,—I can stick to you still.
Deep and wide flows the brook,—stay, 'twere madness to do it!
One plunge and one snort, we are over—or through it!

Nay, frown not, fair dames, Nature cannot be changed;
It it useless to mutter, "mad, fool, or deranged!"
You must needs yield the palm, poor disconsolate Mentors,
The horse is our better-half,—English are Centaurs!

THE DOG.

A CYNICAL ANSWER TO "WE ALL HAVE OUR HOBBIES."

To horse, Sir, to horse, we 'll not grudge you the ride ;
Have a slave to your will, or a match for your pride !
We 'll not be disconsolate, pining for you ;
We 've guardians more faithful, and lovers more true.

See my dog, how he loves, with his deep earnest eye ;
While he lives none can hurt me, he 'll pine when I die.
Not *I* am more gentle, not *you*, Sir, more wild ;
He 'll fight with a Lion, or play with a Child.

Then away, Sir, away, on your gay scornful steed,
Take your whip and your spur ; he must pant, he must bleed ;
When you weary return, stained with mud and with foam,
You 'll find me, and my gallant, enjoying your home.

The Centaurs, for being to ladies too bold,
Were by Theseus and Hercules killed, I 've been told ;
Now, frown in your turn, Sir, but never forget,
Woman always is more than man's match in a pet.

HOW TO PRO-CURE AND CURE A PORKER.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED THE PROCESS.

"First catch your hare, then cook him," is the British householders' maxim, which, in New Zealand, where hares are unknown, may be rendered, "Pro-cure your pig, then cure him." Following, then, literally, the order of this swinish transposition, we will proceed to describe how pigs are assaulted, speared, and salted, in a country which is indebted for all its pork to the most illustrious Cook who ever existed. When this distinguished navigator first visited New Zealand, he found that not only pork sausages and young sucklings, otherwise than human, were unheard of in a native's parlour; but that all kinds of meat were so scarce, that even a roasted "spare rib" was only seen at the tables of chiefs, who could afford to sacrifice the "better half" of their property on an emergency, and give the wife who objected to their behaviour as "extravagant," her quietus, by "portioning" her off and sending her to pot. In fact, a native gentleman seldom had a friend to dinner at his table until he had first scooped out his brains with a walking-stick, and then honoured his memory by "toasting his vitals" at a "house-warming" of the luckless householder's dwelling.

A well-disciplined mind like that of Captain Cook's could not but regret that such a method of "taking a chop," not with, but from, your friends, should be prevalent in the islands which he had appropriated for his sovereign. Nor was the matter much mended when he found that a "plain family dinner" in the maori, or native New Zealander's acceptance of the invitation, meant that an entire tribe or family had determined to scour the plains on a pick-nicking foray, and to put into one common pot or oven, called to this day a Kopo-maori, all the eatable friends and relatives of some village with whom they were not on terms of intimacy.

This cut-and-come-again kind of intercourse among these strange people, who first became intimate acquaintances by literally "scraping up" one another, though not without its inconveniences, had one remarkable advantage, viz. that although very few families could live together in harmony, yet there was little chance of disagreement with one another when once a chance visitor had been fairly "buttered over," and ensconced in the domestic hearth or kitchen.

Thinking, therefore, that a change of diet might have a healthy influence on so very unsavoury a taste as that of these cannibal aristocrats, Captain Cook turned loose a few pigs on the islands, which, being more easy to catch, and more homo-geneous to the

palate of a culinary-disposed traveller than his fellow-savage, he hoped might promote longevity among the rising sucklings of the fierce warriors whom he found on the islands.

And although by degrees the New Zealanders have made an end of devouring each other, yet it took so long a time to convert them completely from Paganism to pork-eating, that the descendants of Captain Cook's original cast-aways increased to numerous herds of Wild Pigs, which are to this day abundant in every part of the islands.

Having now put our readers and the pigs (with their permission) in a position to become mutually acquainted, we pass over a space of seventy years, during which the pigs have had time to become thoroughly at home in New Zealand; and we propose to land in company with all who choose it at the New Plymouth Settlement about the year 1843.

About three thousand emigrants, chiefly from Plymouth and other parts of Devonshire, have recently landed in the most beautiful portion of the north island, which is soon destined to become the home of many thousands of Cook's fellow-countrymen.

The province of New Plymouth is most beautiful in its scenery, and is, perhaps, the most promising district in New Zealand to the purely agricultural colonist, with whose prospects, however, the pigs sadly interfere, by poking their noses uninvited into the richest and most luxuriant portions of his property in their researches after fern-roots and other swinish esculents.

Some of our emigrants, then, we will suppose to be established on their land; while others, of a more solitary turn of mind, betake themselves to sheep or cattle stations in remoter districts of the country, where, let us hope, at least, that all who deserve it will greatly improve their fortunes.

The early days of all new colonies have a strong family resemblance; and where everyone is fully occupied on his own account he troubles himself little with the affairs of his neighbours. We will, therefore, leave the improving tenant of the soil to remedy as he can the system of deep culture which the pigs have so liberally and gratuitously inflicted on his property, and follow a party of pig-hunters into the plains or hilly districts at a little distance from the township.

The habits and mode of life of a true pig are the same in all parts of the world, so that a description of a pig-hunt, in which the writer was a chief performer, is equally applicable to New Plymouth or any other part of New Zealand.

Apart from all sporting intentions the most economical mode of pork making is to sally forth on the plains with a large bullock-dray, with provisions, with a couple of barrels of salt,

dogs, pig-knives, &c. and sufficient empty barrels to receive the in-carcases of all the fresh pigs' meat that is likely to be obtained. When a herd of pigs is sighted, an onslaught is made upon them, sometimes with guns and clubs, but more frequently with the dogs alone, who hold them by the ears until some colonist, well skilled in the use of his pruning knife, arrives at the scene of confusion, and prepares the poor pig anatomically for further treatment in the salting tub.

A well equipped party of this kind used frequently, until with the increase of population the pigs became less numerous, to be so successful in their expeditions as to return after an absence of a day or two, with all their tubs filled with prime pigs' meat,—in addition to pigs captured alive, and made to carry their own joints home to the slaughter house, by meekly following the salted remains of their relatives under the escort of their tormentors in dismal and involuntary procession behind the bullock drays.

This, however, is mere butcher's work, and is not a more interesting occupation than that of an Irish bacon curer.

Our ardour as pig or (would-be) boar hunters, had been considerably dimmed by narratives of such exploits as the foregoing; but having expended some capital in the purchase of hog-spears previous to our departure from England, we one day sallied forth from our station on the Courtenay river, determined to earn our dinner by our own exertions. This resolution was none the less praiseworthy from the fact, that, as there was not a butcher within seventy miles of us, the only chance of a meat dinner for any of the party for a week or two depended upon the success of our adventure.

Three or four miles of the Sumner plains had been traversed unsuccessfully by our party of three, each man being mounted and provided with a long pig-spear resting against his stirrup. Our retinue consisted of two most atrocious and evil-minded, over-grown bull-dogs, which their owner, a brandy-drinking sawyer, had lent us for the occasion, giving us a guarantee that they were "undeniable good pig-hounds." At last we sighted a "herd of wild pigs," which, as they scampered across the plain a quarter of a mile ahead of us, had a most painful and cockney-like resemblance to a large litter of hungry black Hampshires roving at large in the New Forest.

We tried to summon up our enthusiasm by recollecting the tales we had read in our youth, of gallops with fleet Arabian coursers over rice swamps, jungles, nullahs, and paddy fields in the Indian presidencies, after wild boars "fleeter than the breeze "they tainted," &c. and although our steed was not a barb, but a broken-winded stock-horse, we worrited the poor beast into

a jogging canter, which soon brought us even with the quarry. Our Indian nullah aspirations were dissipated in an instant, as we discovered in the leader of the herd, a large black and white patriarch with a cast in his bloodshot eye and a curly tail, and evidently asthmatic from over-indulgence in eating. A most unsanctified odour was exhaled by the hoary monster, who though he brought Captain Cook in grateful remembrance to our nostrils, bore certainly only the remotest relations to the wild boar of the trackless waste of our story books.

Moreover, when once even with them, it gave us not a little trouble to restrain our snorting hackney from leaving the Porcine family altogether in the rear, in his eagerness not to be the hindermost in the general scamper.

This, however, was not in accordance with the wishes of the curly-tailed patriarch, who was evidently a testy old epicure, and in the habit of training up his family to *follow* his footsteps, lest by going ahead of him in their walks before dinner, the younger branches of his progeny might anticipate his arrival, by gobbling up any stray delicacy they fell in with. We knew at a glance he must be a "tough" customer, and in every sense of the word a decided "bore" at the dinner table, and had gallantly resolved to confine our attentions to one of his plump little grand-daughters, when the old fellow, uttering a grunt of dissatisfaction, gave a dig with his prominent tooth at our horse, which if successful would at once have terminated his career as a pork butcher's charger.

Determined to rebuke such impertinence, we dropped our spear to the level of our assailant, and meeting him full on the forehead with the steel-pointed weapon as he charged us, the shock of the collision between his bony countenance and our implement, imparted a jolt to our system as though we had struck against a milestone. The momentary surprise on the grandfather's part at this occurrence, enabled us again to make advances towards his tenderer relative, who appeared glad for once to get well ahead of her ancestor, but he soon repeated his interference in such a decidedly-ill-natured manner, that we were unwillingly compelled to abandon our advances upon the little pig-faced lady, in order to put a stop to the altercation.

A vigorous prod in the region of the human waistcoat-pocket laid the old gentleman on his side, and after staggering a few yards with our seven-foot hog-spear projecting like an awkward tooth-pick at right angles to his pericardium, he quietly toppled over, with a grunt of mingled displeasure and indigestion, and an uneasy swaying of his paw, as though afflicted with that mysterious ailment known to charwomen and physiologists as

the spaz-zums, and passed into the hazy dream-land of the sausage-maker.

Well ! ! ! The pig was dead. There could be no dispute as to the honour(?) of having slain him, as our comrades, more discriminating than ourselves as to the age of the animals they assaulted, had galloped off in pursuit of a young litter, in the hope of tiring them down, and taking them home with us as future sty-fed porkers. Like Macbeth we had " done the deed ;" it was superfluous to inquire if any one had " heard the noise," as our only companion, the dead patriarch, was far beyond the reach of any communication we could hold with him. So we dismounted, feeling certainly *not* elated, but rather considerably crest-fallen at our adventure. In fact, our sensations were akin to those of a truant schoolboy, who, after " *mischeeviously*" damaging a neighbouring farmer's live property, feels a craven misgiving that he has decidedly " been and done it," and will soon be held responsible for the damages.

The huge tough lump of carrion, whose jugular our pocket-knife refused to penetrate, was utterly useless as meat ; and being like many fractious old gentlemen neglectful of his personal appearance, he was so plastered over with essential oils of all that was odoriferous and insanatory, that he doubtless at the present hour encumbers the plains of Canterbury in New Zealand a useless mass of mortality, too unsavoury for even a " Blue " Bottle " dinner party.

Our companions soon rejoined us, having been more successful in their pot-hunting, though not more favourably impressed than ourselves with pig-hunting as one of the agreeable field-sports of New Zealand.

On returning to the station, we sent out a dray to carry home the game we had slaughtered, together with two or three little captives whose legs we had fettered with bandages plucked on the spot from a flax-plant.*

For many days after our adventure, we were occupied in salting down the provisions our hog-spears had obtained for us ; and our hut was scarcely habitable from the smell of fried bacon, mingled with incense of tobacco, which the embalmers of the carcases, professionally known as pork-salters, indulged in.

And now that our pig-hunt is over, after having delicately dissected the body, and buried the severed members in the briny depths of a pickle-tub, let us rest awhile on the bier (barrel)

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* The *Phormium Tenax*, the common flax, a large flag-like weed growing sometimes nine or ten feet in height, and common in all swamps and moist ground in New Zealand.

which contains the choicest remains of the departed, and ere we finally nail him down in his resting place, solemnly take him by the tail to point a moral to our story.

Never buy a pig in a poke. Pig-sticking, or hog-hunting, in any part of the world, may for the nonce be good sport; but those who rush forth from their own country without due consideration, may some day, while poking a pig from their saddle, as the only means of obtaining a roast joint for their household, catch themselves a thinking that perhaps after all, when they turned their backs on Old England, they were "buying a pig in "a poke."

A colonist's life has its charms and its duties; and certainly there is no kind of life better calculated than that of a rising colony under favourable circumstances, to induce an energetic young "party" to exert himself for his own sake as well as those around him.

But it has its privations and its drawbacks, which are scarcely enough entered into by many well-meaning persons, who in urging their young friends to carve out in a new world an independence for themselves, do not always afford them time or opportunity for consideration.

Home, after all, is very dear to most emigrants, as not a few have discovered ere they set foot in a new country. The dreary weeks of sea-sickness, after quitting the land of their birth, afford a mortal weary time for reflection, and for conjuring up that ungratified yearning for former scenes and friendships, more distressing than any bodily ailment or anxiety, and known among schoolboys as home-sickness.

We will not spoil a day's sport by a long discourse on these topics, but should it fall to the lot of any one of our brother authors, or (we hope) still more numerous young readers, ever to find himself in a strange country as an emigrant, if with slender fortunes and desponding prospects, he casts a longing regret at the schoolboy days, never more to come over again, let him take heart from the Latin Grammar of his youth, and perverting a passage from syntax for his own consolation, ejaculate, "*Major sum quam cui possit Maori nocere!*" Well, after all, I'll never give in to a New Zealander!

E. B. F.

DARTMOOR.

Dartmoor,—that dreary but interesting waste,—is said to comprise no less than 130,000 acres, of which 50,000 are included in the Forest of Dartmoor, belonging to the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall. A mass of hills like Dartmoor in the centre of the county, with scarcely any high ground on either side (thus having by no means the appearance of a continuous ridge extending east and west), shews surely that there must have been at a remote period some violent convulsion of Nature that has thus thrown these hills abruptly up. This appearance that the moor has, of suddenly rising from the surrounding country, is most marked on the north about Oakhampton.

The chief line of Watershed is in the north quarter. The Dartmoor streams, not to mention innumerable rivulets, are ten: the Dart, Taw, Teign, Tavy, Okement, Lyd, Avon, Erme, Plym, and Yealm; of these the first six rise in the north quarter, and the last four in the table land in the south quarter. Of the first six, four may be almost said to rise within a square mile, viz. the Taw, Tavy, Dart, and Okement. Cranmere Pool was at one time thought to have been the source of these streams; but the Okement is the only one that actually rises in it. Cranmere Pool is about 220 yards in circumference, of an oval form. About forty years ago it was full, to a level with the surrounding plain; but the ground is now broken out on the north side, and the water entirely drained off. The opening, which is a deep fissure between the masses of peat, does not exceed 18 inches. It was after a long drought in the last summer that I saw it, when there was no sign of water in it.

If we take a ride across Dartmoor we come upon many curious relics and monuments; albeit glimpses of the human face divine will be few and far between. Not that it was always so tenantless; for, according to Polwhele, Dartmoor was once peopled; and there are extant curious accounts of "winged "serpents in the low, and wolves in the high, lands,"—exchanged in these degenerate and unadventurous days, for midges in the swamps and sheep on the Tors.

Perhaps the word Tor may puzzle any but an indigenous reader. For the benefit of others we must explain that it is the granite point or heap on the top of the hills, so called from its frequent resemblance to a tower. From most of these you get a fine expansive view, if it is not raining; but that is a very rare *if!* Indeed Tavistock, on the borders of Dartmoor, has been ascertained by the rain-guage to be the second wettest town in

England,—Keswick, in Cumberland, which has the same attractions for moisture (viz. vicinity to the sea and the hills) being the first. Our witty monarch, Charles II. "who never did a "wise thing, and never said a foolish one," being once congratulated by a courtier on its being a fine day, is said to have thus curtly expressed his moist recollections of Dartmoor, "Ah! "but it is raining at Tavistock." To compensate, however, when you do get a fine day, it is most enjoyable, and hunters say, that there is nothing more intoxicating to men, hounds, and horses (perhaps we had better leave the poor fox out of the question), than a meet on Sharpitor or Leather Tor, and a good burst over the moor afterwards. There is something in the fine bracing air which makes one sing, and even the unmusical venture on a low hum or mild whistle; that is to say, of course, if his horse does not put back his ears viciously, and shew a disposition to kick his neighbours, in which case he had better trot home quietly, before he is anathematised.

Exciting enough truly it is; and yet how degenerate from the ancestral chase after the wild boar, bear, wolf, and moose-deer, which are said to have abounded in Dartmoor forest, and were hunted by a particular species of dog called the Slough hound; probably somewhat of the same species as the dogs trained to hunt the poor fugitive negroes across the swamps of the Carolinas.

Leaving our sporting digression, let us resume our ramble or ride over this extensive waste twenty miles long, and, in some parts, about eleven wide, and varying in an undulating rather than abrupt surface, from four hundred to two thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea, the mean height being one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two feet. Nor will we stop till within sight of Crockern Tor, where the Stannary Courts were held within the memory of man, and where, some years back, traces could be discovered of the president's chair, jurors' seats, and court table, excavated in the moor stone on the summit.

If we go further back into antiquity and dive into the mystery shrouding the dark ages, we may discover numerous indications of these tors having been the scene of Druidical revelries, and of the sacrifices or rather butcheries which they were pleased to consider as religious worship.

The following is a description of the most striking of the monumental relics still existing on Dartmoor. The two Druidical or sacred circles, known as the Grey Wethers circles, are the largest in Devonshire; the circumference of each is three hundred and sixty feet. They almost touch each other. The sacred circle on Gidleigh common is three hundred feet in

circumference. The highest masses of granite in the circle are at opposite points; the highest eight feet, and the other about six feet. The *Rock Idol*, called Bowerman's Nose, near Manaton, is nearly forty feet in height. It consists of five masses of granite. There is a logan-stone, near Drewsteignton, in the bed of the Teign, and another near Rippon Tor, popularly known as the Nutcrackers; the last of these will not *logg*, which power has most probably been destroyed from wantonness. The Drewsteignton Cromlech consists of three unwrought upright stones supporting a fourth at the height of nearly seven feet from the ground. There are several rock basins to be seen on Dartmoor. The principal one is that on the top of Great Mistor. Its diameter is three feet and depth eight inches. It gives this tor the popular name of Mistor Pan. On Great Stapletor there is a rock basin, sixteen inches in diameter; and another on Little Stapletor, two feet in diameter. There are traces of rock basins on Vixen Tor. A *kistvaen* is a sarcophagus composed of four or five stones with a cover-stone, in which are supposed to have been deposited the ashes of the dead in the time of the ancient Britons. There is one near Houndtor within a circular enclosure, twenty yards in circumference. There is an aboriginal village near Great Mistor on the left side of the valley of the Walkham. The circumvallation is one hundred and seventy-five feet in diameter; within the enclosure there are hut circles. The stones are chiefly upright, not piled together. There is a fortified aboriginal village on the western side of Hamilton Down. The circumvallation encloses an area of about four acres. The breadth of the rampart at the base in some places is twenty feet.

It is very common to see between the hills, dead flats, which are peat bogs; among these Fox Tor Mire and Taw Marsh may be mentioned. I will here give a description of the formation of a peat bog, for which I am indebted to Mr. Tanner's prize essay. He says, "that these bogs are "accumulations of peaty matter, frequently of considerable "depth. They are generally found in basin-shaped cavities in "the rock, where the water which falls into them, as rain, cannot "obtain any exit but by evaporation; and consequently the soil "arising from the decomposition of granite becomes changed "into a white gritty clay: rushes and aquatic plants soon "occupy these spots. Year after year, as the season of spring "and autumn arrives, we have alternately the growth of new "plants and their decay. Their remains accumulate in the "bottom, and a spongy semi-fluid mass is thus produced, "admirably adapted for the growth of moss. The growth now "becomes more rapid, and the water being replaced by vegetable

" matter, a bog is formed, which finally becomes compressed " into a thick mass of peat. There is, however, a limit to this " formation, which is invariably regulated by the level of the " surrounding ground, for it cannot rise above the natural out- " fall for the water. In the lower portion of these bogs the " vegetable matter is completely decomposed into a very rich " soil." Some of these beds of peat are from twelve to fifteen feet deep.

In peat bogs, especially in Taw Marsh, trunks and roots of trees have been exhumed, thereby making it evident that more trees existed on the sides of the valleys than at present. These stumps are in general birch and oak, which have been preserved in the antiseptic soil. When the soil has been taken off, and these roots exposed to the air, they have been speedily hardened. How have these woods disappeared? Great quantities of them were burnt down by the Romans to drive the Britons from their last retreats. The tinners also required wood for their fusing operations.

The only old wood still existing is Wistman's or Wiseman's Wood, occupying a few acres on the left side of the valley of the West Dart, about a mile above Two-bridges. It is composed of stunted and gnarled oaks, seldom exceeding twelve feet in height. Wistman's wood is supposed to have been sacred to the Druids. The growth of moss and other parasitical plants on the limbs of these oaks is enormous. There is no visible soil, as the rocks cover the whole side of the hill, but the roots cling desperately to the bare face of the rocks. These trees are spoken of by Risdon as one of the three remarkable things in the Forest of Dartmoor. Crockern Tor, and Childe of Plymstock's Tomb, being the other two*.

Wistman's wood is a curious and unique feature: we must take great care that we do not walk over an oak, one of the hoary Patriarchs of the Forest, by mistake, in our search for it and its brethren; for the wood being situated on the side of a hill, against which, by the action of the wind, the old veterans have been closely hugged; and moreover being interspersed with huge boulders of granite rock, one may unawares be lodged, à la Charles II. in the topmost branches, thinking all the time that one's foot has only hitched in an unusually tough bit of fern or heath. But let not their dwarfish appearance induce you to

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* Childe was a hunter who lost his way, and was frozen to death on the Moor,—it is said the following verses were once to be read on his tomb:—

" They fyrste that fyndes and bringes mee to my grave,
" The priorie of Plimstoke they shall have."—— *See* RISDON.

The men of Tavistock are said to have carried away his body over Guile-bridge, for the purpose of concealing their design from the men of Plymstock.

despise them as striplings; a section of one of their trunks has disclosed above two hundred and fifty rings (each ring supposed to represent a year). Its heart, blackened and hardened like a slave driver's, is capable of a high polish, and of being worked to look like black marble. Indeed, the altar of Cologne Cathedral, which is made of black and white marble, has been beautifully and closely imitated, not long since, in the live and bog oak of Dartmoor, and the copy now stands as a communion table. In the summer, much cattle may be seen upon Dartmoor; every landowner round about having a right to turn out, for summer pasturage, as many head of cattle as his farm will maintain in the winter; these are called Venville tenants. Should any one be cunning in flocks and herds,—by which we mean a prime judge of the meat,—let him be advised to cultivate an early and close acquaintance with Dartmoor mutton—small and dark; it is no exaggeration to say venison sinks in comparison, unless flanked by the powerful assistance of currant jelly.

But these quiet and bucolic haunts were once the scene of the courtier and gallant; nay, it was even anticipated that Royalty itself might have graced its hills. Vain expectation! Short lived grandeur! Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt having obtained from the Prince Regent a grant of many hundred acres, on a long lease, built himself a mansion at Tor Royal, close to Prince's Town, made extensive plantations, and considerably improved the land; then, tired of his plaything, he left it never to return. By his suggestion, in 1808, during the Peninsular War, a prison was built for the reception of the numerous French captives who had hitherto crowded the prison ships in Plymouth Harbour,—not an unhealthy place of confinement by any means, as the medical returns have fully proved; but to a Frenchman, that peculiarly gregarious and sociable animal, an essentially "*whisht*" abode. Some years ago we remember meeting a French gentleman, who had for a short time been confined as a prisoner of war in Dartmoor Prison. A shudder came over him, even in the gay assembly room where we met, as he recalled the "melancholy and suicide-inducing" prospect of his quondam abode. Perhaps, had he seen it as a free man, he would have converted those epithets into "invigorating and bracing." It is now again used as a prison, but of a different nature, being a Government convict establishment on a large scale, with a fair prospect of being self-supporting.

In conclusion, we remark that whatever the champions of Exmoor may say for its rounded outline and magnificent coast, yet that in *points* of excellence Dartmoor stands highest. Dunkery Beacon, the highest point of Exmoor, is 1668 feet above the level of the sea, on which many points of Dartmoor look down, such

as Yes Tor, 2050 feet; Fur Tor 2000; Great Mistor, 1760; Hamilton Down, 1738. The varied outline of Dartmoor makes it an object of unusual beauty in English scenery, and forms the distance in the picture of most of our loveliest views in North and South Devon. The fishing and shooting should not be forgotten; and although we do not further allude to the scenery of the Dart and other rivers, we recommend our readers to visit Dartmoor without delay, and judge for themselves of its beauties.

EXMOOR.

" I see a spacious, coarse, barren and wild object yielding little comfort by his " rough, cold, and rigorous complexion."——WESTCOTE'S DEVONSHIRE, p. 89.

IN this our first periodical we are desirous to take a glance at our neighbours, with a view of " peeping over their hedges to " see what they are doing," and thus to profit by their examples good or bad. And as Exmoor, with the new and old clothing upon its surface, is not the least interesting feature of our northern district, let us glance at the " past, present, and future " of these hill lands.

The Past.—Time was, when Exmoor was a desolate wild, a forest without a tree, road, or even building (beyond a cottage or two, where now stands the village of Simonsbath), a resort for the " Doons of Badgery," and the smuggler, or a hiding place for the outlaw; but time rolled on, and there came the age for agricultural enterprise. About forty years since, the moor began to pass from the wild state to the civilised, having become the property of the late John Knight, Esq., who commenced his enclosures with great spirit; the boundary wall alone being full forty miles in length.

Then followed the extensive outlay in permanent improvements: by draining, fencing, building, and road-making,—unfortunately omitting the much-to-be-desired object of planting, upon the Scotch plan, " broad belts," from 50 to 80 yards wide, which would have proved of great use in breaking the force of storms, and in defending the neighbouring cultivated land from the wind.

The Present.—Since the preceding movements were taken in hand, the estate has been under the management of its present

owner, Frederic Winn Knight, Esq., M.P., who, subsequently to the erection of certain farm houses and cottages, and the formation of roads, engaged the able services of Mr. Robert Smith, from Lincolnshire, as resident agent, with a view to more extended enterprise in the cultivation and tenanting of the farms. This is being carried out, and men of standing have been introduced, who have done much to change the "rugged jacket" of the moor into verdant fields. Still this process is a costly one, only brought to successful results by liberal covenants, long leases, and ample capital to stock the grasses when they have been so far improved. In saying this we "bide our time" for the appearance of Mr. Smith's prize essay on the "Bringing of "Moor Land into Cultivation," and hope to draw largely from its pages for our next Year Book.

As our space prevents a lengthened discourse upon the agricultural improvements on Exmoor, we earnestly suggest a ride to the moor to view its farms and farming, as also its mines and mining. A word upon the mines, which now seem likely to "yield great comfort" to the proprietor of the moor, may not be out of place, or uninteresting to our readers in the North,—assuming that Exmoor and its neighbouring hills are destined to become a great mining district.

During the lifetime of the late Mr. Knight, it was well known that a certain amount of ironstone existed upon the property (as was evidenced by the old workings of the Romans or Ancient Britons), but in his days the puzzle was:—How can it be got to market? Such were the iron prospects, until the year 1854, when the present owner, induced by the increased and increasing demand for ironstone, took the matter up, and directed his agent to make suitable researches, with a view to its being brought prominently before the public. The result is that the whole property is now let to three large and enterprising iron companies from the South Wales and North of England districts.

A peep into these mines, shafts, or levels, would interest the inquirer, and repay a trip to Exmoor. There are now full one hundred miners at work driving levels, sinking shafts, and raising ore, to be laid on the bank, in full anticipation of the railway "that *is* to be!" Of this display of ore, we may venture to remark that some thousands of tons are now raised, and these of the richest possible quality, as shewn by analysis of the different specimens assayed.

The Future.—Next comes the *real* and often asked question,—How shall it be transported to market? The answer *now* is certainly "by rail!" A second question arises:—But who shall make it? and when, and to where? Another question

then is asked :—If the rail is made, will it bring lime and coal, in return for the mineral, for the use of the North Country farmers ?

To these queries a whisper from the moor says,—All will be done, and quickly : surveys have already been made to the ports of Lynmouth and Porlock, and every step has been taken in furtherance of the desired end ;—but time, in so bold an outlay and enterprise, must be allowed for its contract and completion.

Not the least encouraging feature of the new state of things that is daily adding fresh interest to Exmoor, is the erection of a new and suitable church for the accommodation and " moral " mine " of its increasing population. This valued edifice, and the resident clergyman, will be just in time to offer " a word in " season " to the miner and his associates, as also to those who have so long had the misfortune to reside here without these blessings. As a further proof of the rising progress of Exmoor, there are fifteen miners' cottages being built, a new school for eighty children, and a shop for merchandise.

We here extract from De la Bêche's " Geological Report on " Devon, Cornwall, and West Somerset," an account of the extent and height of the hills of Exmoor :—

" Exmoor, with that part of the adjoining country which " form a portion of the same mass of elevated land, extends " from the valley of Stogumber and Crowcombe, separating it " from the Quantock Hills on the east, to the Hangman Hills. " on the Bristol Channel, near Combe Martin, on the west. " Near the latter place this high land forms a point, whence it " sweeps to the south-east by a curved line, passing Parracombe, " Chapman Barrows, Span Head, and North Molton Ridge. " Its southern boundary ranges from thence, by Molland Down, " Dulverton Common, and Haddon Down to Heydon Down, " and Main Down, near Wiveliscombe, whence the high land " trends away to the Stogumber and Crowcombe Valley, part of " which so rises between the Exmoor mass of high land and the " Quantock Hills as to throw the drainage of water in opposite " directions. The highest portion of this elevated land is " Dunkery Beacon, on the south of Porlock, which rises to the " height of 1668 feet above the level of the sea. On the west, " Chapman's Barrows attain the height of 1540 feet, Span Head, " east north-east of High Bray, a height of 1610 feet above the " same level ; along the southern boundary, the southern end of " North Molton Ridge rises to an elevation of 1413 feet above " the sea, and Haddon Hill, on the east of Dulverton, 1140 feet. " The hills and cliffs bordering the Bristol Channel, and consti- " tuting a portion of the general Exmoor high land, from " Minehead to Combmartin, attain somewhat corresponding

" heights, forming a coast remarkable for its general elevation, " and the sub-alpine character of some of its valleys, as, for " example, those near Lynton."

It is remarked by one contributor to our Year Book that Devonshire is famous for three things: on three things the fame of Exmoor has hitherto rested, ponies, sheep, and red deer. As to the ponies we must refer our readers to another part of this work, where they will find an account of them under the head of " North Devon Stock."

The sheep we think can be hardly so profitable to the farmers off the moor as some other breeds might be, but as to Exmoor mutton, epicures will bear testimony to its excellent qualities. It is the custom of the farmers, who keep this horned breed, to summer their sheep on the moor at a small expense, and, on their return, they naturally become discontented with their closer confinement, and are very troublesome to keep within the bounds of the small North Devon fields. Perhaps this leaping, roving propensity may, in some measure, account for the marvellous size of the fences in these parts.

The red deer, extinct, in their wild state, in all other parts of England, have found a last home amongst the wilds of Exmoor. We read that about the year 1711, " The principal resorts of the " deer were the covers on the banks of the Tamar, the Tavy, the " Plym, the Teign, and the Tor, in Holt Chase, and on the " sides of Dartmoor Forest. When pressed by the hounds they " often went to sea in Torbay." The deer are still preserved in the Forest of Exmoor, and are yet to be found in goodly herds, though not in such numbers, as in days gone by.

But now the march of cultivation that is going on, such as the enclosure of commons, reclaiming waste land, &c. threatens extirpation to them, even here. It is indeed with regret that we find them assailed by the hand of the husbandman, rather than by that of the hunter bold, for in every age the pursuit of the wild stag has always been attended with something grand and majestic. The pace of the hounds being now much increased, a stag hunting day at present is a good deal shorter than in old times, for we do not think that a peg has lately been placed where they left the scent over-night, with a view to going on with their work again next morning,—a joke told of those stag-hunters who were accustomed to close their day with the " rising " of the moon." *Stalking the deer* is the fashionable pursuit in Scotland. Uncarting the deer for " a run " is the amusement of the Midland Counties: but the *rousing* of a noble and royal stag on the forest of Exmoor,—that is the " pleasure and pastime " of the men of North Devon and West Somerset, who would alike disdain to shoot a deer, or to go one yard to be present at the

un-carting of a tame stag,—the most artificial system to which our mighty hunters have stooped. And here we are enabled to insert the account of a run with Lord Fortescue's staghounds, taken from the MS. records of the chase at Castle Hill. The following run took place on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1815:—
" Met at Cutcombe (near Porlock), tried the Oaktrow and
" Cutcombe covers without finding. Then went over Dunkery
" and tufted Cloutsham,—found immediately,—laid on at Lang-
" combe Head at half-past one; went off over Oare common as if
" making for Badgeworthy, turned to the left, over Lucott moor,
" to Exe Cleave, over the Exe by Honymede to the Barle, at
" Cow Castle, over Shirdown, across the Hurdown water to
" Filelon Ridge, through the Darlick enclosures, into Longwood;
" to Mines Wood, Hasely Hill, over South Radworthy Down,
" through the wood to the Mole, up to North Molton town,
" through the church-yard, across the Hasely Mill road, to Venn
" Bottom; here the hounds faulted, but soon hit it off along
" the road, through the Nadred and Nabscot grounds to Brayley
" Bridge, down the river to the park, up to the North Gate,
" through Lower Beer to the Quarry; turned to the left, through
" Winslade and the Dark-lane wood, across the lawn, up the
" broad walk by the arch to the Out Barton; then leaving
" Hudscot on the right to Water lake Brake, where the scent
" growing very cold, and hearing the deer was half an hour
" before us, we despaired of killing him; but while the hounds
" were at fault, we saw him coming towards us (having been
" blanched by some one forward), and we quickly lifted the
" hounds—ran him to Meath Bridge on the Mole, then down the
" river to Saturleigh Marsh, where we put him up under a bush;
" killed him at twenty-five minutes after six.—The longest chase
" ever remembered. A four-year old deer. Nine couple in at
" the death." From Porlock to Saturleigh, even in a straight line, is a distance of more than twenty miles.

Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, is the first person to whom the possession of this pack has been distinctly traced. The Earl of Orford was the next proprietor of the hounds; then Mr. Dyke, of Holnicot; after him, Sir Thomas Acland; then Colonel Basset; then the late Sir Thomas Acland; then Colonel Basset again. The late Lord Fortescue took the field for one season; then the hounds were kept by subscription, under the management of Mr. Worth, and subsequently in the same manner by Lord Graves. In 1812, they were given up to Lord Fortescue, who hunted them at his own expense till the close of 1818, when they once more became a subscription pack, under the management of Mr. Lucas, of Baron's Down, near

Dulverton, at whose resignation the pack was sold and sent to Germany.

The present pack, entitled the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, are kept by Captain Fenwick, of Pixton Park, Dulverton, whose desire to shew sport and a "kill," can be only equalled by Mr. Froude Bellew, the master of the North Devon fox-hounds.

Besides stag-hunting, let us enumerate some of the other good things, as a set-off against the long winter's fogs and altitude of Exmoor. Woodcocks and snipe are found in abundance, and black game is also plentiful. The fishing is excellent; and though last, not least, Mr. Gilbert's merry harriers shew many an excellent day's sport on the moor, particularly round Challa combe, which, however, is not within the forest. A gallop with these harriers adds much to a visit to the moor; for not only is there the pack to be admired, and the pleasure of seeing them hunting on this wild ground, and hearing them awake the echoes of the deep gorges, again and again, with their cheerful music; but on coming to the top of some steep hill,—and here perchance forced to draw rein and breathe his panting horse,

> "So shrewdly on the mountain side
> Had the bold burst his mettle tried,"

the rider will find abundant occupation in looking around him on the wondrous panorama which unfolds itself to his view, when perhaps he expects only a greater extent of

> "The dreary, dreary moorland."

The Bristol Channel beneath him, the Welch hills opposite, and the situations of all the places of interest on the North Devon coast, visible from his elevated position. Lynton, Great Hangman Hill marking the position of Combmartin, of whose silver mines we read that they were "wrought in the time of Edward I., "but in the tumultuous reign of his son they might chance to "be forgotten, until Edward III., who, in his French conquest, "made good use of them, and so did Henry V.;"—Ilfracombe; Morthoe, where lies buried Sir William Tracy, one of those four knights who murdered Thomas à Beckett; the sand hills of Braunton Burrows, Barnstaple, Bideford, Clovelly, Hartland, and, beside all these, the "Island of Lundy lying near this "county in the Severn Sea."

To any future visitor to the moor, whether hunter, shooter, fisher, or lover of Nature, we are enabled to give a bit of good news, that it is in contemplation to erect a good and substantial inn at Simonsbath, which, from its proximity to Lynmouth, will doubtless induce many persons to visit it.

As many persons "scorn the idea of speaking of Exmoor in "the same breath with Dartmoor," we must remind them of the magnificent scenery around Lynton and Lynmouth, of the Valley of Rocks, and of the valleys of the East and West Lynn. Though Exmoor is wanting in those rugged Tors, which are such a beautiful feature in the granite formation of Dartmoor, yet the rounded hills, the frequent ravines, the majestic sea-coast, would scarcely allow us to place it second in beauty to Dartmoor, even if stag-hunting had not secured its unrivalled superiority!

POULTRY.

Mr. Editor,

Having been asked to contribute a few hints upon Poultry to the "West Buckland Year Book," I am happy to communicate any knowledge that I have acquired on the subject, hoping it may be of use to you, though I wish you had asked an abler pen than mine to perform the task.

I will divide my remarks into two parts: First, a description of a few of the best breeds; and, secondly, the rules for their management.

The Spanish is a very fine breed; it did not originate in Spain, but was imported there from the East, or as it has been affirmed by some persons, from the West Indies, by Spanish merchants. The Spanish fowls are very handsome: the principal points of the cock are its rich black plumage, tinted with green when seen in a bright light; its *perfectly* white earlobes, which contrast so well with its plumage; and fine single comb, giving it a very noble appearance. A full grown cock weighs 7 lb., and stands from 21 to 22 inches in height. The hen, which weighs 6 lb., and stands 19 inches, is also very handsome: the comb often droops over, and gives it a graceful look; in colour it is like the cock. My six hens have laid two hundred and fifty-three eggs in seven months, which shews them to be one of the most profitable kinds of fowls: they are good eating, but not equal in that respect to the Dorking. The hens will not sit, and though their eggs are very fine, and larger, and more plentiful than those of the Dorking, I do not recommend them as an only breed, but if several sorts are kept, the Spanish fowls are a valuable addition to the poultry-yard; the chickens are not delicate, and they are not so subject to the roup and other diseases as lighter varieties.

The Dorking is now a very favourite breed, and is certainly one of the most useful; there are several varieties; the principal are the speckled, white, silver, and red. The prize lists shew that both cocks and hens attain the weight of from 8 to 10 lb. respectively. All the fowls of the Dorking breed should be short and square built. The speckled cock should have saddle and hackle creamish white; breast and tail, black; the hens speckled black, white and brown, or neck light, breast orange, and back fawn colour. The silver and red are rather different from the speckled. The white are extremely pretty, pure white, with double combs: they lay well, and are admirable sitters. Some people have found them delicate, but mine have been more hardy than the speckled. All Dorkings are very good layers and sitters; a pullet of seven months old laid twenty-four eggs at one laying, two of which weighed 2½ and 3 oz. One of my Dorking hens, after sitting three weeks, and the eggs failing, sat another three weeks, and brought up a brood of chickens, but they will not always do this; some have spoilt the eggs by not sitting properly, one in particular, not content with spoiling her own eggs, disturbed another hen which was sitting in the same house, and raked all the eggs and straw on to the ground, upon which, the hen which was disturbed, took to the eggs the other had left. The chicks are hardy, but the Dorkings are more subject to diseases than other fowls, particularly to the roup. The eggs are large, and the fowls are very good eating. Five toes in a Dorking are indispensable; instances of six toes have been known. My thirty Dorking hens have laid 1779 eggs in nine months.

The varieties of the Hamburgh fowl are very numerous, the three most particular being the gold and silver spangled, and the silver-pencilled. The gold-spangled is not very common; the cock should weigh 5½ lb., the hen 4½ lb. The only difference between the gold and silver spangled is the colour. The silver spangled cock is very handsome, hackle and saddle striped in the middle of each feather with black; breast and tail spangled; the hen should be accurately spangled; both male and female should have double combs; the hens lay good-sized eggs, sit well, and are well fitted for the table. The pencilled Hamburghs, or Dutch everyday layers, are a much smaller variety; the cock should have hackle, saddle, and breast white, slightly marked with red in the wings; the hen, breast slightly marked with black, neck white, and the rest of the body correctly pencilled. The eggs are small, but the hens lay for two or three days successively, they do not sit, they are very healthy, and the chicks are hardy. My twelve Hamburghs laid 738 eggs in eight months.

There are three varieties of Polish fowls, the gold and silver spangled, and the black. The gold spangled cock has a chesnut-coloured crest, with a few white feathers; sickle feathers brown, hackle and saddle gold colour. The hen, breast, neck, and back spangled, tail and wing feathers laced; the silver are the same, only white instead of gold colour. The comb and wattles of this variety are small. The black Polish cock is very handsome; it has a white topknot with black feathers in front, the rest of the plumage is black, the comb consists only of a few spikes. The hens resemble the cock, with the exception of the top-knots, which are more massive, and the wattles smaller; the eggs are a good size; the chicks are very delicate for three months, but the birds, when full grown, are not very subject to any disease, and are excellent eating; the hens will not sit. My ten hens laid 521 eggs from March to September inclusive.

The Cochin Chinas are not much thought of now; there are several varieties, viz.: the white, black, dun, and buff; they are considered to lay better than any other breed; they are rather coarse eating, except when young; the white are very curious, having yellow beaks. There is nothing particular to remark about the Malay or Game fowl, indeed the limits of this paper will not allow me to notice more than the principal breeds.

The charming diminutive breed of bantams must claim a few moments' attention: the chief varieties are the gold and silver Sebright, the spangled, the yellow, the black, and the white. The two Sebrights are extremely pretty; the cock should weigh about 16 oz. and the hen 2 or 3 oz. less. The ground colour of the male and female is a gold brownish yellow; every feather should be correctly edged with black; they should have double combs. The silver are the same in every respect except the ground colour. The cock should not have saddle, hackle, or sickle feathers, and the wings should droop. The spangled are rather different. The black or raven are like the Spanish in miniature, but they have double combs. The plumage of the yellow, or Nankin cock, consists of various colours: black, yellow, and chesnut; the hens are yellow. There is nothing to remark about the white. The bantams are hardy, and are good layers and sitters. One of my bantams, when only six months old, laid 47 eggs at one laying; my seven hens in seven months laid 222 eggs. When the lacing of the feathers disappears, or the comb becomes single, it is a sure sign the breed is degenerating.

Ducks.

The Aylesbury is the only variety that I keep: plumage white, bill light yellow, legs orange. These ducks are good layers and sitters, and are excellent for eating. My ducks are laying now

(November); one egg weighed $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. and one $5\frac{1}{2}$. The Rouen is a useful and hardy duck, and is very large. The Muscovy, or more properly, the musk duck, can be fatted to an enormous size.

On the Management.

To keep poultry in good health, the houses should be well ventilated with wire windows and doors, having wooden shutters and doors, which can be shut in cold weather. The houses should be kept very clean, and swept out every day; the floor should be dry soil or bricks, and the walls should be lime, or whitewashed every year, particularly if the fowls have had any infectious disorder. The poultry should have as much liberty as possible—the run of a farm-yard is an excellent thing for them.

If you keep several breeds, they should be separated by wood or wire-work, and each kind should be allowed to run out every day by turns. In summer, the fowls like to roost out of doors, or under an open shed. Scraps from the dinner-table, and bones mixed with meal, is the best food for them; but barley is more usually given: the water provided for their drinking should be kept clean. The perches for roosting should be square, and only a few feet from the ground, as they are apt to injure themselves in flying from a height; the laying boxes should be on the ground, lined with straw or dry moss. Chloride of lime should be frequently used about the houses and yard. Care must be taken not to disturb a hen while sitting; and the chicks, when hatched, should be fed upon rice and chopped eggs five or six times a day, and, when a few weeks old, with meat.

The Diseases.

The worst and most common is the roup. It is difficult to get rid of it from the yard; it appears in the earlobes and wattles; the birds mope, and there is a great discharge from the nostrils and mouth. The best medicines for it are gentian, hydriodate of potash, rue and butter in pills, &c. and occasionally a small dose of antimony; but, as it is a poison, care must be taken how it is given. The head and face should be frequently washed with warm water, and sick fowls must be kept separate from the others. Other diseases are the gapes, pip, gout, and heart complaint. Peppercorns, flour of sulphur, brimstone, and jalap, are good for these complaints. For the gapes, take a fine brush, dip it in oil, and twist it round inside the bird's throat.

The best breeds for those who wish to combine usefulness and show are the Dorking, Spanish, Polish, and Hamburghs; but for people who keep a few hens for laying and sitting, I should recommend the Dorking, or a cross between Dorking and Cochin, or Spanish and Cochin. Mr. Baily's fountain is very useful for

the fowls to drink out of, as it prevents the birds washing in the water. I hope I shall not have tired my readers with this paper, but I have only stated a few facts which are necessary for everyone who keeps poultry to know.

Yours,

AN AMATEUR.

ON PIG FEEDING.

Mr. EDITOR,

I happened, the other day, to meet with an improvement in the manner of keeping and feeding pigs, and as it seemed to me deserving of notice, and as I never remember seeing it in your remote regions of North Devon, I resolved to write the method of it to you, thinking that it might be acceptable as a page in your West Buckland Year Book.

It consists of a dry pit, varying in size from that of a large sty, to a roomy abode, thirty or forty feet long by fifteen or twenty feet broad, according to the number of pigs to be kept, and from three to six feet deep. It is paved, and the sides are bricked all round, and a wall is built round it, to prevent animals falling in; making the whole depth, from the top of the wall to the bottom of the pit, from six to ten feet. The only access is by a ladder, down which the pigs are carried, when young; in fact, many are born there, and never leave it till the time comes for their transformation into pork or bacon. All the manure from the stable-yard, &c. is thrown down, and when the pit is nearly full, it is all cleared out, and the pigs descend again to the bottom. A small shed is formed by laying a few boards across one corner, and covering them with straw. It is, in fact, a sunken straw-yard.

The advantages of the plan are three-fold: in the first place it makes much better manure than any other plan. Secondly, it is warmer, and much less exposed; and, lastly, and most important, the pigs become fat in half the time, their life being spent in calm repose; and they are better able to devote all their energies to the one great object of their existence, namely, getting into the fattest possible condition in the shortest possible time, not to mention the great advantage of their being entirely kept out of mischief.

An inclined plane, closed at one end, might be made to run down to it, the more easily to carry down their food and to wheel them up when they are to be killed. It might also be fitted with moveable hurdles to divide off one set of pigs from

another if necessary, or, instead of one large pit, several small and separate ones might be made, as sties, communicating with a straw-pit common to all. Care must be taken not to throw down weeds or green things, as the pigs are very sure to lie in the hottest part, and burn themselves, as happened to some pigs I knew.

In flat countries these may be expensive, and indeed often impossible, but in Devonshire, I suppose that there are few farms that are not within reach of an old quarry or some such place, almost ready made, and which would, of course, require no brick-work: only care must be taken that the earth and stones from above are not likely to slip in.

I hope you will think this letter worth inserting in your work, and, if not, pray do not scruple to lay it aside.

Believe me, yours truly,

A WELL-WISHER TO DEVONSHIRE PIGS, &c.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

A TALE, FROM CAMPBELL.

THE incidents in the following tale are connected with the desolation of Wyoming by the Indians, which took place in the year 1778.

This peaceful and happy colony, situated on the Susquehanna, with its forests, mountains, and plains, was the fairest spot in Pennsylvania. The voice of war and crime had only been heard there in the echo of transatlantic tales. Nor had this simple people need of magistrates and prisons. Though the colony was composed of men of various European lands, they needed none to settle the differences which rarely arose, save one old man. Albert, the "gentle Pennsylvanian Sire," was the patriarch of Wyoming.

He dwelt alone with his beautiful and only child, the motherless Gertrude. His principal and happy occupation was the education of this daughter, to whom he taught the simple prayer of childhood, and the holy lessons from the Sacred Book. Thus Gertrude lived in seclusion, and such was her home, when she had reached her ninth year.

Sitting together at the door of their cottage towards the close of a summer day, they saw, swiftly approaching, a fair Christian boy led by a swarthy Indian, "like morning brought by night."

The Oneyda chief thus addressed the Christian planter, while

his hand rested on the child's head, whose look was pensive for one so young:—"Christian, I come in peace, thy foes are mine! "Three months ago we launched our pirogues on the Michigan, "to hunt the bison with the Hurons, who professed themselves "our friends; suddenly we were aroused by their war cry. We "hastened to your countrymen, but reached the fort too late to "save them from destruction, though the coward Hurons fell as "foxes beneath our revenging stroke. We rescued, however, a "lonely mother, the survivor of that Christian band, whom they "had bound with her child; but the tenderest care of our maidens "availed not to save her life—she died; but dying bade us bring "this ring to thee, and pray thee to convey to his English home "the orphan child of Waldegrave's Julia; and I, who am the "eagle of my tribe, have brought the lonely dove to thee."

Albert tenderly embraced the child of his old friend, and warmly thanked the Indian, who, as he prepared to go, after having partaken of Albert's hospitality, sang to the boy a wild song of farewell. Albert watched him depart, and often afterwards, as evening closed in, waited in hope to see him return; but he never saw Outalissi come back over the bright waters of the Susquehanna.

Henry Waldegrave wandered in the meadows and woods with Gertrude, and knelt by her side at Albert's knee, till the old man found an aged minister, who took him to England, whither he was himself returning.

Although she had lived and been brought up amid the lovely scenery of Wyoming, still sunrise carried Gertrude's thoughts to the land of her father's and mother's birth—that England which she had never seen. But she did not wish or sigh for change; her only care and thought was for her father's happiness, and her greatest amusement was to carry her book to the wildest bower in the deep valley below Albert's cottage, where, with no companions but the birds which sang among the flowers, she laughed and wept unheard.

Here she sat one day, with Shakspeare open before her, when a youthful stranger approached her from the forest. He watched her in silent admiration for some time, till she raised her head, and saw the noble form before her. His dress betokened him to be of Spanish birth. "I seek," said he, "the way to the "Patriarch Albert's home."

She pointed towards her father's dwelling, to which the stranger quickly turned. Gertrude soon followed him, and found him and her father in earnest conversation. Their guest had travelled much, and had profited by all he had seen. He also spoke of England, and Gertrude, as she watched him, trembled with strange

doubt and wonder. Her father presently inquired if while in England he had heard of Henry Waldegrave, who, when a child of twelve years old, had been sent to England, and who was as a son to himself and a brother to Gertrude. The wanderer quickly hid his face, but not ere Gertrude caught the smile. "It is!" she cried, "I knew him; it is Waldegrave himself!" And Henry threw himself into the old man's arms.

When they had recovered from their emotion, he entreated forgiveness for having come to them in disguise, as he had not dared to come in his own name, lest he should have heard sorrowful tidings of those he dearest loved, and of her whom he came to claim. Their happiness was completed when Albert consented that Gertrude should become Henry's bride.

Scarcely had three months passed since Waldegrave had called Gertrude his own, when a rumour of war reached the valley of Wyoming! It was almost the first anxiety of Gertrude's life, when she became aware that Henry might be called upon to leave her for the battle-field. The thought of dangers he might have to encounter, filled her waking and sleeping thoughts. Day by day Henry cheered her foreboding heart with his own sanguine hopes; and, as time passed on, Gertrude became more reconciled to the idea of her husband's departure.

One evening, when darkness had set in, and the blazing logs shed a warm light around, an old Indian burst in upon them, and fell prostrate on the ground. After awhile their care restored the famished man. He grasped good Albert's hand; but Albert did not recognise him. "Hast thou forgotten me, "oh Christian chief? Then bring my boy, for he will know "his deliverer!" Henry flew to his loved Oneyda with a cry of welcome. The Indian gave a searching look, and said, "It is— "my own!" and clasped him to his heart. He began fondly to recall the former journey to Albert's home, as Gertrude kindly ministered to his wants; but suddenly starting, he exclaimed, "This is no time for thought of peace! I am the only Oneyda "left—my tribe have been massacred—awake and watch, or see "no morning light—Brandt and his warriors are coming!" He had scarcely spoken before warlike sounds too clearly convinced his hearers of their danger. Gertrude did not quail as Henry arrayed himself in sword and plume, and gave a last embrace. But close at hand a war-drum shook the glade, and to their joy they found a friendly host approaching, and already between them and their enemies. As they gathered round, old Albert laid one hand on Gertrude, and with the other beckoned to the crowd for silence, while he offered a short and earnest prayer.

Outalissi now bade them all hasten towards a fort occupied by Europeans. And Gertrude calmly turned to leave the home of her childhood; it was only as she knelt at her mother's grave that her tears fell fast. As she moved amongst them, the wildest of those warriors paid her unconscious homage, softening their rough voices as they approached her.

At length they reached the tower in which they hoped age and beauty might find shelter. The fight was raging in the plain below them, an awful scene of blood and carnage. Gertrude stood supported by Henry's arm, when a volley from the enemy, hidden in ambush, fell thick around; her venerable father was mortally wounded. She threw her arms around him and fainted. With horror Waldegrave sees blood flowing from Albert's wound; but not alone from his—Gertrude is struck—she bleeds! In touching accents, soft and gentle as herself, she bade him weep no more, and told him how she loved him still. And when she no longer breathed, the sweet expression still lingered on her pale features.

The solemn rites were performed over father and daughter—"lovely in life, in death not divided"—and Henry, in mute grief, threw himself on the grave which held the two dearest beings he had loved on earth.

Outalissi watched the heaving sobs which shook his frame, and to the wild music of his woods sang words with which he hoped to soothe, till grief subdued the eagle of the wild Oneyda tribe; and he ended his song, according to the superstition of his tribe, with a cry, that the spirit of his father bade him weep no more, bade him thirst only for the battle-field, and dry the first and only tears which had ever dimmed Outalissi's eyes—

> "Because he might not stain with grief
> The death-song of an Indian chief."

TO THE GUARDS RETURNING FROM THE CRIMEA.

Welcome home, ye crowned with glory,
Guards of England's mighty Queen,
Bearing banners stained and gory,
Arms bereft of peaceful sheen.

Deem us not the stony-hearted
If we raise no joyous cry;
For we think of the departed,
Who went forth alas! to die.

Many broken-hearted mothers
Mourn the best-beloved son;
Loving fathers, sisters, brothers
Weep for him whose course is run.

First upon the lists of Glory,
Foremost on the scroll of Fame,
Ye have written Alma's story,
And of Inkermann the name.

Sleep, ye gallant heroes, lightly
On the far Crimean plain,
Your example, shining brightly,
Cheers us till we meet again.

W. G. C. E.

A TRUE STORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Fierce raged the fight on Zorndorff's plain,
The bullets fell like molten rain ;
Among the gallant hosts, on high,
Immortal Frederick's banners fly.
Borne bravely by the youngest hand,
Boy champion of that hero band ;
A child in years, yet none more brave
This day shall find a soldier's grave.
The fatal bullets round him fly,
His dearest comrades round him die ;
He sees them fall, yet wavers not,
Nor falters from th' appointed spot ;
But waves the eagles of the band,
And cries " God save our Fatherland !"—
At length he falls, the gallant boy,
His widow'd mother's only joy ;
He falls among the heap of slain ;
One cry is wrung from him by pain.
That wound the hardiest frame alone
Could bear and check th' instinctive groan ;
Though many hear, yet none can blame
That cry of anguish, not of shame ;
And pity moves the sternest heart
To see that youthful soul depart.
But now the stern command they hear
Of their dread monarch standing near,
" Sterb' er still Fähnrich*," Frederick cries,
And silent the child hero dies ;
A Prussian to his latest breath,
Obedient even unto death.

W. G. C. E.

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* " Die quietly, Ensign."

RIDDLES, &c.

1.

With the *same nine letters, in the same order*, give a clear and separate answer to each of the two following questions :—

1st. If you have not already made your will, when ought you to do so ?

2nd. Should you write it in pencil ?

Then with the *same nine letters, in any order you please*, answer a third question,—Under what circumstances may a person be justified in leaving all they possess to charities ? Then fourthly, state what the old gentleman muttered to himself, *in the same nine letters*, when shewn the foregoing riddle by a poor relation.

2.

A sound my *first* to childhood's ear,
Seldom unmixt with sadness ;
To baby woes my *second* oft
Ensures a peep of gladness.
My *second* and my *third*, when joined,
Do form a corporation.
My *whole* will help you find me out
Without consideration.

3.

My *first*, if much pointed,
And shining and sharp,
We should use with great caution and care,
Or friends who are near us,
The dearest and best,
We may injure before we 're aware.

My *second* a portion
Of happiness forms,
And final, if rightly you take it.
My *whole* when produced
Should be upright and firm,
Or strokes from my first perhaps may shake it

Give an eye to my *whole*,
You'll do it much good ;
You may then put it into a box,
And as long as required,
I venture to say,
'Twill stay there without lid or locks.

4.

My *first*, however poor his means,
Is ne'er without a guest;
My *next* by every living thing
Is sure to be possest.
I'm not a slave,
Yet am not free;
Release me—and
I cease to be.

5.

My *first*, if in France,
Might induce you to dance,
If my *next* did not ask
To share in the task.
My *whole*, if you 're in it
For more than a minute,
Might make you look down
On your friends in the town;
And people would cry,
You were got very high,
And say, one and all,
Such *hauteur* must fall.

6.

Sir Hilary fought at Agincourt,
'Troth 'twas a fearful fray.
Tho' in that age of war and sport,
The revellers in camp and court
Had little time to pray;
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.
My *first* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *next*, with its grey quiet cloud,
To those who meet their dewy shroud
Before the day is done;
My *whole* to those whose bright blue eyes
Weep when a hero bravely dies.

7.

In France, I am England's glory;
In England, England's shame.

ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Each line in the following Charade signifies different words, of which the first letters form the "town in North Devon," the last letters the "part of Devon."

THE LETTERS.

Without me you can make no lace;
A high companion of the bass;
Name for a horse with broken wind;
A breed of Devon sheep you'll find;
A point of the compass next you choose;
Tradition book among the Jews;
What grows as all things else diminish;
Begin to prove but never finish;
An interjection of surprise;
Another name for Paradise.

THE WORDS.

A town in our North Devon famous.
A part of Devon—can you name us?

THE ART OF WASHING.

Mrs. Slopkin, bid your daughter
Fetch the soap, and fetch the water,—
Pumping, pouring, splashing, squashing,—
Teach her all the art of Washing:
How to wring, and how to rub,
How to stand before the tub;
How to gossip, how to wrangle,
How to iron, how to mangle,
How to wheedle, how to scold,
How to plait, and how to fold,
How to live from sorrow free,
On bread and butter, gin and tea.
Spreading, munching, sipping, slopping,
Starching, smoothing, sprinkling, sopping,—
Plaiting, folding,
Wheedling, scolding,
Ironing, mangling,
Gossiping, wrangling,
Rubbing, wringing,
Soaping, singing,—
Pumping, pouring, splashing, squashing,
Mrs. Slopkin's Art of Washing.

Sapo.

EMIGRANTS.

I've seen a mother weeping, because her son must roam,
To seek his fate and fortune, far from his childhood's home ;
I've heard a father groaning, when the daughter of his love
Hath left the parent hearth, another's tenderness to prove.
And well, methinks, Old England, such grief beseemeth thee,
When so many sons and daughters seek a home beyond the sea.
Oh ! had it but been granted by a wise directing Hand,
That one and all could plenty find within their native land ;
If intercourse of " near and dear " might last till death unbroken,
That last sad word of parted friends remain a word not spoken ;
If families were not dispersed, and home not rent asunder,
Men would not dream of Paradise as some *unearthly* wonder.

Yet wise is that directing Hand, and well the plan is skill'd ;
Man must increase and multiply, and all the earth be fill'd.
The motherland, she may not keep her offspring at her breast ;
They must go forth to other lands, and subduing them be blest.
Then speed ye well, poor emigrants, nor be your courage faint,
Look bravely to the future joy, forget the past complaint !
Nor think that England spurns you ; nor deem your wants forgot;
Believe a nobler destiny and glory in your lot !
Go forth, your Maker's messengers, and carry out His plan :
Remember that this world is His, and He created Man ;
To one and all, in every grade, the appointed task is given,
To Work, and Strive, and Conquer—not only Earth, but Heaven !

Good night—Good morrow !
Kindly token ;
Speaking much though quickly spoken.
Sad at parting—glad at meeting,
Love's sweet whisper, friendship's greeting ;
Hallowing mirth and healing sorrow,—
Still the same ;
Good night—Good morrow !

THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT.

THE following papers consist chiefly of extracts from sermons written for and preached in West Buckland Church.

They are put in their present shape in the hope that some of those who heard them may like to read them over, in their families, on the Sunday evening.

The school has been now long enough established to supply a reader for every house. A few hymns and prayers have been added, not with the wish to take the place of more perfect specimens of private and common worship with which each household may be furnished already, but as inducements to the practice of prayer and praise in the homes for which they are written, and to the members of which they are affectionately offered by their Rector.

Hope.

"Some men live in fear, some live in doubt, some in dull obedience to custom, but if we see a man treading his life's path with a firm step and a brave countenance, ever pressing forward, conquering his fears, bursting his doubts, leading, not led by others, we say that man lives in hope; he has an object before him; he is happy in its pursuit. It may be a poor and worthless object, and when he reaches it at last his disappointment and misery may be equal to his eagerness and expectation. His hope may make him ashamed when it is hope no more. Death may be the end of his hope, the death of all joy and energy and hope hereafter. But while he hopes he lives, and cheerfully he submits to every sacrifice, and undertakes every toil that seems necessary for the attainment of his object.

"And now suppose that object of his hope not to be a poor and worthless one. Suppose him not only to *imagine* it good and glorious, but to have real reason to know its value. Suppose him to have already attained a part, and from past and present experience to be sure that what remains will abundantly repay every effort he makes, every pain he suffers in its pursuit —what added vigour, what fresh courage will be his as he goes on his way rejoicing!

"What I have said applies to all objects of pursuit, temporal as well as eternal, earthly as well as heavenly. And let us

remember that hope is the privilege of freemen. The slave to a master works from fear; the slave to the world and other men's opinions works from custom; the slave to himself, to his own wayward will and restless passion, works from necessity, for no necessity is so craving as a man's selfish indulgences; but the free man who rules himself and serves not others, and thus is indeed his own master, he works from hope, knowing that as he sows so shall he reap. And this is why in the mere tillage of the earth free labour is ever more valuable than that which is forced or necessary. But, alas, in this world who is free? who is not a slave either to himself or others? This is man's fallen state, and therefore partly for our punishment, partly for our correction, we are under a law. Therefore God has not left us a choice, we must labour or starve; and the chief part of human earthly labour is done from compulsion—from the pressure of want. Only still it remains true that the more freely that labour (even though necessary) is rendered, the more valuable it is in its results, the less irksome and painful in its performance.

"But now apply what I have said, not to mere earthly labour, not to the toil required for men's food and raiment, but to the work of men's spirits. A real work, real as that of digging the ground—a necessary work, for life or death are at stake in it—a work of toil and danger, for the spirit of fallen man is not a soil that naturally will bring forth good fruits, but rather weeds; and there are many enemies in the field to hinder and destroy. The work of man's spirit, this real, necessary, toilsome, and dangerous work, what is it? It is to make clean what is now corrupt and foul—to make fruitful what is barren—to make safe for eternal life what is now in extremest peril of everlasting destruction—to drive out the devil from the heart, and to bring in God's Holy Spirit—to change a world of wickedness into a world of prayer and praise. This is the work, and how shall it be done? in fear? the slavish workman hating the task, and thinking how to deceive or bribe the task-master? when the master's eye, as he thinks, is off him, he sleeps or wanders from his duty, till a glimpse of the piercing sight that watches him or an unwelcome thought of the searching judgment that awaits him, goads him to frantic but vain efforts, not to complete his work but to conceal and cover his misdoings. Or shall it be done in doubt and wavering, uncertain whether there be any good result to follow? Shall the feeble workman hesitate at every blow and stumble at each step? or, in dull obedience to custom, shall the work of man's spirit be the prescribed performance of outward acts—the unfelt repetition of appointed prayers—the joyless observance of consecrated days?

"Or shall it be a work of Hope? As they go forth to their

daily work in God's creation, as they encounter the enemies who for a while by God's permission linger on His earth to try His children's faith, shall not their hearts burn within them, and their courage glow, and their patience be strengthened, as they say to themselves and to each other,—Beloved, now are we the Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The First Sin.

"In the account of the fall of Adam and Eve, it is made clear to us how it happened. The first step in sin was made to them something clear and not to be mistaken; it was made to consist of a simple outward action,—the eating of an apple. The commandment of God was broken. The woman did that of which God had surely said, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof.' It was clear and not to be mistaken, and so also was the first temptation of the devil. The serpent spoke; it was not a faint and uncertain wish entering the mind of Eve, but the tempter was there in an outward shape, and the words he spoke were clear.

"Now, for our sakes, all this has been recorded, because to us the first step in sin is not marked and clear. The most anxious parent that ever watched the growth of his child's mind and character would probably be unable to say where the evil, of which he could not fail to detect the sure progress, first began; and as the child himself advanced in years, and was roused to a knowledge of his own sin and corruption, he would not perhaps be able to point to one action, or word, or thought, and say, that was my first step in the knowledge of good and evil,—my first departure from innocence,—my first sin. Therefore it is good for us all that we have this clear written record of the first sin, its origin, its nature, and its consequence. By help of this account, we are able to unravel the twisted threads of our own thoughts and characters, so entangled as we find them between good and evil. By its help we are able to say, we have sinned, we have broken God's commandment, we have listened to the voice of a tempter, a deceiver, which spoke to the lusts of our bodies and desires of our minds, which told us, though we might have known it to be false, that the pleasures and delights of sin were certain and immediate, but that God's punishment was not certain, was unlikely, and, at all events, distant. But we have found God to be true and the devil a liar; we have found that that which happened to Adam and Eve has happened to us;—with sin our eyes have been opened, we have indeed

learnt something new, but what we have learnt has been evil and not good; we have learnt to be ashamed of ourselves; we have learnt to hide and conceal ourselves from God and from each other. We have learnt the arts of our tempter, deceit and concealment; especially we have learnt to fear and to turn away from God,—from Him who made us, who loved us, who blest us. And all this came to us from sin. And this was God's meaning when he said that, in the day that we sinned we should die; for this is death, '*to lose God.*' The death of the body is to lose the life that God gave it,—the power of seeing, feeling, hearing, gaining strength and nourishment and enjoyment from God's earth and air. And the death of the soul is to lose also the life which God gave it. The power of loving, trusting, praying to God, the gaining strength and nourishment and enjoyment from God's words and works;—these we have lost through sin, and therefore we are dead. Our bodies may not yet have come to their death; they may still be in strength and health, but with them we know well it is a matter of time, only a few short years or hours, and they will be given back, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Only with our souls it is not a matter of time,—in the day that we sinned we died. We are dead because we are sinners. We have lost God; we fear him, and hide ourselves from him.

"But when our bodies die they will be buried; our souls, being dead, have been buried already,—buried with Christ in baptism, known and acknowledged by ourselves and others to be dead. But this burial is one of Hope,—it is meant to be the end of the state of Death, but the beginning of the new state of life. And so in every one of us, while the curse is accomplished, while sin has brought sorrow and sickness and death, so may the promise and blessing be accomplished; so, ceasing to be sinners, may we become Christians. So may the seed of the woman bruise the serpent's head; so, through the help of a Saviour, and, the benefit of His death, may our souls be made alive;—may we walk with God in newness of life."

The Two Lives.

"There are two kinds of life, a natural and a spiritual. The natural life is that which we are *all* living. Some are old in it, some are young; some are prospering in it, some are unfortunate; some are rich, some poor; some healthy, some sick; some happy, some miserable.

"But this natural life is marked by years and days, and when these years and days are over, the life will be ended. The

prosperous and the unfortunate, the rich and the poor, the healthy and the sick, the happy and the miserable, will have all come alike to the same end. As other generations before them, they will come to the grave, and others take possession of this life which they have quitted.

" But there is another life, which we also are *all* living now, or if not, it is our own fault—a spiritual life—a life, not of eating and drinking, gaining and losing, but a life of feeling and thinking, loving and hoping. But this life is not numbered by years and days, neither has it to do with our body or outward things, and therefore the death of our body and the destruction of outward things cannot destroy it, and yet it is a life which may be lost, which numbers do lose, and the way in which it is lost, is by over anxiety about the natural life, and by seeking only its wants and desires. This is therefore the meaning of our Lord when he says, 'He that findeth his life 'shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' He means that the word *life* has two senses, the natural sense and the spiritual; and he who findeth, who is diligent only in seeking for and providing for his life in the natural sense, shall lose it in the spiritual sense. But he who will lose his natural life for Christ's sake, who is willing to forsake all the advantages and temptations of the present life, out of hope and anxiety about the future, and in strong belief that the eternal home of his Saviour is far better than any temporary abode on earth, he who will thus lose and give up his natural life, shall find it, shall find the spiritual life he is bent upon seeking, shall find the joy and peace which belong to it alone. Nay, he shall find his natural life given back to him, purified and made innocent, and having heartily and with his whole soul given up all to God and Christ, he shall find that God, who has given him His Son for a Saviour, will, with Him, freely give him all things."

The Lord our Righteousness.

" We are sent into this life for one purpose,—that we may live to the glory of God,—and doubtless he lives most to the glory of God who does most good in his generation, and he does most good in his generation who lives the holiest life, who is among his fellow men a living example of a godly life.

" No one therefore ought to say,—I have nothing to live for.

" Nothing to live for, when you may live to the glory of God? Nothing to live for, when you may be the means of the greatest blessing to others? How? By receiving the greatest

blessing yourselves; by receiving God into your hearts, and shewing forth in your lives his goodness.

"The life of a man in whose heart God dwells, may well be called a happy life; because it is sealed both with God's approval and the blessings of all who witness it. And this life is placed within the reach of all. Every one may thus be blessed, and become a blessing. Many are so already.

"All that is required to become so is repentance and faith. Repentance, by which you may be turned away from your sins, and forsake them; and faith, whereby you may be turned towards God, and learn to love and trust in Him, and steadfastly to believe in His promise. And this repentance from sin and faith towards God is what we meet together, in God's house, to ask and to receive. We go there to confess that we are sinners, and to say that we are sorry for our sins. And by so confessing, and so saying, we try to deepen in our hearts the strong persuasion that sin is misery, and its end everlasting death. There is in the heart of man a pride and restlessness that will make him brave almost all consequences, rather than acknowledge himself wrong. He will do so with regard to his faults to his fellow men. He will do so with regard to his sins towards God. But alas! what folly. He cannot, by denying them, do away with his sins. He cannot, brave it as he may, alter the certain consequences that must follow his conduct. The man who has wronged his neighbour, with all his lies and all his insolence, cannot wipe out the wrong. But let him repent—be sorry for what he has done, confess, acknowledge it—seek to make amends; and even though his neighbour may be so unforgiving as still to bear in mind the wrong, yet the man has delivered his own soul. The guilt is past, and with amendment of life, hope and happiness have come back to the wrong doer. And how much more with regard to God? The sinner may harden his heart, and flatter himself that he will be his own master, walk in his sins, and call them innocent; that he will use his life and all God's gifts as his own, for his own pleasure and purposes, and never think about God, or call upon Him, except to curse others with His name, or blaspheme Him in the secret of his own heart. He may do this, and laugh at those who warn him of his certain judgment and misery, and who call upon him to repent before it is too late. He may do this, God has given him the will and the power to choose; but he cannot alter the truth and fact. He may call sin innocent, but he cannot make it so. He may brave God's anger, but he cannot alter it, nor abide it when it comes. He may choose sin, but he cannot separate it from misery.

" But God, who, in His wisdom, has thought fit to give us the power of choosing sin, and resisting His will, if we have the folly so to do, has also, in His compassion, given us the power of forsaking sin, of resisting the devil. 'When the wicked man 'turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and 'doeth that which is lawful and right,' God has said, that He shall save his soul alive. God who judges the sinner pardons the penitent; and, thanks be to Jesus Christ, who has made us sure of God's love towards us,—God desires to pardon:—'He 'willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be 'converted and live.' So then, if any are hindered by the fear of their fellow men, and those who have been companions in their wickedness, from forsaking their sins and turning to God, let them think from what love and blessing that fear and shame of others is keeping them.

" What have they ever received, what do they hope to receive from those their foolish and bad companions, that they should think more of them and of their opinion, than of God, who, even though they are sinners,—even though they so entirely neglect and grieve Him their Maker,—nevertheless loves them, and so loves them that He has made all things easy for their return to Him.

" For He, knowing the uncleanness of their hearts and pollution of their lives, and knowing also that to bring wicked men to think upon their sins, without any hope of escaping from their burden, is only to bring them to hell, to the state of conscious misery and despair, and knowing also that they could not, if they would, remove that burden from themselves;—that not all the things they could offer, not the blood of bulls and goats, not the giving up of their richest earthly possessions, could put away guilt, or ransom the soul of a man. God, knowing all this, has made his own words true,—that 'when the wicked man turneth 'away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth 'that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' He has made it possible for the wicked man to repent; possible for him 'to do that which is lawful and right;' possible for him 'to save his soul alive.'

" For he has given to the wicked man a friend, a helper, a Saviour,—one to whom he may look with thankfulness and hope, —one who has borne his sins, and all their misery in his own body on the tree,—one who has, by the sacrifice and giving up of himself, opened to the sinner a way to escape from sin and destruction, and to come to goodness, and happiness, and everlasting life.

" Here then are the two things which alone are necessary to make the most miserable man a happy man,—repentance and

faith,—the turning away from his sins, that so they shall not be his ruin, and the turning to his God through faith in Jesus Christ his Saviour.

"These two things must be the beginning of that blessed godly life of which I began to speak,—that life which blesses not only the person who lives it, but all who witness it, and who, acknowledging God's presence, wish themselves to imitate and to share it.

"Let us ask God to begin in us such a life to help us to repent of all our sins, and to have faith in Him and in the great love wherewith he loved us when He sent his Son to die for us, and wherewith He is still loving us and waiting to help us.

"Let us do this, and we shall understand not only how, by forgiving the past, and putting away the guilt from our consciences, but by daily present help, putting away the corruption of our hearts, Jesus Christ is indeed 'The Lord our Righteous-'ness.'"

"Be careful for nothing."

"To be careful, anxious for nothing! Is it possible to come to such a happy state of mind—at least on this side the grave? We each call to mind our own particular sorrows and troubles, many of them brought about by our own fault, and out of which we can see no near or apparent prospect of escape; and as we think them over, and dwell upon them, they seem to grow darker, and larger, and more hopeless; and then we say to ourselves,—It is useless and vain to tell us, who have such burdens as these, not to be careful. It may be very well for others, who have better health, or more money, or friends, or fewer difficulties and misfortunes, not to be careful; but we cannot help being anxious,—being sad,—being utterly down-hearted. And so we turn away from the Comforter, and shut our ears to his words.

"But we have not yet heard all his words; let us listen yet a little while, and it may be something may appear to comfort and encourage even us, and throw a light upon the darkness of our weary path. 'Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer 'and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made 'known unto God.' So then we are not only told not to be careful, but are also told what we should do, so as not to be careful. Have we ever tried this? Have we, in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, made our requests known unto God? It is very clear that a sort of half prayer, now and then, or a few cold words repeated by memory at certain times, and in certain places, is not the same thing, or any thing like the same thing, as what St. Paul speaks of. In *everything*, not

only troubles, when they have come, but the things which cause troubles before they come, in every day and hour of our lives, and in all our actions, have we made known our wants to God? and have we done so in the manner here recommended,—by prayer and supplication, that is, by very hearty wishing and asking, and with thanksgiving too, that is, thinking of the good and blessings we have received, as well as of the trouble we are in? In this spirit have we made known our requests to *God*,—to Him whom we know to be able, for He has done far greater things than the few things we so much stand in need of? He has made heaven and earth; thousands and ten thousands of worlds, of which as yet we know nothing, except that we can see them,—there they are shining in the sky;—and He has made our world, in which all that we see tells of His great power, and the things He is *able* to do. He has made ourselves too; these very bodies, about the clothing and feeding of which we are so anxious. He made them, and He did not make them for misery only, and suffering; He made them that they might serve Him, and that He might clothe and feed them, till such time as the souls within them should be fit to be taken to more glorious bodies, and to a better world.

"We know indeed that God is *able*, but perhaps we doubt whether he be *willing* to perform our requests. We might think that He would be willing, because all His works seem to shew His kindness and mercy. He gives us, every day, the light of the sun, and, every night, sends sleep to our eyes. He has given to the most troubled one amongst us so many blessings,—which he could never have got for himself, or have obtained from anywhere but God,—that if he really thought about them he could not well help being more thankful for his blessings than sad at his troubles. There is quite enough in the daily experience of us all to make us think that God means kindly by us, and that as he is able, so he is willing, to help us. There is enough to make us think so, but perhaps not quite enough to make us feel *sure*, and therefore it is that most men do not trust to God's willingness to help them. They rather trust to themselves, or to some other man, or to chance, than to God. It always has been so; it always will be so; because this is just the very thing that man in his fallen condition has not got,—a perfect trust of God, and that love for Him, which children should feel for a father, and which should lead them to expect all good gifts at His hands. From the time that Adam and Eve hid themselves from the voice of the Lord God in the garden of Eden, men have always feared God more than they have loved Him. They have thought more of His anger than of His mercy, and therefore, in their troubles, they have not trusted to Him. But for this very

purpose Christ Jesus came into the world, that He might give back to men what they had lost,—give back their love to God, and their trust in Him. Oh, if we were Christians indeed,—if we did indeed believe that God so loves us, that He has given His own son to die for us, we should not be so slow to go to Him in our troubles, and to make our requests known to Him. The thanksgiving of our hearts for being redeemed, and having heaven opened to us, would give boldness to our prayer, and earnestness to our supplications; we should feel like children who ask what their Father is able to give, and what they are quite sure He is willing to grant to those that ask Him in the spirit of faith and love. And so if we find our minds careful and unhappy about many things, let us look to our hearts, and see whether they are fixed in true and humble faith upon our Saviour. We shall surely find that they have forgotten Him; that they have not been feeding upon the thoughts of that great love with which He loved them; and therefore they have ceased to feel themselves children of God, and have lived, and acted, and felt, as unredeemed children of the world; and so we are careful and anxious about many things, and our heart is disquieted within us. But the remedy is still offered to us; we are still invited to return to the cross of our Saviour, to look up with faith to Him, and, in His name, to draw near to God as our Father, in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, letting our requests be made known unto Him.

"Let us do so;—let us return to our Saviour, and, through Him, let us pray to our God; we shall find St. Paul's words to be true;—we shall cease to be careful, 'and the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding, shall keep our hearts and 'minds through Christ Jesus.'"

Charity.

"The Christian grace, of which St. Paul speaks in the thirteenth chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians, and the excellency of which he declares in such enraptured terms throughout the chapter, is one of much deeper meaning and more universal obligation than the word charity, in its present restricted and confined signification, would imply or suggest. Our common notions of charity extend very little beyond giving money and relief to those who are poor and necessitous. But this evidently is not what the Apostle Paul preaches as Christian charity; not even when carried to a degree of generosity and liberality in giving such as hardly any are capable of, and few even come near to. 'Though I give,' says he, 'all my goods to feed the

'poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' No doubt, charity in this more usual sense of liberality, is a Christian virtue, and one which can never be too strongly enforced. Freely we have received, and ought we not always to be ready to give freely? The open hand and the benevolent heart, are among the chief ornaments of the Christian character, just as the close fist and niggardly ungenerous spirit are blots and stains in Christ's religion, and a grievous scandal in His church; yet excellent as is this spirit of liberality, and earnestly as it is to be coveted, even as one of the gifts of God's Holy Spirit—yet shew I unto you a more excellent way,—for most true it is that a man may give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be profited nothing. He may, with all his liberality, and all his diligence in ministering to the wants of others, fall short of the kingdom of God. For while on the one hand, he can be no true servant of God who turneth away from the cry of the poor, as the love of God cannot possibly dwell in him, who, having this world's goods, seeth his brother have need, and yet shutteth up his compassion from him; as the man that provideth not for the sick and needy can have no reason to expect that the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble; so neither on the other hand is the bountiful man to be counted righteous because of his bounty, except he have also that more excellent gift, even that Christian charity or love, which is not of the earth only, which giveth not merely this world's goods—which not only provideth food for the hungry and raiment for the naked, but which truly and without hypocrisy *loveth the brethren;* which suffereth long and is kind; which envieth not; which vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

"This then is that Christian love and kindness which St. Paul so greatly extols and so earnestly recommends as the most excellent of all the gifts of the Spirit. This is that frame of mind which shall survive death itself; for when all other gifts and advantages on which now perhaps we set great store,—our talents, our knowledge, our liberality, our disinterestedness, our wisdom,—when all these, which are of the earth, earthy, which are calculated for this world's imperfections and uncertainties and necessities only, shall have passed away, then shall Christian love accompany us to the next world, and there last for ever in the eternal harmony of that home, where there shall be no earthly want, and therefore no earthly riches; no poverty, and therefore no need for liberality; no doubt or uncertainty,

and therefore no partial knowledge or wisdom that one should boast himself withal or despise another; but where even as Christ and His Father are one, so shall all his redeemed be one, members of one indissoluble and perfect body, compact and joined together by one spirit, even the spirit of eternal love,—of charity that never faileth. Would we then be inheritors of everlasting life; would we be members of Christ's perfect and eternal body in heaven; would we share in the never-ending communion of saints, blessed and happy for evermore? Let us strive, while we may, to be changed in the spirit of our minds; let us pray to God, who has taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth, that he will send the Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Him. But how is it that, if Christian love be thus the one thing needful, without which all else is of no value, men strive so little to obtain it? How is it that its very opposite, the spirit of selfishness, is so predominant and so little condemned? how is it that among those who make the loudest professions of religion, and who do with earnestness and deliberate preference serve God and believe in Christ, there is such notorious uncharitableness, bitterness, and wrath? while in the mass of mankind there is even a worse spirit prevalent and one more opposed to Christian love, that indifference and utter carelessness about every thing but the gratification of men's miserable selves? For this is a worse spirit even than that of religious intolerance and divisions, worse and more hopeless, because it arises from the utter callousness of hard unregenerate hearts. It is a sign that men think and care so little about God, that they will not even give themselves the trouble to lift their voice or raise their hand against his enemy. It is a sign that they seek no heaven and fear no hell; that occupied with and satisfied with the things of time, they will not allow the thought of eternity and the prospect of judgment to enter their minds, lest such thoughts should disturb their peace and compel them to join on one side or the other in that great struggle which is going on all around them between good and evil. This is worse than religious intolerance, for that generally arises from narrow views and mistaken objects, rather than from sordid indifference. It is a sign that men do recognise a difference between good and evil, though unhappily they mar the purity of their zeal by adopting other tests and signs of good and evil than those which God has appointed. They make religion a matter of creed and opinion rather than of faith and reality, and thus learn to sin against charity and to look upon those as enemies whom they should cherish as dear brethren;

they split up the Church of Christ into innumerable sects and divisions, each striving to create a communion of his own opinions, not a communion of Christian love. Hence, instead of leavening the world or overcoming the darkness with the brilliancy of its pure light, too often Christianity is hid under a bushel—the bushel of men's ignorance and intolerance and lack of charity.

" Our business be it to remove this veil, to dispel the clouds that hinder the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ from shining abroad in men's hearts. Ours be it, each in our own sphere of duty, to display that faith which overcomes the world, that hope which maketh not ashamed; above all, that charity which never faileth. But before we can display these graces, we must first possess them, else will our light be the false flickering of a treacherous flame, soon to be extinguished in the surrounding darkness. We must possess them, and therefore we must seek them at their source. The light that is to illumine the world's darkness and so to shine before men that they shall glorify the Father in heaven, must be kindled at no earthly torch. The love that is never to fail, but is to give men even on earth a foretaste of heaven, is to be learnt only from Him who has revealed to man the glories of heaven.

" Of a truth it is, when looking round on men's unloving selfish words and deeds and habits, when opening our eyes and ears to the sad evidences which daily life affords that men neither suffer long nor are kind, that they envy and vaunt themselves and are puffed up, that they behave themselves unseemly, seeking their own, being easily provoked, that they are thinking evil, rejoicing in iniquity but not rejoicing in the truth—of a truth it is, when recognising these symptoms of earthliness and devilishness around us, aye, and in our own hearts, it is then that we begin to realise the importance of Christ's mission; it is then that we begin to feel the value of that light which came into the world and shined in the darkness; and though we may be amazed and wonder why it was that the darkness comprehended it not, when its first effulgence beamed upon the long weary night of sin and ignorance and selfishness; nay, though we may think it strange that after so many centuries its warmth and glory should still be obscured by so many clouds and thick vapours, yet we must not stay to wonder or to doubt, but opening freely and gratefully our own hearts to its warmth and glow, devote ourselves in happy assurance of faith and hope to the blessed task of spreading its influence among our fellowmen. In our homes and families and neighbourhoods, and in each wider circle through which the

influence even of the humblest individual spreads and extends, whether for good or evil, we must make our leaven work and our light shine; loving the brethren, yes, the erring, the blind, and ignorant; the highest serving the lowest, the wisest teaching the unlearned, the wealthiest ministering to the poorest. And ever as the holy flame burns dim and the blackness of worldly selfishness spreads in our souls, we must again to the light, even to the Sun of Righteousness.

"Saviour of the world, oh shine upon us, pierce the gloom of our sullen hearts, dissipate the clouds and mists of our selfish imaginations, purify the tainted atmosphere of our corrupt and grovelling natures. Thou who art the light of the world, shine upon us! And Thou who so lovedst the world, Holy Father, who didst send Thine only son to assure us of Thy love and to redeem us from our misery,—send Thy Holy Ghost and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee.

"Let fools mock and cowards shrink, and worldlings sneer, Christians must be bold—bold in faith—bold in hope—but, above all, bold in love. They must dare to look at and acknowledge the selfishness in their own hearts and in the world around them, and they must dare to condemn it. They must dare to love God above all things, and their neighbours as themselves; they must dare to seek, not their own, but Christ's; they must dare to spurn and reject the treasures on earth; leaving them for the moth and rust which must at last corrupt them, they must lay up treasures in heaven, the treasure of redeemed and grateful souls, who shall never weary to tell, throughout eternity, amidst the joyful plaudits of angels, how in their earthly course they were comforted, strengthened, and encouraged by the kindness, the example, the love of their fellow Christians. They must dare to be in charity with all men; and that charity shall never fail, death and the grave cannot destroy it—evil cannot pollute it—time cannot weaken it—for love is heaven, and heaven, nay, God Himself, is love.

"Would that words could kindle the spark in the dead hearts that have no love, or fan it to a flame in the dull hearts that have more worldliness. But words and preaching will not keep alive what must be fed with fuel to be more painfully gathered, not with easy listening or pleasant attention, but with earnest prayer, daily and constant, and with many a secret act of self-denial and purest charity—secret to every eye but His who alone seeth in secret, but whose reward will be openly bestowed in the presence of men and angels. Charity never faileth: but whether

there be prophecies, they shall fail; therefore one act of pure love is of more value than many sermons—charity never faileth: but whether there be tongues, they shall cease; therefore a cup of cold water in Christ's name is of more price than gifts of the most brilliant intellect—charity never faileth: but whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away; therefore read, study, learn, and acquire, and boast thyself that earth has unfolded to thee its secrets, and ocean its depths, and heaven its heights; but tremble withal lest it be said to thee, in the day when that which is perfect shall have come, and that which is in part shall be done away, 'forasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of 'the least of these my little ones, ye have not done it unto 'Me.'"

The Food of the Spirit.

"We cannot live without food. Not only daily, but every moment our bodies are receiving nourishment, for it is the air that we take in at every breath that changes the meat or the drink of which we at intervals partake into food, so that it is not by the occasional act of eating or drinking, but by the constant never-ceasing act of breathing that our bodies are sustained. The same is true of our minds; they are fed not only by the occasional knowledge imparted to them through the outward senses, through the eye and ear and touch, but rather by the constant inward process of *thought*, by which the knowledge thus received is digested as it were, and made a part of our minds in the same way that the solids or liquids taken into our mouths are, by the constant action of the air taken through our lungs, changed into food for our body—nay, become parts of the body itself. And as he who should eat and drink would nevertheless perish unless he constantly breathed in the fresh air; so he who should gain frequent knowledge by seeing and hearing and reading, would nevertheless remain ignorant, or become less and less wise and rational, if he did not by constant thought make the things he saw and heard and read *his own*. And this which is true of our bodies and minds is also true of our spirits. There must be not only occasional food, but a constant feeding. There are articles of food provided for our spirits, and within the reach of all, though to some in more, to others in less abundance, just as some have more bread and meat for their bodies, some more knowledge for their minds, than others. But there is food provided for all, otherwise it would be only mockery to speak to all of their spirits. That common food seems to consist chiefly in three things; prayer; reading the Scriptures; and the holy Com-

munion. I am speaking, you will observe, only of the *common food* of our spirits, that which in more or less abundance is within the reach of all. No doubt each have provided for them private special sources of food. Blessings and chastisements, friends and circumstances—these are so many portions of daily bread sent to each by the heavenly Father. But that food which we all may equally reckon upon, just as we all reckon upon bread for our bodies, seems to consist in these three common things; common prayer; the Scriptures; and the Communion.

"These are our occasional meals. We cannot be always at our prayers, or reading and listening to the Scriptures, and still less have we the opportunity of being always at the Lord's table; but we may from time to time all partake of these common privileges. But will they of themselves feed us? No indeed; not any more than mere meat will feed the body, or mere learning the mind. And what then is that constant power and process which, like the breath of the body and the thought of the mind, must be ever going on, ever at work, in order that the spirit may draw nourishment from its meals, and live. In that sense, in which breath is the life of the body and thought is the life of the mind, what is the life of the spirit? What is it that is ever feeding upon the food, and turning the meat into nourishment? It is faith. A real power, a constant action in the spirit of man—real as his power of thought, constant as the action of his lungs. As he that breathes, feeds; and he that thinks, knows; so he who believes, lives; and he who believeth not is condemned already, is, in God's sight, dead.

"May what I have said help you to understand why so much is said of faith as necessary to man's salvation. It is necessary because the spirit of man, the immortal part, that soul in each man which Christ died to save, cannot live, cannot feed, cannot grow to perfection without it.

"Do not say, Oh, faith is a mere *word*. So is breath a word; and yet stop that breath only a few minutes and you are dead—so is thought a mere word; and yet refuse to think, and you become no better than the beasts that perish, living by mere instinct and imitation.

"The spirit of man does not live and grow upon material things, and therefore the lungs receiving air will not support it; neither does it draw its nourishment from any earthly knowledge, therefore thought will not keep it alive; neither can we connect it with any bodily organ as the lungs or the brain, though indeed from the strength and liveliness of its emotions, we, to help our communications one with another respecting it, speak

of its energy, especially its constant vital action of faith, as coming from the heart, and say, with St. Paul,—'with the heart 'man believeth.'

"But again, as the lungs take in whatever air comes in contact with them, whether good or bad, wholesome or poisonous, but it is only the good and wholesome that will change meat into food; and as the thought of man will exercise itself on all knowledge, good or bad, true or false, but it is only the good and true that will feed and strengthen the mind,—so also will faith lay hold on many unseen things, good and bad, wholesome and pernicious, true and false; but it is only the good and wholesome, and true, that will feed man's spirit, and enable it to grow into life. Nay, as from many varieties of food received into the body, the real sources of nourishment are a few simple elements; and of the many varieties of knowledge, the most strengthening to the mind are a few simple laws,—so also of the many unseen things and spiritual truths upon which faith fastens, those by which the vital spark in man is kept alive are a few simple doctrines,—indeed, may be all reduced to one single object,—our Lord Jesus Christ. 'He that seeth the Son,' said our Lord of himself, 'and *believeth* on Him hath life.' And again, 'He that eateth Me, even he shall live by me.'

"If from all our prayers, and reading of the Scriptures, and receiving the Holy Communion, we can through faith receive Christ into our spirits, if we can dwell in Him, and be one with Him and He with us,—then we are safe indeed. Our meat is wholesome, for it contains the true food; and our spirits are alive, and can draw forth their nourishment by faith. It may be that much of the process of feeding will go on unconsciously, just as we feel not our breath and are unconscious of our thoughts. Faith is not sight. Our Lord may be present, and we for the moment or the hour may not be aware of His presence; but because we believe, because the spirits within us are not dead, therefore at any instant we may and shall remind ourselves, and be reminded of Him; joy and sorrow, peace and danger, rest and toil, every change and chance of life, will bring His presence vividly to us, out of our hearts into our thoughts, and His familiar name will be quick upon our lips to acknowledge and to praise; for whatsoever we do in word or deed will be done in Him. And more than this, we shall be constantly reminding others of Him. They who, in the unwholesome courts of a crowded city, look upon a ruddy cheek and vigorous frame, know that their possessor is no constant breather of that stagnant and polluted atmosphere, but has passed his life in the pure and fresh air of some country home. And they who meet with words of truth and wisdom scattered among the idler

fancies of plays and songs, know that the mind of their writer had thought as well as learnt,—had not only watched the ways of men, but pondered on the laws of God. And so they, who see the tokens of love and joy, of peace, of thankfulness, and hope, know that they are in the presence of a believer,—of one whose spirit within him is alive,—of one who feeds on Christ."

Idols.

"The word Idol properly means an imagination, a fancied object, an unreal thing. Now all the gods whom the Heathens worshipped were in this sense idols. There was no such person as Baal; no such thing as the god of the sun, or the moon, or fire; yet men fancied these gods, and bowed down to them, and worshipped them, because they did not like to worship the one true God, by whom they were created, and from whom their sins had led them far astray. Yet they must worship something, for man is made to pray and to praise,—and he cannot help praying to something and praising something; and so, out of their corrupted minds, they imagined to themselves numberless gods, and to them they bowed themselves down, and offered the worship which should have been given to the one God only.

"Now bearing this in mind, that men must by their very natures worship something; that this nature is, however, so fallen and corrupted that it will not worship the one true God, even because the worship he requires is obedience and purity, does it not seem likely that, even though our fathers may have ceased long ago to worship the false gods of the Heathen, yet that even among ourselves, wherever there is not the hearty worship of the one true God, there must, under some form or other, be idolatry going on,—the worship of idols, of false imaginations? It is too true (we cannot deny it), that we do not, all of us, and at all times, truly worship the Lord our God,—that is we do not love him with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our strength. And it may be truly said that, at the times we are not worshipping God, we are worshipping idols. Our minds are bent upon something that is not God; and as the idols of the heathen nations were numerous, so are those even of Christian people. The idol that many men worship as much as Ahab ever worshipped Baal is the idol of Money. For the sake of this, they will give up time, and strength, and affection, and even character; and though they may continue to serve God openly, yet their worship is only a mockery. What they care for is money, and they cannot care for God at the same time, for money is the very thing that God tells His children not to

care for, but to leave its coming or going in the hands of Him who gives to all their daily bread. And is it not, in the true meaning of the word, an idol,—a worthless thing that to which no worship belongs? but men make it their God. We have seen in our own times how the discovery of the outward form of this idol, gold, has called men away from home and country to the most distant parts of the earth; and no one can have failed to see, in his own daily life, how the influence of this idol has made itself felt, and how the peace of God has fled before it. And surely the commandment is for our time,—for all times—Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only thou shalt serve; thou shalt have none other Gods but me.

"Another idol is Pleasure; though men make of it different images, and worship it in many different temples, and under various names. For its sake, too, the worship of God is forsaken, or only hypocritically offered under outward forms and ceremonies; for it is certain that those who care for pleasure, whose minds are bent upon it, do not and cannot care for God. It matters not in what particular form they seek it, whether in bodily indulgence, in drunkenness, uncleanness, or sloth, or in social indulgence, in feasting, and revellings,—they are breaking the first commandment,—they are idolaters. And is not pleasure also, in the true meaning of the word, an idol,—a worthless thing,—that to which no worship ought to be paid? yet, how many, alas, make it their god!

"Another idol is Pride, and this too has its worshippers in all classes. From the idle vanity of dress and personal adornment to the ambition of kings and conquerers, it is the same idol,—a hollow worthless object, and which cannot be served and followed, except by those who have ceased to serve and follow the Lord God Almighty. In his service there is no room for pride. If ever the thought of self-exaltation and adornment entered into the hearts of angels, forthwith they fell from their heavenly rank and became devils; and if ever, among the servants of God on earth, this spirit gets a footing,—if foolish vanity or haughty pride enter the heart, how vain and hypocritical does their service of God become. They who think themselves so much better than others, who spare no time or cost in adorning themselves, that they may be looked at and admired, or be envied by others, who allow themselves to think and speak with scorn, and bitterness, and hatred of their neighbours,—is not their service a mockery, their presence in the house of God an hypocritical pretence, when they kneel down, and pray to Him to have mercy upon them, miserable sinners? when they acknowledge themselves the servants and followers of one who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made

Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross? Who that witnesses this, that sees the open vanity and pride of heart, that hears the violent words of scorn and hatred, can help exclaiming,—Truly there is idolatry among us; the people have gone astray from worshipping the Lord their God; they have followed the imagination of their own hearts; they have sought out their own gods, and are serving them without shame and reproof.

"It was the special business of the Prophets, whom God, from time to time, raised up among his people the children of Israel, to reprove them for their idolatry, and to warn them of its consequences; and it does become the duty of every preacher of Christ's word to lift up his voice against idolatry, in whatever form he witnesses it, and has reason to fear that it prevails among those who are professing themselves the servants and followers of the Lord.

"There are two ways in which idolatry is spoken of in the Bible, sometimes with indignation and displeasure, sometimes with scorn and contempt, and almost ridicule. The fact is that to those who know that an idol in the world is nothing, that the objects to which they see men giving up their whole souls are themselves worthless objects, that can render no service, ward off no evil, supply no happiness to those who worship them,—to those who see these things as they really are, idolatry does seem a thing ridiculous and absurd. It seems to all of us absurd that there should be any people on the earth who can worship an image, made by their own hands, carved out of wood or stone, and called with a name, as if that could even give it life, much more make it a god. But it is no less absurd to those who are enlightened with true wisdom, to see men giving up their whole thought, and time, and energy, to money, or pleasure, or pride, as if they were gods, as if they could bring them help in any real necessity, or comfort in any real affliction, or any heart happiness whatever.

"I say it does appear absurd, and we should be tempted to use only the language of ridicule, to laugh at the covetous man for making an idol of what is so perishable and uncertain; at the pleasure seeker for following that which for a hundred generations and more has left to its worshippers nothing but disease and shame and remorse; at the vain and proud man for taking such thought about his own miserable self, being as he is in God's creation, and except only as God shall have pity on him, a miserable fallen creature, coming from the dust and returning thereto. We might laugh at these things, did we not know that they are not only follies, they are sins; they are the breaking of

God's law—and the soul that sinneth it shall die. And when we read over and over again in the Old Testament the dreadful declarations of wrath against all idolatry, and how God's people were taught to think upon it as a fearful danger, and a thing to be dreaded and shunned, then we cannot choose to laugh; then we must seek to turn ourselves and others from the evil way; to search out all traces of idolatry amongst us, and as Jehu did of old to the worshippers of Baal, to destroy them all. And the first thing to do is to return to the Lord whose service has been forsaken that these idols might be followed. If we could but find grace to enable us to keep this one commandment—to have none other gods but the one Lord, it would be impossible for us to continue the service of idols. Truly did Christ say,—'Ye 'cannot serve God and mammon.' Ye cannot serve God, and at the same time be covetously set upon the pursuit of money; ye cannot serve God, and also be bent upon pleasure and all worldly and bodily delights; ye cannot serve God, and withal be puffed up with vanity, or swollen with pride. For to serve God in reality is to take all that comes to us,—wealth or poverty, joy or sorrow, respect or humiliation, as his gift or his chastening. And he that so serves God has no room in his heart for idols.

"May we all be his servants throughout our life here, then in the broad daylight of eternity we shall indeed bless God that we did not follow the false idols, the vain shadows and imaginations which seemed to us here to tempt and invite us; but which we shall then know to have been false and empty, and such as would have left our hearts with no hope or peace or comfort for ever."

Civilisation.

I.

"We live in a time in which there is some danger of mistaking mere civilised life for Christian life; for it is true that many of the principles and practices which once were Christian only, have been now adopted by men who yet have not adopted, and do not intend to adopt the real belief of a Christian with all its consequences. That so many improvements in the manners and habits of social life have already been thus borrowed from Christianity is, of course, a matter of satisfaction. The tree from which many grafts are taken is proved to be one of a good sort; but we must be aware of the danger which accompanies each improvement of social life;—the danger of supposing that the graft was the natural growth; that the gentleness, the

honour, the temperance, which has overgrown the natural rudeness and selfishness and greediness of men, came from any other source but Christ's gospel, or can continue if the influence of that gospel should be removed. It is impossible to deny that our lot is cast amongst a favoured generation ;—that men are, in many respects, wiser and better than we know them to have been in former times : but the reason is because already, in other generations, the Christian leaven has been at work ; already the consciences of men have been awakened to sins, and, in Christ's name, they have amended their lives. Let not us, as reaping the fruit of their amendments, be deceived into supposing that we can keep the good that has come down to us, much less remove the many evils that still accompany that good, unless we also are Christians, not in name, but in reality. We must forgive others, not because anger and revenge are generally looked upon as evil passions, and no longer mistakenly exaggerated into virtues, but because we believe that we are ourselves forgiven by God for Christ's sake. We must be honest and just in all our dealings, not because happily, in our country and times, a thief or a liar is punished or despised, but because we have an account to give for all we do to one who has taught us to forget our own interest, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. We must be temperate and self-denying, not because greediness is considered a rudeness, and drunkenness a vice, but because we believe our bodies to be temples of God's Holy Spirit, and we will not defile by lusts and intemperance the dwellings that God has chosen for so holy a purpose. We must be humble and patient, not because conceit and arrogance are justly treated by others as an annoyance and an offence, but because we know that we are indeed unworthy, ignorant, and careless, and because our Lord himself set us his perfect unequalled example of humility and self-abasement. And we must be diligent and active, not because our success, nay, the very maintenance of our position in life, depends upon it, but because we *are servants*,—we have a master,—we have each an appointed task, and we know well that we must each, before long, render our accounts.

" These are civilised virtues, but resting upon Christian principles; conduct that all men will acknowledge to be good, but resulting from motives which the Christian religion alone affords."

II.

" I spoke generally last Sunday of the Christian life as being really different from any other, even from the most improved civilised life,—different in its motives, even where the conduct of Christians is the same as that of those who do not believe in

Christ, but yet acknowledge that gentleness and temperance and diligence are excellencies. It might seem perhaps to some that if it has once been acknowledged that gentleness, temperance and diligence are virtues, and if they have received as such the sanction of approval amongst the leading classes of human society, they will thenceforth be sought and maintained merely by the force of example and emulation; and that even though it be true that the Christian religion did first give the great impulse to men to aim at these perfections, yet that the impulse once being given, it is no longer necessary to go back to the original motives; that though it required Christianity to raise men from a state of savage brutishness and ignorance to civilisation, yet that civilisation can and will maintain itself by motives of its own. I believe many people in our days, particularly in the higher and more civilised ranks, think thus of Christianity: they respect it for what it has done for men; they acknowledge (for it is a fact that the slightest knowledge of History makes certain) that it has been the greatest raiser and improver of human life; they do not, as a few generations back they would have done, mock and blaspheme it; when they look back to the past, they honour it, but they have no faith in it for the present or the future; they look forward to no coming improvements (except perhaps among still heathen and barbarous nations) that are to arise from it; they look around for no actual fruits to be gathered from its branches, as it now grows amongst them. In a word, they respect it, but they do not believe in it. If I am right in thinking that this is the tone of feeling of the present day, I am sure I cannot better prepare you to encounter it than by endeavouring to convince you that the religion of Christ is now, what it has ever been, the salt of the earth, the only motive from which real progressive improvement, whether in individuals or in mankind at large, can proceed.

" Still bearing in mind the three particular excellencies or virtues, of which I have spoken, (I might have named several others; but three are enough for my purpose, viz. gentleness, temperance, and industry,) remember that the opposite to these,—anger and self-indulgence, and sloth,—are tendencies of our *nature*, which we receive at our birth. Every child comes into the world more or less prone to these passions. And consider the temptations, the things which will call these passions forth,—are they not quite as strong in our civilised life as in a more barbarous life? Does not a child in our days meet quite as much provocation to anger, quite as much enticement to pleasure, quite as much relaxation from labour, as in a less civilised state? If we ourselves could get rid of the power which happily Christianity does exercise amongst us, whether by its

public services or its private influences, should we not, every day and hour, be tempted to wrath and selfishness and indolence as much as if we had been living in the old times of Rome or Greece? And if we had no Christian restraints, no Christian motives, is there anything in our daily life and intercourse to soften our exasperated feelings, to curb our self-indulgent appetites, to spur our love of ease, our dislike of trouble? A natural good-temper,—the gift of God to individuals,—and the wholesome influences of society, the fear of punishment or disgrace, the hope of reward or honour,—God's gift to men, not as individuals, but as families and communities,—might do something to resist our natural inclinations. But how feeble have such restraints and such inducements been found, even when blended with the special motives of Christianity? Take away these motives, and who can doubt that civilisation would fast go back into barbarism; that violence and selfishness and sloth would overgrow whatever now flourishes of virtue and happiness, like the thorns and thistles in Eden when the ground was cursed for Adam's sake. There is no hope either for our own improvement, or for the general welfare of our fellow-men apart from Christianity. No earthly science of happiness has been discovered; no stronger motive to restrain men from evil, to arouse them to good has yet been made known, than those which the Christian religion has so long and so successfully provided for men. If we are persuaded of this,—that the wisest and cleverest of men have nothing better to offer, it still remains for us to try for ourselves whether the Gospel is, and will continue to be, effectual. For, of course, merely to know that there is nothing else, is a poor reason for being satisfied. We shall never see in ourselves or others the results of Christianity till we have faith and confidence in its power; and therefore we must try it; try it upon ourselves; try it in our own private lives, in our wants and doubts and dangers. Are we easily provoked, self-indulgent, or indolent? Can Christianity cure us? Will the thought of Christ, in his gentleness, in his self-denial, in his hard, painful work (and there is no work so hard and painful as to go about doing good and resisting evil amidst wickedness and ignorance and poverty)—will the thought of Christ, our Maker and Saviour, setting us this example, have no effect upon us? And if we have not yet so studied and thought about Him and His great work, as to feel that it supplies to us a sufficient motive and encouragement, yet we have seen the faint reflection of His light shining in some of His disciples,—some who now do profess to live to Him as their Lord,—and in those we have seen, however imperfectly shewn, the fruit of His Spirit. We have seen them gentle and forgiving, pure and

temperate, earnest and patient; and has not their example kindled a kindred feeling in our own breasts, and have we not felt that we too could, nay, that we would go and do likewise?"

III.

"I have tried to point out to you how a Christian life is something distinct from a civilised life. The inducements to a civilised life are strong. Who would not wish to be considered gentle and well-mannered, temperate and wise? But civilised life, at its highest state of improvement, is always worldly. It has taken into itself certain improvements from Christianity, but its principles,—the objects it seeks,—are earthly and temporal. And this is the great test by which you may always know for yourselves whether *you* are living a Christian life. Are the motives which influence you, a desire to please God or man? Do you fear sin as much as you fear shame? and in secret, when alone, are you as pure and loving, and anxious to do your duty as when restrained or encouraged by the presence of others? Do you think of Christ as one who died for you,—who will come to judge you,—to whom you must give an account of what you have this day done or left undone? You are aware how necessary examinations are to ensure industry and study in matters of learning;—does it occur to you that the same examination will certainly be made into your hearts and conduct, and *that* an examination which there will be no avoiding, and of which the effects will not be a passing praise or blame, but eternal reward or punishment? And does this prospect touch your lives and conduct? Do you wish to be prepared for that trial? Do you fear to do some things, not because they may bring you under present rebuke, but because they will endanger your souls? Do you try to shake off indolence, to control appetites, to command passion, because you feel that you have much at stake,—that you are called to better things; that you are answerable for yourselves? If you have any of these thoughts and feelings, I do not say constantly, but habitually, so that you come back to them easily, even if you easily depart from them, then you are in some measure leading a Christian life; then you are living by faith. Unseen things influence you, and, no doubt, unseen persons, not only God, and Christ, and His Holy Spirit, are watching, preserving, and helping you; but angels, God's ministers, and it may be others who have gone before,—it may be some one who stood to you in the nearest earthly relationship, —are watching you also. For to them the unseen things are real and present. They know your thoughts and wishes; they

are present when you think that you are alone; they join and rejoice in the prayers which you only whisper to yourselves.

"Oh, that we could all feel more and more how real a life, a Christian life must be. If to have parents or near relatives to love seems a necessary part of a perfect life here, how does that life become perfect indeed, which enables us not only to love, more deeply than with natural affection we should, all our living friends and relatives, but which joins us in close communion to those who are gone before; which joins us to angels and spirits made perfect, nay, which joins us to the Holy Spirit who is the Giver of all life; and, through Him, to Jesus, the Saviour and Lord; and, through Him, to God Almighty the Heavenly Father."

"Sacrifice for Sin."

"THERE REMAINETH NO MORE SACRIFICE FOR SIN."

"Is this a statement that concerns us? Is it a matter of indifference or not whether there remains any more sacrifice for sin? Let us think what the words mean—sin, and sacrifice for sin. Sin is the breaking of God's commandments, and the consequence of sin is God's displeasure; and the signs of God's displeasure are toil, and sorrow, and death; and unless the sin is staid, and God's displeasure turned aside, yet worse consequences than toil, and sorrow, and death must follow—an eternal punishment, fire and darkness, misery and despair. This is sin. Does it concern us? Have we broken any of God's commandments? Do we feel any signs of His displeasure? Have we labour and sorrow for our present portions, and death before us, and beyond death is there any likelihood of God's continued displeasure—of a punishment to which no end is set, a misery never to be comforted, a despair that shall never hope more?

"And a sacrifice for sin is that which makes amends for it, which turns God's displeasure into pardon—his anger into love—his punishments into mercies and blessings. Do these things concern us? Is it a matter of any consequence to us whether we are under God's pleasure or displeasure? Let those who do think it a matter of consequence listen to the words,—there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, and suppose the words to be said to themselves. For you there is no more sacrifice; your sins cannot by any means to come be taken from you. Yours they are, and yours they must remain. Whatever according to God's will follows sin, will follow your sins; there is no escape. Much misery will follow from them, even in this life—the misery which God sends to those who break the laws He has given.

There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. And if there is misery felt in this life as the consequence of your sins, you must consider that it is not a misery that will end with this life. There is a life to come for the sinner as well as for the righteous, and the life to come will be as this life, good or evil, happy or miserable; only that as to the righteous, the goodness and the happiness of their present life will be increased beyond measure and description, so will the evil and the misery of a future life be increased to the sinner, for whose sin there remaineth no sacrifice, no pardon, no escape.

"Perhaps you do not believe this; perhaps you say to yourselves, God will never let any of His creatures come to misery. Death may put an end to us altogether, but it will not put an end only to happiness and leave us altogether miserable. You think so because God is merciful; but have you never learnt that He is just, that He makes a distinction between right and wrong, between sin and goodness? And cannot you see yourselves that if it was not for this distinction between right and wrong, between keeping God's commandments and breaking them, God's kingdom could not go on? If He treated alike those who served Him and those who sinned against Him, why should He have made any commandments at all, why not have left men to do just as they pleased? Why should God have said, Thou shalt not murder, if He takes as much pleasure in the murderer as in the loving servant of others? Why should He have said, Thou shalt not commit adultery, if He is as well pleased with the filthiness and uncleanness of men, as with their chastity, and modesty, and purity? Why have commanded, Thou shalt not steal, if the honest man and the thief are in His eyes both alike?

"God does make a difference between sin and goodness. One He punishes, the other He blesses. But we think that He will not always punish, we think there will be somehow an end to misery even though deserved, that God will find out a way how He can be just and yet forgive the sinner. No doubt we cannot shorten God's arm, or say that anything is impossible with Him. But these words have a very solemn sound, they seem to mean that in the endless future, sin and its righteous punishment cannot be separated.

"There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin.

"But this may be the case for some; there may be some for whose sins there remaineth no more sacrifice, who, if not forgiven now, will never be forgiven in the time to come. And yet we each say to ourselves, it is not my case. For my case some sacrifice remaineth. I am not an outcast from God's mercy, nor the object of His eternal displeasure. If then we have brought the thought home to ourselves, once more let us ask, whence

cometh our hope? Why do we think that it is not true of us that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin? We think so because we are Christians, because we have heard of Christ and have been told that He came to be a sacrifice for all sin; that by His dying for us, we and other sinners have hope set before us, and are able to think of God's love more than of His displeasure. We think that that sacrifice of Christ once offered is enough for us, for all our sins here and hereafter. And therefore we are not distressed at being told that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. And perhaps we do well in thinking so; perhaps there is no occasion for us to be distressed; perhaps we may say truly—Having a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, we need no more sacrifice for sin. We do well in thinking so, if we have indeed embraced already and held fast the benefits of that sacrifice; and how shall we know that we have done so? How, but by forsaking the sins to forgive which Christ died, and so proving our belief in Him?

"He that is forgiven and feels that he is so, cannot wilfully continue in the sins that have been pardoned to him, for by doing so, by wilful perseverance in evil he mocks the love to which he pretends to trust, and spurns the Saviour in whom he professes to believe. If any of us then are wilfully continuing in sin, we must not trust to Christ's sacrifice, we must look elsewhere; and where shall we look? Whither shall we go? What remains for those who have heard of Christ's sacrifice, have professed to believe in it, have understood that it was the means by which God in His love for the world made a way for penitent sinners to escape from their sins, and yet have boldly and wilfully gone on in their sins? For others who seem to be in such case, we can do nothing but leave them to God, with fear and awe. All that love can do, He has done; but love is bounded by justice, and we know that even among men there is a limit to love, there is a time in which the affection of the fondest parent must stop, because the repeated continued rebellion of the child has grown past repentance and past forgiveness.

"Only for ourselves, if the words, 'there remaineth no more 'sacrifice for sin,' seem to open before us a hopeless future, upon the very edge of which we are standing; because we have yet conscience enough to know that we are sinning wilfully, after Christ has died for us, and God, for his sake, has forgiven us; God grant that we may yet be able to pause, yet be able to stop in our sinful course, yet have power to repent, before repentance is too late. Indeed, we must make up our minds to this:—If we are Christ's we must cease from sin; if we hope to be forgiven and saved, we must, with our whole hearts and wills, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of

the world with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh. And now let us read the whole verse in which these words occur, that we may see that we are right in applying them as we have done, to ourselves, who have been instructed in the gospel of Christ, and have been taught to look upon our sins as the cause for which the Son of God died, and upon our souls as redeemed through His most precious blood.

" ' For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the ' knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for ' sin*.' Sins of infirmity, we must indeed expect to commit, so long as the days of our infirmity last,—so long as, clothed in these vile bodies of the earth, we are subject to their frailty. But our comfort is, that God, who knows our frailty, will not be extreme to mark what, owing to this infirmity, is done amiss. But wilful sins are another matter; they are the sins, which, knowing them to be sins, and with full warning and thought, we deliberately indulge in and continue. Against these, and these only it is that this warning is addressed."

Faith and Love.

" There have always been two classes of Christians; those who have thought most of what God has done for them, and those who have thought most of what they ought to do for God. Many disputes and controversies have arisen on these points from the days when St. Paul and St. James were thought to hold contrary views to each other,—one laying stress upon faith, the other on works as necessary to salvation. The difference often is much more in the constitution of men's minds than in any real distinction in the matters of dispute: some men are actually more speculative, as it is called, more disposed to inquire into deep causes; others more practical, more given to lay stress upon outward effects and results. It should be the wish and endeavour of all to correct their own natural disposition by an effort to enter into and understand the feelings and thoughts of those who differ from them: but men are generally too apt to lay great stress upon their own opinions, and see great dangers in the opposite. So long as all are Christians, as all hold fast the main facts and principles of revealed religion, they need not cease to be brethren, they need not worship in separate congregations, they need not condemn each other, though one dwells most upon the internal causes, the other on the outward evidences of a regenerate life. One thing is needful for all, to be children

* Heb. x. 26.

of God, to be in a state of salvation, and this, through Jesus Christ, we are permitted to believe is our calling and privilege; in this state we are by grace, because Christ has died for us; in this state we can continue only by faith on the one hand, and works on the other, by believing in God's love, and by loving Him and our brethren. Some of us may need to think more often than we do of God's love, that our faith may be established. We may want to have our thoughts lifted away from outward things, even from the good works in which, with our fellow Christians, we may be engaged, and to be carried far from the world of man into communion with the unseen God, that we may be more penetrated with the greatness of His power and wisdom and love, and more fully persuaded that we are nothing, that it is He alone who made us, who redeemed us, who sanctifies us. But for others it may be equally good that their too quick imagination should be called down to the duties of the real living world in which they have to shew their faith by their love. For them it may be better that they should have work to do, as well as feelings to indulge, precepts to obey as well as doctrines to believe: but for all faith and love are necessary. To have neither is to be utterly worthless,—salt without savour,—a name without a heart. Those whose faith is too dreamy and unpractical must turn in prayer and earnestness to labours of love; those whose works are become formal and cold, who pray without feeling, who read without emotion, who live with the knowledge, but without the comfort of God's presence, must pray for more faith, must make for themselves hours and days of leisure, when they can raise their too earthly thoughts into that unseen world, where they may see, with the sight (not of the eye, but) of the spirit, God in Christ Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The End of the Year.

"The past year forms perhaps but a small part of the time we have lived upon earth hitherto, or have yet to live hereafter. But it is enough to furnish us with many subjects for reflection and self-examination. In it there has been enough of good and enough of evil, to help us to understand, if we will fairly try to do so, the nature of the judgment that awaits, not only this year, but all the years of our life. That judgment will be either one of condemnation or of approval. If of condemnation, the reason will be, because in these our years we have either been doing evil, or have not been doing good. But if on the other hand the judgment shall be one of approval, the reason will be, because,

in these our years, we shall not have been doing evil, but have been doing good.

" We may, at this season, if we will give ourselves honestly to the task of special thought and private examination, come to some judgment upon our own lives; not so searching indeed, but yet of the same nature as that which God will make hereafter.

" What we have to think about then, are the things which we have done, and the things which we have left undone. And, first, the things which we have done. In this year, if we take away eight hours out of the twenty-four for sleep, in which we may be supposed to lose for a time our consciousness and reason, and therefore not to be accountable, there will remain nearly six thousand waking hours, in which the faculties of our bodies or minds have been employed; and we have been doing good or evil. For I need not say that men are to be judged for their thoughts and words, as well as the outward actions of their bodies; and therefore to *think* or to *speak* good or evil is the same as to *do* good or evil.

" Now, what is it that makes what we do good or evil? Is it not God's law? Is it not whether we do or leave undone the things which God commands, or the things which God forbids? And, because God's law reaches to whatever we do, in word or deed, therefore there has not been one hour in these six thousand, in which the sentence 'well done,' or 'ill done' has not been recorded against us in God's judgment book. Moreover, God is no respecter of persons; He does not excuse sins, because of the position or circumstances of those who commit them. Men are very apt to do so,—are very apt to make what they call allowances. They will allow a rich man to do evil things, because, say they, he can afford the cost: they will allow the young to do wicked things, because their passions are strong, as if their conscience and their helps were not strong also; they will allow the poor to do mean or dishonest things, because of their needy circumstances, or humble position, as if any circumstances, or any position ought to take away man's common birthright,—his self-respect. God does not so judge; nor must we in this way judge ourselves, if we would escape the judgment of God. No, we must look at our lives, in these our waking hours, boldly and humbly, and we must compare them with God's law. Have we done what God commanded us? Have we loved Him with all our hearts, and therefore made His service and His glory our first and great object? And have we loved our neighbours as ourselves? Have we thought how we could do good to them,—how we could help them in difficulties,—counsel the unwise,—warn and encourage,—relieve the sick and afflicted, —and so, have we done to others whatsoever we could have

wished that others should do to us? Nothing less than this is God's commandment. If we have not done this, we have not served and pleased God; we have no reason to expect that he will say to us, 'well done, good and faithful servants.'

"And suppose, that on the contrary, we have done evil. Suppose that, instead of loving God, we have feared and disliked and hated Him. Suppose that we have joined with others in blaspheming Him, or taking His name in vain. Suppose that His messages and warnings to us, whether of anger or love, His threats of punishment, or His offers of forgiveness, have been treated by us with contempt. It may have been so with some of us, for it has been so—it is so with many.

"Or, if we have only treated God with neglect, and allowed ourselves to think or speak of Him as seldom as we could, yet we have not been able to forget and neglect our neighbours; we have been obliged to live with them, to think about them, to speak to them, to do to them and with them many things. What if in these we have been doing evil,—seeking first and foremost our own interest, or our own pleasures, or our own passions? Many have been the acts and thoughts and words of covetousness or lust or anger done around us during the past year,—Have none such been done by ourselves?

"And now, lastly, for the things we have left undone,—have they been good or evil? We have had in these waking hours of which I have been speaking, a power of choice. There has always been placed before us something that we might do if we pleased, or might refuse to do if we liked it not; and of these things some have been good, and some evil. We have, all of us, had many opportunities of doing good placed before us; opportunities of praying to and worshipping God, in church or in private; opportunities of reading His holy word, or hearing it read or explained to us; opportunities of giving up some wish and desire of our own in order to do good to others; opportunities of rebuking what we knew and saw to be wrong, especially in those placed under us in age or circumstance. Now, have we made use of these opportunities? Have we, when we saw and knew what was right to be done, done it; or, have we through fear or favour, through pride or indolence, forborne?

"Again, we have all of us had many temptations thrown in our way,—many things seeming pleasant and desirable, but which we knew to be wrong and evil; have we left them undone? When, in our business, an unfair advantage could be taken of others, and yet no shame or detection seemed likely to follow, have we done it, or have we forborne? When to our greedy and lustful bodily appetites a strong temptation has presented itself, have we chosen what we knew to be evil, been

drunken or unclean? or, have we sought God's help,—that help always present in time of need,—and so forborne?

"Let us judge ourselves, that we be not judged of the Lord; for if we would indeed thus search out our own faults, and discover the state of our souls, surely we should not be slow to approach, in shame and repentance, the throne of grace; surely, when we thus had brought up before ourselves the evil we had done, the good we had left undone, we should not go on contentedly to live another year as the last, but with earnest prayer to God, would seek at his hands both forgiveness for the past, and help for the time to come."

The Holy Communion.

"When we meet together to eat bread and drink wine in remembrance of Him who gave His body to be the price of man's redemption, and who shed His blood to be an atoning sacrifice for all the unnumbered sins of the whole world; when we receive the most comfortable sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, in remembrance of His meritorious cross and passion, whereby alone we can obtain remission of our sins, or be made partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven,—we are gathered around the Lord's table, with one heart and one mind. Fellow sinners, and therefore trembling together; fellow Christians, and therefore hoping together, we make our humble confession to Almighty God, meekly kneeling upon our knees. We eat the bread, praying and trusting that the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for us, may preserve our bodies and souls to everlasting life, and feeding on Him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving; we drink of the cup of blessing, in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for us, and are thankful.

"And not knowing what to offer unto God, in return for His manifold and great mercies, and feeling our unworthiness, because of our sins to offer unto Him any sacrifice, we beseech Him nevertheless (not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences), to accept of all we have to offer, namely ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be unto Him a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice; and then, as a hymn, we sing, Glory to God in the highest, and we acknowledge that God's pleasure is indeed peace upon earth, and goodwill to men; and therefore we praise, we bless, we worship, and glorify Him; yea, we give thanks to Him for His great glory. And in thus celebrating the holy communion, do we not taste, in some measure, of that peace of God which passeth all understanding? Do we not return home with

some assurance that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us our sins ?

" Having thus tasted that the Lord is gracious, how shall we then prove our thankfulness for His manifold and great mercies ? How shall we redeem the pledge that we would devote ourselves to His service ? How shall we walk worthy of the vocation to which we are called ? Surely this must be the earnest question we all put to ourselves ; this must be the anxious wish of our full and grateful hearts, to begin at once to be busy in our Master's service ; surely each one of us must say in his heart,—' Lord, ' what would'st thou have me to do ? ' It cannot be that we should immediately grow cold or lukewarm, or that we should soon become ashamed of the gospel of Christ ; it cannot be that the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, should at once begin to distract our thoughts, and ensnare our hearts from Him who loved us, and who gave Himself for us. We must now be religiously and devoutly disposed ; we must now be ready to leave all and follow Christ ; to take up our cross ; to labour in any calling, to listen to any exhortation, to resist any temptation, for His sake, who has taken upon Him to deliver man, and who, having overcome the sharpness of death, has opened to us, and to all believers, the Kingdom of Heaven. We must now be ready to be Christians, not in name only, but in deed ; ready to put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts, and to be renewed in the spirit of our minds, and to put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Now having learned the truth, as it is in Jesus, we must put away lying, and speak every man truth with his neighbour ; remembering that, as Christ died for all, we are therefore members one of another : and so we must put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, with all malice ; and we must be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us."

The Widow of Nain.

" The account which St. Luke gives us of this most wonderful work of Christ is so short that any one might without difficulty, after a few readings over, commit it to memory and be able to repeat it to himself and others. And it would be worth the while of any one to fix in his own mind and to try to impress on his children, or friends, or others, an account which has already for

hundreds of years moved the hearts and comforted the sorrows and strengthened the hopes of thousands, who have learnt from this single narrative how great is the mercy, how complete the power of Him whom they have been taught to call their Saviour. Why should we be thankful that this mighty deed was done, and that it has been told to us? Why, but because He who raised the dead once can raise the dead again. He who felt compassion for the widow at Nain can feel compassion for the sorrows of all who are afflicted, and He who was not only willing to comfort her but able to do so, is not only willing but able to comfort and send peace to all who need it.

"It is enough. We do not care though thousands of widows have buried their dead and only sons, and have not had them restored thus wonderfully to their arms; for we know that it is appointed to all men to die, and that when the stroke of death visits the home of any it comes according to God's appointment, and must be so received; and we are sure that this widow of Nain had again to submit to be parted from her only son, either by her death or by his own.

"But we are thankful that in this one instance Jesus Christ, who we are satisfied is the only son of God, and came from heaven for our sakes, shewed that He had the tenderest compassion for those that mourn, and that He had perfect power to restore to them that which they had lost. But we must remember that it is not in this life that it is God's purpose to restore all the dead to their friends and relatives, but in the next life; that in the general resurrection in the last day all shall be raised by the same word that raised the dead man of Nain from his bier. All shall be raised, husbands and wives, fathers and sons. But will all these be restored to each other, even as Jesus delivered this young man to his mother? Shall we, at the last day, meet all whom we have lost, and never be parted more? No, there are some who will be awakened from their graves, only to be separated, by an impassable gulf, from those they had loved, or who had loved them here; because to some Christ will say, 'Well 'done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your 'Lord:' and to others, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, I know 'you not.' And those whom Christ shall separate, who shall join? It is a solemn reflection, that even the widowed mother's son, whom Christ in his compassion gave back to his sorrowing mother, may, when the judgment day shall come, be parted from her for ever. And solemn thought, yet most true, the mother will not see that separation with sorrow; when the judgment day comes, all Christ's true and faithful servants will have learnt the difficult but important lesson, that the love of God must be stronger than any love for men; that we must be

willing to leave father or mother, son or daughter, wife or friend, and to follow Christ with our whole hearts, thinking, as Abraham who offered up his only son Isaac, that there is no sacrifice too great for a man to make in behalf of his Saviour,—of Him who came from heaven, and gave His life for sinners. Only in thus preparing our minds for the separation which perhaps to many or all of us the judgment day may bring about, from those we have known or loved on earth, let us, at the same time, remember that it is not God's will any such separation should take place; that He who delivered her raised son to his mother, will feel the deepest joy in restoring to each other's love in a better world, those, who having in this life believed and trusted in Him, have not wandered out of the one fold, and from the true shepherd, but are each made fit to be members of the perfect flock reserved for the choice pastures of Heaven, and the many mansions prepared in the house of Christ's Father, and our Father."

The Spirit of Man.

"God has given to men what he has not given to beasts and birds; and God will demand back His gift. The spirit shall return to Him that gave it. And how shall it return,—a miserable slave that has never been set free from the bondage of the world, the flesh, and the devil, that has never been allowed to think of its Author, to bring forth its own appointed fruits? Shall it go back to God, and say, 'I was given by Thee, to 'bring forth in him to whom Thou gavest me, love and joy and 'peace; but I have been suffered to produce no such things; 'but instead of love, wrath and envy and malice and hatred; 'instead of joy, disappointment and sorrow and pain; instead 'of peace, mourning and discontent and ill will towards God 'and men?' Shall our spirits go back to give such a report to Him who gave them? And when He shall ask of them further the fruits of their long suffering and gentleness, shall they have to shew only the words and deeds of harshness, and selfishness, and cruelty; and instead of goodness, wickedness; instead of faith, unbelief; instead of meekness, pride; instead of temperance, lust and greediness, drunkenness and extravagance?

"I speak of these things, because for these things we are all accountable; because it is a danger and loss of the most terrible character to any having spirits, not to think and care about them; a danger, lest in a moment their spirits be taken from them, and they—unprepared; a loss, even if at a later time, they shall come to think upon these things; a loss of opportunities which may be only made up by increasing pain and difficulty in

the struggle which *must* take place sooner or later,—the struggle between the old man and the new; between the earthly and the heavenly; between that which must die and that which shall live; between the flesh and the spirit.

"The spirit shall return to God who gave it. The dust shall go back to the earth as it was. Let it go. These frail earthly bodies are not such as we would wish to keep for ever. It is only fear or distrust of the future that makes any wish that their bodies could live for ever. Let them die.

"But the spirit to return to God—who wishes this?

"Let any one think what is meant by returning to God; to one whose all-seeing eye knows every thought and deed; to one who gave the spirit that it should dwell for a time in that body of dust, and in it do his God's pleasure, and keep His commandments. Let any one think whether he now is prepared and ready thus to return to God and give his account; and if he is not prepared and ready,—if he shrinks and shudders,—let him know that the reason, the only reason is because the spirit within him is not doing that for which it was given; and let him be thankful for this, or for any other warning that calls upon him at once, and without further delay, to awake, to rouse himself,—to remember God, now, while to remember Him may lead to forgiveness and peace and happiness. For indeed it ought not to be,—it is not, to those who have made preparation, a painful thought that they must return to God. That thought has been to many,—it may be now to some of us,—it may become to all of us the most constant, habitual thought of our minds, and one full of joy, and peace, and hope."

Parents and Children.

"The care that a parent takes of his child is never quite lost labour—the neglect that he shews will be always an injury to his child, a source of sorrow to himself. There are many who have already found their children a great blessing to them, and who with humble gratitude have thanked God that He put into their hearts, from the first, to be careful of those whom He had given to them. There are others whose children are bringing their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, and to whom the worst part of their sorrow is the reflection that the chief cause of their children's misconduct was their own neglect of a parent's duties in their childhood and earlier years. For what are the chief duties of parents? They should remember that no one else—no friend or teacher or minister can stand in their place. Many parents think that if their children are sent to school and

to church, that is all that can be required of them to do. But it is a great mistake; and I cannot but fear that throughout our land the duties of parents are too much put off upon others, either upon those who are paid for instruction, or those who undertake it voluntarily. I say the *duties of parents*. The minister and the teacher have their duties, but they cannot, and they ought not, to undertake the duties of parents. A child's first duty is to love and honour his father and mother. And people think they are to learn that duty at school or at church. No; they must learn it at home. It is at home that they live with their father and mother, and it is in living with their father and mother that they must learn to love them. We don't love others because we are taught to do so as a lesson, but because we live with others, and find out from our own hearts that they are to be loved. And therefore I say the first duty of a child must be taught to him by his father and mother.

"But when I say that the first duty of a child is to love and honour his father and mother, I mean of course his first duty in order of time, not his first duty in order of importance. There can be no doubt that the most important, the greatest duty of a child, as of a man, is to love and fear his God. This is his greatest duty; but his first duty, that which he must first learn, is to love and honour his parents. For his parents he can see, and God he can not see; and therefore he must have got to understand some instruction, to know the meaning of words, and to think beyond what he sees, before he can learn to love and fear his God: but it needs no instruction in words, no looking to things beyond his sight to learn to love his father or mother whom he may constantly see and watch, and from whose very countenances he may learn that they are loving and caring for him. But to those who have learnt with their first feelings to love their parents, the next step is not very difficult, to teach them to love One greater and better and more loving even than their father and mother. But from whom should this teaching first come—who can teach it so well as that same father and mother; who as soon as their child can understand the simplest words shall tell him that even they have a father whom they love, and that He will be a father to their little child, and that their child must learn to love his father's Father, and to ask Him for what the father whom he sees cannot do for him, but what the Father above, who is so very great and good, will be sure to give when He is asked? And that child's first lesson in prayer by his father and mother's side will be a lesson that no other teacher can give; but how seldom is it given? How often, when children, much older, are sent to the teacher or the minister to be taught about God, is it found

impossible to teach them the only thing that a child should know about God,—that He is his Father in heaven? They may be taught to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven;' they may be taught to answer questions about God and the bible correctly, but they cannot be taught to love God, because their parents whom God had appointed to be their teachers, had neglected their duty. And so they grow up, alas! how many, with a head knowledge of God, such as teachers can give, but without any real knowledge or love or fear of Him in their hearts; because the parents, who kept the key of those hearts, never opened them to receive the treasure of the knowledge and love of God; and when they come to the teacher, God has not put into his hands a natural key to the child's heart as he has into the parent's hands; and moreover the lock is already rusted, for a very few years, indeed, of home influence, in which God is not mentioned, and love is not taught, will rust and corrupt the natural feeling, which, in all children, would turn to love, if those who should encourage them did not stop and hinder them.

"Am I not then right in saying that the two first duties of a child—the first in order of time, that of loving and honouring his parents; and the first in order of importance, that of loving and fearing his God—must be taught to the child by the parent; and that if the parent neglect these first steps in knowledge, it is not reasonable to expect that the teacher or the minister shall be able afterwards to teach them, when they have not the same opportunities, and when the child is no longer so teachable.

"Looking then to the rising generation amongst us, I will venture to say that though we may provide the best instruction in church, and the best instruction in school, the benefit which will follow to the children as they grow up will after all depend very much, I must not say altogether, but in the very greatest degree, on the parents, and the instruction furnished at home. Without this help on the part of the parents, beginning from the very earliest years, it is not reasonable to expect that the teacher and minister can train up the children for their duties in this life, or their happiness in the next. They may be able to do so in some few cases, but in most they will fail, and the fault will not be theirs, but the parents'.

"Let me then turn the hearts of the parents to the children; let me beg of them to think that God has put into their power means of helping these their children to become good, which He has not put into the power of anyone else. Should it indeed please God to remove them, then He will shew Himself the Father of the fatherless, and will raise up others who shall take the place of their lost parents to those who have been committed to His care. But while He spares the father and mother He

spares them to do their duty to their children, and they cannot, I repeat it again,—they cannot put off that duty upon others without injury to their children, and sorrow to themselves."

Faith.

"To all of us promises of God have been made. Do they seem to us *real* things? Does heaven seem to us as real as earth? Do we think about it with the same certainty that we do about earthly things? It is easy to find out if we do so by examining our actions. We have faith in earthly things; we believe that the sun will rise to-morrow, and therefore there are many things which we have each planned and intended for to-morrow. We don't know what it is that is to make the sun to rise; for anything we know or can understand, when he disappears this evening in the west, it may be for the last time, and he may never appear again in the east, bringing with him light and heat: but we do believe that he will appear again, and we have made our plans accordingly. We have each of us in our minds certain things that we intend to do to-morrow; and we have each already made some preparations to enable us to do those things to-morrow.

"Now are we as certain about heaven? We have been told that there is another life and a better world than this; and we know that most, if not all, our neighbours speak and think of that other world as a certain thing, and if any man were to stand up and say there is no heaven, he would be thought impious and profane, and would be avoided by most as a dangerous companion. Still, are we certain about it? that is, are we as certain as that the sun will rise to morrow? I know very well that we cannot be quite certain of it till we have seen heaven; but neither can we be quite certain that the sun will rise to-morrow till we have seen his light and felt his heat: but we are sufficiently certain about the sun rising to-morrow to act, and make our plans accordingly, and I ask, are we in the same way certain of heaven, so as to act and make our plans accordingly?

"Now what do we know about heaven? We know that nothing that is wicked will enter there. Well then, does this knowledge make us now avoid what is wicked, lest we should become wicked ourselves, and so not be fit to enter heaven? Again we know that in heaven there will be no earthly riches, but treasures of a different sort. Are then our minds set upon these better treasures? and do we look upon earthly wealth, just as persons going to heaven should look at it? That is, are we very heedful that the cares of this life and

the deceitfulness of riches, should not burden and hamper our souls, and hinder them from laying up the treasures which shall bring them a great reward in heaven? We know that the Bible tells us in very plain terms that there are some who shall not inherit the kingdom of God, that is, shall not get to heaven. These are they who walk in the works of the flesh; and, lest we should deceive ourselves and think we are safe when we are not, and expect to get to heaven without mortifying the flesh and forsaking its sins, the Bible goes on to tell us also in very plain terms what the works of the flesh are which will prevent a man from inheriting the kingdom of God and going to heaven. It tells us that these works of the flesh are manifest, there can be no doubt about them. They are adultery, fornication, &c. Gal. v. 19.

"Now knowing this, do we believe it? that is, is the danger of these things, the certainty of their stopping us, or any one else who walks in them, from going to heaven, so clear and strong in our minds that we act accordingly, that we shun and avoid them, that we pray earnestly to be delivered from them? Supposing we were this evening to take a strong drug which should make us sleep for twenty-four hours, what good would to-morrow's sun do us, how could we begin, or continue, or finish the things we each of us want to do to-morrow? But we are not such fools. We believe that there will be so many hours of sunlight granted us to-morrow in which to do our business, and we are not going to put ourselves to sleep, so that when we wake the blessed hours of light shall be all past and gone. But with regard to heaven, are we or are we not fools? Do we foolishly take and indulge in the drugs and poisons which we know shall prevent our ever waking up in the blessed kingdom of God, or do we avoid them and shun them and pray to be delivered from them?

"In a word, have we faith? have we in our hearts the reality of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen?

"If we have, our place is among those old patriarchs of whom we read in the Bible. We are by the side of Abel, and Abraham, and Moses, and David. When we read of them and their faith it will quicken and strengthen our own, for we shall think and feel with them. We shall live as they did. So far as we have more knowledge and advantages than they had, we must in our conduct be more perfect than they, and things which they in their ignorance did, we in our light must avoid. But the main rule of their life, trust in God and a persuasion of things unseen, will be the main rule of our life also, and like them, we, through our faith, shall receive a good report; and others seeing and hearing of us shall be persuaded also. Like them, too, we shall die in faith, that is, we shall not receive the promises on this side

the grave, but having seen them afar off we shall be persuaded of them and embrace them, confessing that we are strangers and pilgrims on earth, and plainly declaring that we seek a country, a better country, that is an heavenly.

" It is to those who have faith, and to those alone, that the bible becomes a book of life, and is full of comfort and encouragement. Let us, then, as we read and study it, pray God ever to increase our faith, to fill us with the reality of the things we hope for, and a firm conviction of the truth of the things we cannot yet behold.

" God, who gives all things, will give faith to those who ask Him."

Morning Hymn.

Father, can place be found
For our too feeble praise,
When earth, and all the heavens around,
Eternal anthems raise?

Can we, whose wandering feet
Sin's erring paths have trod,
Draw near, and render service meet
To an all-holy God?

Father, forgive the sin
That keeps us far from Thee;
A holier course we would begin,
And Christ's true soldiers be.

There are three foemen strong
Press sore that we may fall;
Many the slaves to them belong,
Though Thou art Lord of all.

A vain world must be spurn'd,—
A sinful flesh subdued!
Nor yet we count the victory earn'd,
Nor yet we stay the feud.

When fleshly lusts are dead,
The world's allurements past,
Then Satan, then thy snares are spread,
Worst foeman, and the last!

Thine is the hellish skill,
Christ's own to lure aside,
To foster the unhumbled will,
And self-presuming pride.

Spirit of ill! to thee
We may not, dare not yield;
We must resist, and thou must flee,
And God shall be our shield!

Father, Thine aid we ask,
For other help is vain,—
Too strong the foe, too hard the task,—
Help! lest we fall again.

Help! for we may not yield
Before the prize be won;
We may not quit the battle field
Before the fight be done.

Then, Father! then we'll raise
Fit strains of ceaseless prayer,
Angels shall join our songs of praise,
And we their glories share.

An Evening Hymn.

Oh Thou, at whose Almighty will,
The myriad worlds their course fulfil,
Each rolling round its central light,
From day to day, from night to night.

Once more upon this earth of ours
The funeral cloud of darkness lowers,
And once again, before we sleep,
We give ourselves to thee to keep!

We trust to many a word of love,
That Thou hast sent us from above;
We trust, in spite of guilt and sin,
Through fears without, and doubts within.

The burden of our daily sorrow,
We leave with Thee until the morrow;
Then may we wake to find it gone,
Or have more strength to bear it on.

Only from sins, that caused the grief,
We pray for instant full relief:
Unfreed from these, we dare not lie;
To these we must not sleep, but die.

The dead to sin in peace shall live,
Peace that the world can never give;
Such peace be ours, this night beginning,
So may we sleep like babes unsinning.

Be with us, Father, Guardian, Friend,
Till all our sleep and wakings end,
And grant to body, soul, and spirit,
All that we need, though nought we merit.

Grant to our bodies health to share
Thy bounteous gifts in earth and air;
Grant souls set free from fleshly thrall,
And spirits loving Thee and all.

A Hymn.

My Saviour! oh if heart like mine
  May dare to speak Thy name,
May dare to bow before Thy shrine
  In penitence and shame.

Forgive each too presumptuous thought,
  Each wish of sin and pride,
Forgive the soul Thyself hast bought,
  Remember thou hast died!

Forgive me if, in happier hour,
  Extravagance of joy
Would draw me from Thy Spirit's power,
  To tempt me and destroy.

And oh! when wearied and oppressed
  I groan with guilt and pain,
Then be each throb of anguish blessed
  To my immortal gain!

If tempted to forsake thy cross,
  By love or sympathy,
Oh may I then, whate'er the loss,
  Leave all and follow Thee!

But love like Thine can never die,
  Thy mercies have no end,
These may I know, and feel Thee nigh,
  My Saviour, and my Friend!

Baptism.

Jesus ! our King, yet Saviour mild,
Take to Thine arms this helpless child !
In faith we ask on bended knee,
Lord ! suffer him to come to Thee !

Oh send Thine own baptismal dove,
On wings of mercy from above,
Look down from Heaven's exalted throne,
And take this infant for Thine own !

Hear us and bless, while thus we shed
The water o'er his tender head ;
His inmost soul do Thou renew
With living drops of heavenly dew.

We sign him with the cross to shew
He shall not shame Thy church below,
And oh ! may further grace be given
To make him one of Thine in Heaven.

Thus cleanse him from his fallen state,
May he grow up regenerate,
Till ends the conflict now begun,
The grave be past, and Heaven be won !

The Day Time.

We woke at early morning
With strength all new created ;
We heard the day-time's warning ;
Work now,—or be belated.

But the hurrying hours have flown :
We recked not how they hasted ;
And how shall night atone
For the work time idly wasted ?

Stay, stay, ye hurrying hours,
Let not the day be ended,
Before this work of ours
Be done,—this waste amended.

For ill spent is the day
That of the night must borrow,
And a yester debt to pay
Is burden for the morrow.

Prayer.

Why are our wants so faintly told ?
Our words so calm, our hearts so cold ?
This is not Prayer, we only ask
As those who quit an irksome task.
The dog, that with a wistful gaze
Looks to his master, almost prays,—
For love, and hope, and trust are there,
And without these, there is no prayer :
But we, though we have learnt to say
" Our heavenly Father," do not pray.
We call Him Father ; but we shrink
Upon our Father's love to think.

We close our prayers in Jesu's name,
Yet are we heathen all the same ;
So little do we feel the plea,
Saviour, we urge in naming Thee !
Oh, privilege too lightly prized ;
Mercies unsought, and love despised !
How long shall wasted gifts be given,
Or goal be set for race unstriven ?
God is not far : no need to raise
High through the skies our searching gaze ;
Nor in vain quest to penetrate
Mysterious depths of future fate.
In God we live, in God we move,
And with our own His being prove,
Confessing with our daily breath
His presence, life—His absence, death.

Morning Prayer.

O Lord our God, who hast opened our outward eyes that we may again behold the works of Thy hands, open, we beseech Thee, the inward eye of our spirits, that we may behold, not Thy works only, but Thyself, the Author and Preserver of all things.

For we fear ourselves, O Lord, lest, using Thy gifts, we should neglect and forget the Giver,—lest the many enjoyments and blessings Thou hast given us, should not serve to our best welfare, and thus to Thy Glory. Give us tender and thankful

hearts, that we may not only call Thee our Father, but that we may love Thee, as children, so cared for and protected, ought to love their Father. Thou art in heaven, O Lord, and we upon earth, but the distance is not great since our Saviour has visited earth, and opened the road to heaven. Help us to walk in that road daily; help us to follow His blessed footsteps; to be earnest as He was in doing our Father's business; to resist, as He resisted, the temptations of our great enemy, whether addressed to the lusts and appetites of our body, the ambition and excitement of our mind, or the proud self-exalting thoughts of our inmost spirit. Make us pure and temperate, modest, diligent, and thoughtful, and, above all, humble in Thy sight; and, trusting to Thy strong arm and tender love, in all our wants, and in all our dangers. Keep us, we beseech Thee, from all evil, send us whatever Thou knowest to be best for us. We ask Thee in the name of our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Evening Prayer.

I.

O God, by whose care we have been brought in peace and safety to the close of another day, to Thee we commend ourselves for protection during the darkness and solitude of the night. Keep us, we beseech Thee, from all alarms and danger; and, above all, preserve our souls in purity and quietude, that we may arise free from all evil inclinations and slothful thoughts, to serve and please Thee when another day calls us to our several duties. We commend to Thee also, O Heavenly Father, all our absent friends and relations, most earnestly imploring Thy protection in all their wants and dangers, and Thy merciful loving kindness in all their temptations and trials, so that when we shall meet again, whether in this world or the next, it may be all as the pardoned and redeemed children of our one Heavenly Father. We ask these and all blessings in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour; through Him alone have we learnt how much Thou lovest us, and how freely we may draw near to Thee.

II.

O Lord our God, who hast called us to a state of salvation, who hast given to us many encouragements and supports, help us to believe in our calling, and to value our means of grace; may we feel like Christians that we may live accordingly. Make us gentle and patient, charitable and forgiving, humble and honest,

brave and diligent, full of good desires and modest thoughts. Soften our hearts that we may be thankful for all our blessings, and penitent for all our misdoings. Clear the sight of our understanding that we may see truth and follow it, that we may detect the wiles of sin and avoid them. And kindle in us a noble earnestness to become good, that our work here on earth may be sanctified by Thy Spirit, and approved at Thy judgment. O Lord God Almighty, help us with Thy power, guide us by Thy wisdom, shelter us in Thy love. Bless those who are near to us and make us a blessing to them. In all our relationships and affections may the sanction of Thy approval be over us, may we and ours be Thine though Jesus Christ who died for us all. Prepare us to live or to die, for this world or the world to come. May our love to Thee grow daily as we believe and lean upon Thy love to us, and still as love increases let fear and doubt grow less. At peace with Thee through faith, at peace with ourselves through repentance, at peace with our neighbours through love, at peace with all but sin and the devil, may we go on our way rejoicing, till at last we shall see what now we can only believe, know as now we are known, and receive more than either we desire or deserve, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

III.

O God, our Father in heaven, without whom we are but dust and clay; Oh, Christ, our Saviour, without whom we are but miserable sinners; Oh, Holy Spirit, without whom we are dead, even while our bodies breathe, hear our wants and answer our prayers. Raise us from death to life, from sin to holiness, from earth to heaven. Give us hope to look up, and courage to press forward, and faith to see beyond the present moment into eternity. We know that the days and years of our life here are numbered; we know that the day of our death draws near with every sun, though how near we may not know. Help us to prepare, while we have time. Help us, O Lord, to resist our enemies, to conquer our sins, to perform our duties. Help us with Thy constant presence, and help us through each other. May we not hinder, nor be hindered by one another. It is Thy providence that has brought us together; it is Thy wish and purpose that we should none of us perish, but all be partakers of Thy love. Thou hast given to us, O Lord, many foretastes already of Thy loving kindness. We have much to enjoy, much for which to thank Thee. And if any cares and troubles are mingled with our enjoyments, we know that they arise with Thy permission; and are the means by which our wandering thoughts and affections may be drawn back to Thee. And there-

fore we do not ask for more prosperity, for more ease, for more enjoyment; but we ask only for Thy forgiveness and approval, that, as we now go to the rest of our beds, so we may, at our last day, go to the sleep of our graves, in peace, and in the hope of a happy rising again to newness of life.

Hear us, O Lord, our heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Sunday Evening.

O Lord our God, we are once again met together to ask Thy blessing before this day is ended; this hallowed day, in which we have rested from our usual employments, that we might live more to Thee and less to ourselves. Lord, let not the day have been wasted to us; may we have gained in it wisdom and strength and humility and love, to help us, and keep us through the temptations which await us in the coming days; and because there is one victory alone that can overcome the world, even faith and trust in Christ our Saviour; oh, may this day have brought the thought of Him, the love of Him, the trust in Him, nearer to our hearts.

May it have become to us a more real feeling that we are Christians, and therefore soldiers and servants, with the world, the flesh and the devil to resist, and Thee, O God, and all our brethren, to love and to serve. So may we give up ourselves, our wishes for mere ease, or pleasure, or gain, and choose to bear the cross offered to each, to be in our measure fighters and servers, finding out our own besetting sins, and heartily, perseveringly overcoming them, finding out also our appointed duties, and patiently, diligently working.

And Thou, our Father, who knowest our weakness, who appointest our trials, who carest for our safety, help us with Thy power, make us sensible of Thy constant presence,—leave us not, we beseech Thee, leave us not without help and comfort in running the race Thou hast set before us. May we now receive from Thee each a share of that beloved sleep, which is Thy gift to thy children—Thou who, in Thy love and care, never slumberest nor sleepest; and waken us when the time of rest is ended, waken us in health and strength and ready cheerfulness, to spend a day of employment, according to the prayers and resolutions of this day of rest.

And, oh, our Father, do thou care for and love those who care for and love us. May our friends be Thy friends, our relatives Thy true children, that so we may all be one, all members of that family, of which Christ is the first-born, and which are

being gathered into the happy homes which He left the earth to prepare for them.

Bless our country, and all estates of men in it. May every year remove sin and suffering, and increase the piety and peace of those around us.

And now, Lord, take us, for we are thine; keep us, for we need thy care: bless us, and make us each a blessing to many, for Christ's sake.

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